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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

The HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT to Page 69, *printed Under the Inspection of the late Mr.* Theobald.

The Remainder of that PLAY, *and*

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS,

The MAD LOVER,

The LOYAL SUBJECT, *and*

RULE *a* WIFE *and* HAVE *a* WIFE,

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

LONDON:

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v. 3

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

378154

PROLOGUE.

'WOU'D, ſome Man wou'd inſtruct me what to ſay:
For this ſame Prologue, uſual to a Play,
Is tied to ſuch an old Form of Petition;
Men muſt ſay nothing now beyond Commiſſion:
The Cloaks we wear, the Legs we make, the Place
We ſtand in, muſt be one; and one the Face.
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general Hiſs hangs on our Levity.
We have a Play, a new Play to play now,
And thus low in our Play's Behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your Suffrage, and kind Ear;
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A Thing buoy'd up by Prayer, Gentlemen,
Believe my Faith, you ſhou'd not ſee me then.
Let them ſpeak then who've Power to ſtop a Storm:
I never lov'd to feel a Houſe ſo warm:
But for the Play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new Things you ſhall ſee,
And theſe diſpos'd to all the Mirth that may;
And ſhort enough, we hope: And ſuch a Play
You were wont to like: Sit nobly then, and ſee:
If it miſcarry, pray look not for me.

378154

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King Antigonus, *an old Man with young Desires.*
Demetrius, *Son to* Antigonus, *in Love with* Celia.
Seleucus, } *Three Kings, equal Sharers with* Antigonus
Lysimachus, } *of what* Alexander *the* Great *had, with*
Ptolomey, } *united Powers opposing* Antigonus.
Leontius, *a brave old merry Soldier, Assistant to* Demetrius.
Timon. }
Charinthus, } *Servants to* Antigonus, *and his Vices.*
Menippus, }
The Humorous Lieutenant.
Gentlemen, Friends and Followers of Demetrius.
Three Embassadors from the three Kings.
Gentlemen-Ushers.
Grooms.
Citizens.
Physicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Soldiers.
Host.

W O M E N.

Celia, (*alias*, Evanthe,) *Daughter to* Seleucus, *Mistress to* Demetrius.
Leucippe, *a Bawd, Agent for the King's Vices.*
Ladies.
Citizens Wives.
Governess to Celia.
A Country-Woman.
Phebe, *her Daughter.*
Two Servants of the Game.

S C E N E, *G R E E C E.*

T H E

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter two Ushers, and Grooms with Perfumes.

1 USHER.

ROUND, round, perfume it round, quick, look ye diligently
The State be right; are these the richest Cushions?
Fie, fie, who waits i'th' Wardrobe?

2 *Ush.* But, pray, tell me,
Do you think for certain these Embassadors
Shall have this Morning Audience.

1 *Ush.* They shall have it:
Lord, that you live at Court and understand not!
I tell you, they must have it.

2 *Ush.* Upon what Necessity? [Place,

1 *Ush.* Still you are out o'th' Trick of Court, sell your

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

And sow your Grounds, you are not for this Tillage.
Madams, the best Way is the upper Lodgings,
There you may see at Ease.

Ladies. We thank you, Sir. [*Ex. Ladies and Gent.*

1 *Ush.* Wou'd you have all these slighted? Who should report then,

The Embaſſadors were handſome Men? His Beard
A neat one? The Fire of his Eyes quicker than Lightning,
And, when it breaks, as blaſting? His Legs though little ones,
Yet Movers of a Maſs of Underſtanding?
Who ſhall commend their Cloaths? Who ſhall take Notice
Of the moſt wiſe Behaviour of their Feathers?
Ye live a raw Man here. 2 *Uſh.* I think, I do ſo.

Enter two Citizens, and Wives.

1 *Uſh.* Why, whither wou'd ye all preſs?
1 *Cit.* Good Maſter Uſher,——
2 *Cit.* My Wife, and ſome few of my honeſt Neighbours here,——
1 *Uſh.* Prithee, be gone, thou and thy honeſt Neighbours;
Thou look'ſt like an Aſs; why, whither wou'd you, Fiſh-face!
2 *Cit.* If I might have
But the Honour to ſee you at my poor Houſe, Sir,
A Capon bridled and ſaddled, I'll aſſure your Worſhip,
A Shoulder of Mutton and a Pottle of Wine, Sir,
I knew your Brother once, he was as like ye,
And ſhot the beſt at Butts——
1 *Uſh.* A Plague upon thee!
2 *Cit.* Some Muſick I'll aſſure you too, my Toy, Sir,
Can play o'th' Virginals. 1 *Uſh.* Prithee, good Toy,
Take away thy Shoulder of Mutton, it is Fly-blown;
And, Shoulder, take thy Flap along, here's no Place for ye;
Nay, then, you had beſt be knock'd.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Enter Celia.

Cel. I wou'd fain ſee him;
The Glory of this Place makes me remember,——
(But die thoſe Thoughts, die all but my Deſires!
Even thoſe to Death are ſick too;) he's not here,
Nor how my Eyes may guide me——
1 *Uſh.* What's your Buſineſs?
Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine ſhuffling,

You

You Waſtcoateer, you muſt go back.
Cel. There is not,
There cannot be, (ſix Days, and never ſee me?)
There muſt not be Deſire: Sir, do you think
That if you had a Miſtreſs———
1 *Uſh.* 'Death! ſhe is mad.
Cel. And were yourſelf an honeſt Man? It cannot—
1 *Uſh.* What a Devil haſt thou to do with me or
My Honeſty? Will you be Jogging, good nimble Tongue,
My Fellow Door-keeper.
2 *Uſh.* Prithee, let her alone.
1 *Uſh.* The King is coming,
And ſhall we have an Agent from the Suburbs
Come to crave Audience too?
Cel. Before I thought ye
To have a little Breeding, ſome Tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly, without the Help
Of any Perſpective, for that ye cannot alter.
1 *Uſh.* What's that?
Cel. An Aſs, Sir, you do bray as like one,
And, by my Troth, methinks, as ye ſtand now,
Conſidering who to kick next, you appear to me
Juſt with that kind of Gravity, and Wiſdom;
Your Place may bear the Name of Gentleman,
But if ever any of that Butter ſtick to your Bread—
2 *Uſh.* You muſt be modeſter.
Cel. Let him uſe me nobler,
And wear good Cloaths to do good Offices;
They hang upon a Fellow of his Virtue,
As though they hung on Gibbets.
2 *Uſh.* A perillous Wench.
1 *Uſh.* Thruſt her into a Corner, I'll no more on her.
2 *Uſh.* You have enough; go, pretty Maid, ſtand cloſe,
And uſe that little Tongue, with a little more Temper.
Cle. I thank ye, Sir.
2 *Uſh.* When the Show's paſt,
I'll have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.
A very pretty Wench, a witty Rogue,
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?
Cel. O, very merry.

2 *Uſh.* Only ourſelves; this churliſh Fellow ſhall not [know.
Cel. By no Means.
2 *Uſh.* And can you love a little?
Cel. Love exceedingly:
I have Cauſe to love you, dear Sir.
2 *Uſh.* Then I'll carry ye,
And ſhew you all the Pictures, and the Hangings,
The Lodgings, Gardens, and the Walks: And then, Sweet,
You ſhall tell me where you lie.
Cel. Yes, marry, will I. [Paſty,
2 *Uſh.* And't ſhall go hard but I'll ſend ye a Veniſon
And bring a Bottle of Wine along.
1 *Uſh.* Make Room there!
2 *Uſh.* Room there, afore! Stand cloſe, the Train is coming.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a Beauty to catch Fools?
Yet, yet, I ſee him not. O what a Miſery
Is Love, expected long, deluded longer!
Ant. Conduct in the Embaſſadors.
1 *Uſh.* Make Room there!
Ant. They ſhall not wait long Anſwer— [*Flouriſh.*
Cel. Yet he comes not.

Enter three Embaſſadors.

Why are Eyes ſet on theſe, and Multitudes
Follow to make theſe Wonders? O good Gods!
What would theſe look like, if my Love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful.
Ant. Now your Grievance,
Speak, ſhort, and have as ſhort Diſpatch.
1 *Emb.* Then thus, Sir:
In all our Royal Maſters' Names, We tell you,
Ye have done Injuſtice, broke the Bonds of Concord;
And from their equal Shares, from *Alexander*
Parted, and ſo poſſeſs'd, not like a Brother,
But as an open Enemy, ye have hedged in
Whole Provinces; man'd and maintain'd theſe Injuries;
And

And daily with your Sword, though they ſtill honour ye,
(1) Make bloody Roads, take Towns, and ruin Caſtles,
And ſtill their Sufferance feels the Weight.

2 *Emb.* Think of that Love, great Sir, that honour'd Friendſhip
Yourſelf held with our Maſters; think of that Strength
When you were all one Body, all one Mind;
When all your Swords ſtruck one way; when your Angers,
Like ſo many Brother Billows roſe together,
And, curling up your foaming Creſts, defied
Even mighty Kings, and in their Falls entomb'd 'em;
O think of theſe; and you, that have been Conqu'rors,
That ever led your Fortunes open-ey'd,
Chain'd faſt by Confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and Men to match ye,
Let not your own Swords ſeek your Ends to ſhame ye.

Enter Demetrius *with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.*

3 *Emb.* Chuſe which you will, or Peace or War,
We come
Prepar'd for either.

1 *Uſh.* Room for the Prince there!

Cel. Was it the Prince, they ſaid? How my Heart trembled!
'Tis he, indeed; what a ſweet noble Fierceneſs
Dwells in his Eyes! Young *Meleager*-like,
When he return'd from Slaughter of the Boar,
Crown'd with the Loves and Honours of the People,
With all the gallant Youth of *Greece*, he looks now.
Who could deny him Love?

Dem. Hail, Royal Father!

Ant. Ye are welcome from your Sport, Sir; do you ſee this Gentleman,
You that bring Thunders in your Mouths, and Earthquakes

(1) *Make bloody* Inroads, *take Towns, and ruin Caſtles,*] The Metre and Emphaſis of this Verſe have been corrupted from the *Folio* Edition in 1679, downwards. The firſt *Folio* in 1647, has it rightly *Roads*; a Word equivalent with *Inroads*, and which correſponds with the Metre.

To ſhake and totter my Deſigns? Can you imagine,
You Men of poor and common Apprehenſions,
While I admit this Man my Son, this Nature,
That in one Look carries more Fire, and Fierceneſs,
Than all your Maſters in their Lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my Side, my Boſom,
When he is fit to rule, when all Men cry him,
And all Hopes hang about his Head; thus place him,
His Weapon hatch'd in Blood, all theſe attending
When he ſhall make their Fortunes, all as ſudden
In any Expedition he ſhall point 'em,
As Arrows from a *Tartar*'s Bow, and ſpeeding,
Dare I do this, and fear an Enemy?
Fear your great Maſter? yours? or yours?

Dem. O *Hercules!*
Who ſays, you do, Sir? Is there any thing
In theſe Mens Faces, or their Maſters' Actions,
Able to work ſuch Wonders?

Cel. Now he ſpeaks:
O, I could dwell upon that Tongue for ever! [ties,

Dem. You call 'em Kings, they never wore thoſe Royal-
Nor in the Progreſs of their Lives arriv'd yet
At any Thought of King: Imperial Dignities,
And powerful Godlike Actions, fit for Princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em ſit right,
Than I can with this mortal Hand hold Heav'n:
Poor petty Men, nor have I yet forgot
The chiefeſt Honours Time and Merit gave 'em:
Lyſimachus your Maſter, at the beſt,
His higheſt and his hopefull'ſt Dignities,
Was but Grand-maſter of the Elephants;
Seleucus of the Treaſure; and for *Ptolomey*,
A Thing not thought on then, ſcarce heard of yet,
(2) Some Maſter of Munition: And muſt theſe Men —

Cel. What a brave Confidence flows from his Spirit!
O ſweet young Man!

(2) *Some Maſter of* Ammunition:] Here again the Verſe labours under a ſuperfluous Syllable. *Munition* was undoubtedly the original Word, and which bears the Senſe of *Ammunition*.

Dem.

(3) *Dem.* Muſt theſe hold Place with us,
And on the ſame File hang their Memories?
Muſt theſe examine what the Wills of Kings are?
Preſcribe to their Deſigns, and chain their Actions
To their Reſtraints? be Friends and Foes when they pleaſe?
Send out their Thunders, and their Menaces,
As if the Fate of mortal Things were theirs?
Go home, good Men, and tell your Maſters from us,
We do 'em too much Honour to force from 'em
Their barren Countries, ruin their waſte Cities;
And tell 'em out of Love, we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be Kings, no more to tread on,
Than they have able Wits and Pow'rs to manage;
And ſo we ſhall befriend 'em. Ha! what does ſhe there?

Emb. This is your Anſwer, King?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove ſo.

Dem. Fy, Sweet, what makes you here?

Cel. Pray ye, do not chide me.

Dem. You do yourſelf much Wrong, and me.

Cel. Pray you, pardon me,
I feel my Fault, which only was committed
Through my dear Love to you: I have not ſeen ye,
And how can I live then? I have not ſpoke to ye ——

Dem. I know, this Week ye have not; I will redeem all.
You are ſo tender now; think, where you are, Sweet.

Cel. What other Light have I left?

Dem. Prithee, *Celia*,
Indeed, I'll ſee you preſently.

Cel. I have done, Sir:
You will not miſs?

Dem. By this, and this, I will not.

Cel. 'Tis in your Will, and I muſt be obedient.

Dem. No more of theſe Aſſemblies.

Cel. I am commanded.

1 *Uſh.* Room for the Lady there! Madam, my Service——

1 *Gent.* My Coach, an't pleaſe you, Lady.

(3) —— *Muſt theſe hold* Pace *with us,*] To preſerve an Uniformity in the Metaphor, as *File* is in the ſubſequent Line, I have ventur'd to alter *Pace* into *Place*.

2 *Uſh.*

2 *Uſh.* Room before there!

2 *Gent.* The Honour, Madam, but to wait upon you—
My Servants and my State.

Cel. Lord, how they flock now?
Before, I was afraid, they wou'd have beat me;
How theſe Flies play i'th' Sun-ſhine? pray ye, no Ser-
Or if ye needs muſt play the Hobby-horſes, [vices;
Seek out ſome Beauty that affects 'em: Farewel,
Nay, pray ye, ſpare, Gentlemen, I am old enough
To go alone at theſe Years, without Crutches. [*Exit.*

2 *Uſh.* Well, I could curſe now: But that will not help me.
I made as ſure Account of this Wench now, immediately,
Do but conſider how the Devil has croſt me,
Meat for my Maſter, ſhe cries; well ——

3 *Emb.* Once more, Sir,
We ask your Reſolutions: Peace, or War, yet?

Dem. War, War, my noble Father.

1 *Emb.* Thus I fling it:
And fair-ey'd Peace, farewel!

Ant. You have your Anſwer;
Conduct out the Ambaſſadors, and give 'em Convoys.

Dem. Tell your high-hearted Maſters, they ſhall not ſeek us,
Nor cool i'th' Field in Expectation of us,
We'll eaſe your Men thoſe Marches: In their Strengths,
And full Abilities of Mind and Courage
We'll find 'em out, and at their beſt Trim buckle with 'em.

3 *Emb.* You will find ſo hot a Soldier's Welcome, Sir,
Your Favour ſhall not freeze.

2 *Emb.* A forward Gentleman,
Pity, the War ſhould bruiſe ſuch Hopes ——

Ant. Conduct 'em —— [*Exeunt Emb.*
Now, for this Preparation: Where's *Leontius?*
Call him in preſently: For I mean in Perſon,
Gentlemen, myſelf, with my old Fortune ——

Dem. Royal Sir,
Thus low I beg this Honour: Fame already
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your Glory,
And Conqueſt now grown old, and weak with following

The

The weary Marches and the bloody Shocks
You daily ſet her in; 'Tis now ſcarce Honour
For You, that never knew to fight, but conquer,
(4) To ſparkle ſuch poor People: The Royal Eagle,
When ſhe hath try'd her young ones 'gainſt the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey;
How to command on Wing, and check below her
Ev'n Birds of noble Plume; I am your own, Sir,
You have found my Spirit, (5) try it now, and teach it
To ſtoop whole Kingdoms: Leave a little for me:
Let not your Glory be ſo greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my Hopes; you gave me Life,
If to that Life you add not what's more laſting,
A noble Name, for Man, you have made a Shadow.
Bleſs me this Day: Bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no leſs fear'd than *Antigonus*;
And to my maiden Sword tie faſt your Fortune:
I know, 'twill fight itſelf then. Dear Sir, honour me:
Never fair Virgin long'd ſo.

Ant. Riſe, and command then,
And be as fortunate, as I expect ye:
I love that noble Will; your young Companions,
Bred up and foſter'd with ye, I hope, *Demetrius*,
You will make Soldiers too; they muſt not leave ye.

Enter Leontius.

2 *Gent.* Never till Life leave us, Sir.

Ant. O *Leontius*,
Here's Work for you in Hand.

Leon. I am ev'n right-glad, Sir.
For, by my Troth, I am now grown old with Idleneſs;
I hear, we ſhall abroad, Sir.

Ant. Yes, and preſently:
But who, think you, commands now?

(4) *To* ſparkle *ſuch poor People:*] This Word is ſeveral times uſed by our Authors, to ſignify, *ſcatter*, *diſperſe*; from the Alluſion to a red-hot Coal, that diſperſes its ſulphureous Quality in *Sparkles*.

(5) ——— *try it now, and teach it*
To ſtoop *whole Kingdoms:*] i. e. to ſubdue; to make whole Kingdoms *ſtoop*.

Leon.

Leon. Who commands, Sir?
Methinks, mine Eye ſhould guide me: Can there be,
If you yourſelf will ſpare him ſo much Honour,
Any found out to lead before your Armies,
So full of Faith, and Fire, as brave *Demetrius?*
King *Philip*'s Son, at his Years, was an old Soldier,
'Tis time his Fortune be o'th' Wing, high Time, Sir;
So many idle Hours, as here he loiters,
So many ever-living Names he loſes:
I hope, 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he, indeed, and nobly
He ſhall ſet forward: Draw you all thoſe Garriſons
Upon the Frontiers as you paſs: To thoſe
Join theſe in Pay at home, our ancient Soldiers;
And, as you go, preſs all the Provinces.

Leon. We ſhall not need;
Believe, this hopeful Gentleman
Can want no Swords, nor honeſt Hearts to follow him,
We ſhall be full, no Fear, Sir. *Ant.* You, *Leontius*,
Becauſe you are an old and faithful Servant,
And know the Wars, with all his Vantages,
Be near to his Inſtructions; leſt his Youth
Loſe Valour's beſt Companion, ſtaid Diſcretion;
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with Safety;
In Execution not to break, nor ſcatter,
But, with a provident Anger, follow nobly:
Not covetous of Blood, and Death, but Honour.
Be ever near his Watches; cheer his Labours,
And, where his Hope ſtands fair, provoke his Valour;
Love him, and think it no Diſhonour, my *Demetrius*,
To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,
And one, that ev'n in ſpite of Time, that ſunk him,
And froſted up his Strength, will yet ſtand by thee,
And with the proudeſt of thine Enemies
Exchange for Blood, and bravely: Take his Counſel.

Leon. Your Grace hath made me young again, and [wanton.

Ant. She muſt be known, and ſuddenly:
Do ye know her? [*To* Menippus.

Gent. Char. No, believe, Sir.

Ant. Did you obſerve her, *Timon?*

Tim.

Tim. I look'd on her,
But what she is, Sir ——
Ant. I must have that found.
Come in, and take your Leave.
Tim. And some few Prayers along.
Dem. I know my Duty, [*Exit* Ant.
You shall be half my Father.
Leon. All your Servant:
Come, Gentlemen, you are resolv'd, I am sure,
To see these Wars.
1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his Fortunes,
Though most assured Death hung round about us.
Leon. That Bargain's yet to make;
Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get Honour instantly;
But charge within your Bounds, and keep close Bodies,
And you shall see what Sport we'll make these Mad-caps;
You shall have Game enough, I warrant ye,
Every Man's Cock shall fight.
(6) *Dem.* I must go see her: ——
Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken Leave,
I'll meet you in the Park; Draw the Men thither,
Wait you upon *Leontius.*
Gent. We'll attend, Sir.
Leon. But I beseech your Grace, with Speed; the sooner
We are i'th' Field ——
Dem. You cou'd not please me better. [*Exit.*
Leon. You never saw the Wars yet?
Gent. Not yet, Colonel.
Leon. These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper, and so hug, I know it, Gentlemen,
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' Bud;
And that sweet tilting War, with Eyes and Kisses,
Th' Alarms of soft Vows, Sighs, and Fiddle-faddles,
Spoils all our Trade: You must forget these Knick-knacks,

(6) *I must go see,* Sir.] What must he go see? Or, to whom is he here addressing himself? In short, *Demetrius* is speaking to himself; that he must go see, and take Leave of *Celia,* before he sets out on his Expedition.

A Woman, at ſome time of Year, I grant ye,
Is neceſſary, but make no Buſineſs of her.
How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh, Sir, as ill as ever;
We ſhall have Wars, they ſay; they are Muſtring yonder:
'Wou'd, we were at it once: Fie, how it plagues me!
Leon. Here's one has ſerv'd now under Captain *Cupid*,
And crack'd a Pike in's Youth: You ſee, what's come on't.
Lieu. No, my Diſeaſe will never prove ſo honourable.
Leon. Why, ſure, thou haſt the beſt Pox.
Lieu. If I have 'em,
I am ſure, I got 'em in the beſt Company;
They are Pox of thirty Coats.
Leon. Thou haſt mewed 'em finely:
Here's a ſtrange Fellow now, and a brave Fellow,
If we may ſay ſo of a pocky Fellow,
Which I believe we may, this poor Lieutenant;
Whether he have the Scratches, or the Scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'll ſay this for him,
There fights no braver Soldier under Sun, Gentlemen;
Show him an Enemy, his Pain's forgot ſtraight;
And where other Men by Beds and Bathes have Eaſe,
And eaſy Rules of Phyſick; ſet him in a Danger,
A Danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will ſo play about ye,
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his Heart: And then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: Not a Pang remembred:
I have ſeen him do ſuch things, Belief would ſhrink at.
Gent. 'Tis ſtrange, he ſhou'd do all this, and diſeas'd ſo.
Leon. I am ſure, 'tis true: Lieutenant, canſt thou drink well?
Lieu. Wou'd I were drunk, Dog-drunk, I might not feel this.
Gent. I wou'd take Phyſick.
Lieu. But I wou'd know my Diſeaſe firſt.
Leon. Why? it may be the Cholick: Canſt thou blow backward?

Lieu.

Lieu. There's never a Bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.
Gent. Is't not a Pleurisy?
Lieu. 'Tis any thing.
That has the Devil, and Death in't: Will ye march,
The Prince has taken Leave. [Gentlemen?
Leon. How know ye that?
Lieu. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his Followers,
And met him after in a By-street: I think,
He has some Wench, or such a Toy, to lick over
Before he go: 'Wou'd, I had such another
To draw this foolish Pain down.
Leon. Let's away, Gentlemen,
For, sure, the Prince will stay on us.
Gent. We'll attend, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius *and* Celia.

Cel. Must ye needs go?
Dem. Or stay with all Dishonour.
Cel. Are there not Men enough to fight?
Dem. Fie, *Celia.*
This ill becomes the noble Love you bear me;
Would you have your Love a Coward?
Cel. No; believe, Sir,
I wou'd have him fight, but not so far off from me.
Dem. Wou'dst have it thus? or thus?
Cel. If that be Fighting ———
Dem. Ye wanton Fool; When I come home again,
I'll fight with thee, at thine own Weapon, *Celia*;
And conquer thee too.
Cel. That you've done already,
You need no other Arms to me, but these, Sir;
But will you fight yourself, Sir?
Dem. Thus deep in Blood, Wench,
And through the thickest Ranks of Pikes.
Cel. Spur bravely
Your fiery Courser, beat the Troops before ye,
And cram the Mouth of Death with Executions.

Dem. I wou'd do more than theſe. But, prithee, tell me,
Tell me, my Fair, where got'ſt thou this Male Spirit?
I wonder at thy Mind.

Cel. Were I a Man then,
You would wonder more.

Dem. Sure, thou would'ſt prove a Soldier,
And ſome great Leader.

Cel. Sure, I ſhould do ſomewhat;
And the firſt Thing I did, I ſhou'd grow envious,
Extreamly envious of your Youth, and Honour.

Dem. And fight againſt me?

Cel. Ten to one, I ſhould do it.

Dem. Thou wou'dſt not hurt me?

Cel. In this Mind I am in,
I think, I ſhould be hardly brought to ſtrike ye,
Unleſs 'twere thus; but in my Man's Mind ——

Dem. What?

Cel. I ſhou'd be Friends with you too, now I think better.

Dem. Ye are a tall Soldier: Here, take theſe, and theſe;
This Gold to furniſh ye, and keep this Bracelet;
Why do you weep now? You a maſculine Spirit?

Cel. No, I confeſs, I am a Fool, a Woman:
And ever when I part with you — *Dem.* You ſhall not,
Theſe Tears are like prodigious Signs, my Sweet one;
I ſhall come back, loaden with Fame, to honour thee.

Cel. I hope, you ſhall: But then, my dear *Demetrius*,
When you ſtand Conqueror, and at your Mercy
All People bow, and all Things wait your Sentence;
Say then, your Eye, ſurveying all your Conqueſt,
Find out a Beauty, even in Sorrow excellent,
A conſtant Face, that in the midſt of Ruin
With a forc'd Smile, both ſcorns at Fate, and Fortune:
Say, you find ſuch a one, ſo nobly fortified,
And in her Figure all the Sweets of Nature, ——

Dem. Prithee, no more of this, I cannot find her.

Cel. That ſhews as far beyond my wither'd Beauty;
And will run mad to love ye too ——

Dem. Do you fear me,
And do you think, beſides this Face, this Beauty,
This Heart, where all my Hopes are lock'd ——

Cel.

Cel. I dare not:
No, ſure, I think ye honeſt; wondrous honeſt.
Pray, do not frown, I'll ſwear ye are.
Dem. Ye may chuſe.
Cel. But how long will ye be away?
Dem. I know not.
Cel. I know, you are angry now: pray, look upon me:
I'll ask no more ſuch Queſtions.
Dem. The Drums beat,
I can no longer ſtay.
Cel. They do but call yet:
How fain you wou'd leave my Company?
Dem. I wou'd not,
Unleſs a greater Pow'r than Love commanded,
Commands my Life, mine Honour.
Cel. But a little.
Dem. Prithee, farewel, and be not doubtful of me.
Cel. I wou'd not have ye hurt: And ye are ſo ventrous—
But, good ſweet Prince, preſerve yourſelf, fight nobly,
But do not thruſt this Body, ('tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine:) Do not ſeek Wounds, Sir,
For every Drop of Blood you bleed——
Dem. I will, *Celia*,
I will be carefull.
Cel. My Heart, that loves ye dearly ——
Dem. Prithee, no more, we muſt part:
[*Drums beat a March.*
Hark, they march now!
Cel. Pox on theſe bawling Drums! I am ſure, you'll kiſs me;
But one Kiſs? what a Parting's this?
Dem. Here take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, ſmother me;
But ſtill remember, if your Fooling with me
Make me forget the Truſt ——
Cel. I have done: Farewel, Sir,
Never look back, you ſhall not ſtay, not a Minute.
Dem. I muſt have one Farewel more;
Cel. No, the Drums beat;

I dare not ſlack your Honour; not a Hand more;
Only this Look — the Gods preſerve, and ſave ye!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, *and* Timon.

Ant. WHAT, have ye found her out?
Char. We have hearkned after her.
Ant. What's that to my Deſire?
Char. Your Grace muſt give us Time,
And a little Means.
Tim. She is, ſure, a Stranger,
If ſhe were bred or known here ——
Ant. Your dull Endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcome, *Menippus.*
Men. I have found her, Sir,
I mean, the Place ſhe is lodg'd in; her Name is *Celia,*
And much Ado I had to purchaſe that too.
Ant. Doſt think, *Demetrius* loves her?
Men. Much I fear it,
But nothing that Way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your Grace within this Hour.
Ant. A Stranger?
Men. Without all Doubt.
Ant. But how ſhou'd he come to her?
Men. There lies the Marrow of the Matter hid yet.
Ant. Haſt thou been with thy Wife?
Men. No, Sir, I am going to her.
Ant. Go and diſpatch, and meet me in the Garden,
And get all out ye can. [*Exit.*
Men. I'll do my beſt, Sir. [*Exit.*
Tim. Bleſt be thy Wife, thou wert an arrant Aſs elſe!
Char. Ay, ſhe is a ſtirring Woman, indeed:
There's a Brain, Brother.

Tim.

Tim. There's not a handſome Wench of any Mettle
Within a hundred Miles, but her Intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a Sanctuary.
What had his mouldy Brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not ſhe beaten it out o'th' Flint to faſten him?
They ſay, ſhe keeps an Office of Concealments:
There is no young Wench, let her be a Saint,
Unleſs ſhe live i'th' Center, but ſhe finds her,
And every Way prepares Addreſſes to her:
If my Wife wou'd have followed her Courſe, *Charinthus*,
Her lucky Courſe, I'd had the Day before him:
O what might I have been by this Time, Brother?
But ſhe, forſooth, when I put theſe Things to her,
Theſe Things of honeſt Thrift, groans, *O my Conſcience*,
The Load upon my Conſcience, when to make us Cuckolds,
They have no more Burden than a Brood-gooſe, Brother;
But let's do what we can, though this Wench fail us,
Another of a new Way will be look'd at:
Come, let's abroad, and beat our Brains; Time may,
For all his Wiſdom, yet give us a Day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Drum within, *Alarm*, *Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

Dem. I will not ſee 'em fall thus, give me Way, Sir,
I ſhall forget you love me elſe.
Leon. Will ye loſe all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a Man, is nothing;
So you, and thoſe we have preſerv'd from Slaughter
Come ſafely off. *Dem.* I have loſt myſelf.
Leon. You are cozen'd.
Dem. And am moſt miſerable.
Leon. There's no Man ſo,
But he that makes himſelf ſo.
Dem. I will go on.
Leon. You muſt not: I ſhall tell you then,
And tell you true, that Man's unfit to govern,

That cannot guide himſelf: You lead an Army?
That have not ſo much manly Suff'rance left ye,
To bear a Loſs?

Dem. Charge but once more, *Leontius*,
My Friends and my Companions are engag'd all.

Leon. Nay, give 'em loſt, I ſaw 'em off their Horſes,
And the Enemy Maſter of their Arms; nor cou'd then
The Policy, nor Strength, of Man redeem 'em.

Dem. And ſhall I know this, and ſtand Fooling?

Leon. By my dear Father's Soul, you ſtir not, Sir;
Or, if you do, you make your Way through me firſt.

Dem. Thou art a Coward.

Leon. To prevent a Madman.
None but your Father's Son durſt call me ſo,
'Death, if he did—— Muſt I be ſcandal'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the Helps I had to ſave ye?
That, where there was a valiant Weapon ſtirring,
Both ſearch'd it out, and ſingled it, unedg'd it,
For fear it ſhould bite you; am I a Coward?
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the King's Son;
Hang all your Lady's Favours on your Creſt,
And let them fight their Shares; ſpur to Deſtruction,
You cannot miſs the Way: Be bravely deſperate,
And your young Friends before ye, that loſt this Battel,
Your honourable Friends, that knew no Order,
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wiſe and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,
Has ſent a deſperate Son, without Diſcretion,
To bury in an Hour his Age of Honour.

Dem. I am aſham'd.

Leon. 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye:
The Coward will not long be after ye;
I ſcorn to ſay I ſaw you fall, ſigh for ye,
And tell a whining Tale, ſome ten Years after,
To Boys and Girls in an old Chimney-Corner,
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely ſpirited;
How young and fair he fell: We'll all go with ye,
And ye ſhall ſee us all, like Sacrifices
In our beſt Trim, fill up the Mouth of Ruin,

Will

Will this Faith ſatisfy your Folly? Can this ſhow ye,
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten, in a Multitude?
If you will needs tempt Fortune now ſhe has held ye,
Held ye from ſinking up———

Dem. Pray, do not kill me,
Theſe Words pierce deeper than the Wounds I ſuffer,
The ſmarting Wounds of Loſs.

Leon. Ye are too tender;
Fortune has Hours of Loſs, and Hours of Honour,
And the moſt Valiant feel them both; Take Comfort,
The next is ours, I have a Soul deſcries it:
The angry Bull never goes back for Breath,
But when he means to arm his Fury double.
Let this Day ſet, but not the Memory,
And we ſhall find a Time. How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I know not: I am maul'd: We are bravely beaten,
All our young Gallants loſt.

Leon. Thou'rt hurt. *Lieu.* I am pepper'd,
I was i' th' midſt of all: And bang'd of all Hands:
They made an Anvile of my Head, it rings yet; [it;
Never ſo threſh'd: Do you call this Fame? I have fam'd
I have got immortal Fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no ſuch ſcratching Saint to ſerve hereafter;
O' my Conſcience, I was kill'd above twenty times,
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again ſtill; I am hurt plaguily,
But now I have nothing near ſo much Pain, Colonel,
They have ſliced me for that Malady.

Dem. All the young Men loſt?

Lieu. I am glad, you are here: But they are all i'th' Pound, Sir,
They'll never ride o'er other Mens Corn again, I take it;
Such friſking, and ſuch flaunting with their Feathers,
And ſuch careering with their Miſtreſs's Favours;
And here muſt he be pricking out for Honour,
And there got he a Knock, and down goes Pilgarlick,
Commends his Soul to his She-ſaint, and *exit.*

Another ſpurs in there, cries, *Make Room, Villains, I am a Lord*; ſcarce ſpoken, but with Reverence
A Raſcal takes him o'er the Face, and fells him;
There lies the Lord, the Lord be with him!

Leon. Now, Sir,
Do you find this Truth?

Dem. I wou'd not. *Lieu.* Pox upon it!
They have ſuch tender Bodies too; ſuch Culliſſes,
That one good handſome Blow breaks 'em in Pieces.

Leon. How ſtands the Enemy?

Lieu. Ev'n cool enough too:
For, to ſay Truth, he has been ſhrewdly heated,
The Gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his Julips.

Leon. He marches not i'th' Tail on's.

Lieu. No; Plague take him!
He'll kiſs our Tails as ſoon; he looks upon us,
As if he would ſay, if ye will turn again, Friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more Care into your Coxcombs.
Now ſhall we have damnable Ballads out againſt us,
Moſt wicked Madrigals: And ten to one, Colonel,
Sung to ſuch louſy, lamentable Tunes.——

Leon. Thou art merry,
Howe'er the Game goes: Good Sir, be not troubled,
A better Day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer thoſe left, and lead 'em off,
They are hot, and weary.

Dem. I'll do any thing.

Leon. Lieutenant, ſend one preſently away
To th' King, and let him know our State: And hark ye,
Be ſure, the Meſſenger adviſe his Majeſty
To comfort up the Prince: He's full of Sadneſs.

Lieu. When ſhall I get a Surgeon? This hot Weather,
Unleſs I be well pepper'd, I ſhall ſtink, Colonel.

Leon. Go, I'll prepare thee one.

Lieu. If ye catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat Hay with a Horſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Leucippe, *reading*; *and two Maids at a Table writing.*

Leu. Have ye written to *Merione?*
1 *Maid.* Yes, Madam.
Leu. And let her underſtand the Hopes ſhe has,
If ſhe come ſpeedily ——
1 *Maid.* All theſe are ſpecified.
Leu. And of the Chain is ſent her,
And the rich Stuff to make her ſhew more handſome here?
1 *Maid.* All this is done, Madam.
Leu. What have you diſpatch'd there? [ye.
2 *Maid.* A Letter to the Country Maid, and't pleaſe
Leu. A pretty Girl, but peeviſh, plaguy peeviſh.
Have ye bought the embroidered Gloves, and that Purſe for her,
And the new Curl?
2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, Madam.
Leu. Her Maiden-head will yield me, let me ſee now,
She is not fifteen, they ſay: For her Complexion——
Cloe, *Cloe*, *Cloe*, here, I have her, *Cloe*,
The Daughter of a Country Gentleman;
Her Age upon fifteen; Now her Complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,
The Body neatly built; ſhe ſtrikes a Lute well,
Sings moſt inticingly; theſe Helps conſider'd,
Her Maiden-head will amount to ſome three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns; 'twill bear it hand-[ſomly.
Her Father poor, ſome little Share deducted,
To buy him a hunting Nag; Ay, 'twill be pretty.
Who takes care of the Merchant's Wife?
1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom ſhe is?
1 *Maid.* Very well, Madam;
Though very much Ado I had to make her
Apprehend that Happineſs.
Leu. Theſe Kind are ſubtle;

Did

Did ſhe not cry, and blubber, when you urg'd her?

1 *Maid*, O moſt extreamly, and ſwore ſhe wou'd rather periſh.

Leu, Good Signs, very good Signs,
Symptoms of eaſy Nature.
Had ſhe the Plate?

1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it,
And turn'd again, and view'd it.

Leu. Very well ſtill.

1 *Maid.* At length ſhe was content to let it lie there,
Till I call'd for't, or ſo.

Leu. She will come?

1 *Maid.* Do you take me
For ſuch a Fool, I wou'd part without that Promiſe?

Leu. The Chamber's next the Park.

1 *Maid.* The Widow, Madam,
You bad me look upon.

Leu. Hang her, ſhe is muſty:
She is no Man's Meat; beſides, ſhe's poor and ſluttiſh:
Where lies old *Thisbe* now? you are ſo long now——

2 *Maid. Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, Agent *Thisbe*, O, I have her,
She lies now in *Nicopolis*.

Leu. Diſpatch a Packet,
And tell her, her Superior here commands her
The next Month not to fail, but ſee deliver'd
Here to our Uſe, ſome twenty young and handſome,
As alſo able Maids, for the Court-Service,
As ſhe will anſwer it: We are out of Beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the Time away here
With ſuch blown Stuff, I am aſham'd to ſend it.

[*Knock within.*

Who's that? Look out, to your Buſineſs, Maid,
There's nothing got by Idleneſs: There is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea*,
A, *A*, *A*, *A*, *Altea*, young, and married,
And a great Lover of her Husband; well,
Not to be brought to Court! Say ye ſo? I am ſorry,
The Court ſhall be brought to you then; how now, who is't?

1 *Maid.* An ancient Woman, with a Maid attending,

A

A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths; for a little Money,
It ſeems, ſhe would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

Enter Woman *and* Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Wou'd you aught with us, good Woman?
I pray, be ſhort, we are full of Buſineſs. [nour.
Wom. I have a tender Girl here, an't pleaſe your Ho-
Leu. Very well.
Wom. That hath a great Deſire to ſerve your Worſhip.
Leu. It may be ſo; I am full of Maids.
Wom. She is young, forſooth——
And, for her Truth, and, as they ſay, her Bearing——
Leu. Ye ſay well; come ye hither, Maid, let me feel your Pulſe,
'Tis ſomewhat weak, but Nature will grow ſtronger,
Let me ſee your Leg, ſhe treads but low i'th' Paſterns.
Wom. A cork Heel, Madam.——
Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your Aim, good Woman; what do you pitch her at?
She's but a ſlight Toy——cannot hold out long.
Wom. Ev'n what you think is meet.
Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of Buſineſs,
She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheeſe home.
Enter the Wench i'th' Office. [*Exe. Wom. and* 1 *Maid.*
2 *Maid.* What's your Name, Siſter?
Phe. Phebe, forſooth.
Leu. A pretty Name; 'twill do well:
Go in, and let the other Maid inſtruct you, *Phebe.*
[*Exit* Phebe.
Let my old Velvet Skirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into Action for a Waſtcoat;
And when I have rigg'd her up once, this ſmall Pinnace
[*Knock within.*
Shall ſail for Gold, and good ſtore too; who's there?
Lord, ſhall we never have any Eaſe in this World?
Still troubled! Still moleſted! What wou'd you have?

Enter

Enter Menippus.

I cannot furniſh you faſter than I am able,
An' ye were my Husband a thouſand times, I cannot do it.
At leaſt a dozen Poſts are gone this Morning
For ſeveral Parts of the Kingdom: I can do no more
But pay 'em, and inſtruct 'em.
Men. Prithee, good Sweet-heart,
I come not to diſturb thee, nor diſcourage thee;
I know, thou labour'ſt truly: Hark in thine Ear.
Leu. Ha!
What do you make ſo dainty on't? Look there,
I am an Aſs, I can do nothing.
Men. Celia?
Ay, this is ſhe; a Stranger born.
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Prithee, my beſt *Leucippe*, there's much hangs on't,
Lodg'd at the End of *Mars*'s Street? That's true too;
At the Sack of ſuch a Town, by ſuch a Soldier
Preſerv'd a Priſoner; and by Prince *Demetrius*
Bought from that Man again, maintain'd and favour'd:
How came you by this Knowledge?
Leu. Poor, weak Man,
I have a thouſand Eyes, when thou art ſleeping,
Abroad, and full of Buſineſs.
Men. You never try'd her?
Leu. No, ſhe is beyond my Level; ſo hedg'd in
By the Prince's infinite Love and Favour to her——
Men. She is a handſom Wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that Proof arms herſelf.
Men. Come in then;
I have a great Deſign from the King to you,
And you muſt work like Wax now.
Leu. On this Lady?
Men. On this, and all your Wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my Time of ſome Note; old as I am,
I think, my Brains will work yet without Barm;

Take

Take up the Books.

Men. As we go in, I'll tell ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords *and a Soldier.*

Ant. No Face of Sorrow for this Loſs, 'twill choak him,
Nor no Man miſs a Friend; I know his Nature
So deep impreſt with Grief, for what he has ſuffer'd,
That the leaſt adding to it adds to his Ruin;
His Loſs is not ſo infinite, I hope, Soldier.

Sol. Faith, neither great, nor out of Indiſcretion.
The young Men out of Heat, ———

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, *and* Lieutenant.

Ant. I gueſs the manner.

Lord. The Prince, and't like your Grace, ———

Ant. You are welcome home, Sir:
Come, no more Sorrow, I have heard your Fortune,
And I myſelf have try'd the like: Clear up, Man,
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted,
Your Fear had loſt, and that you had turn'd your Back to 'em,
Baſely beſought their Mercies ———

Leon. No, no, by this Hand, Sir,
We fought like honeſt and tall Men.

Ant. I know't, *Leontius:* Or if I thought
Neglect of Rule, having his Counſel with ye,
Or too vain-glorious Appetite of Fame,
Your Men forgot and ſcatter'd ———

Leon. None of theſe, Sir,
He ſhew'd himſelf a noble Gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.

Ant. Theſe being granted;
Why ſhould you think you have done an Act ſo hainous,
That nought but Diſcontent dwells round about ye?
I have loſt a Battel.

Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.

Ant. With as much Means as Man ———

Leon. Or Devil cou'd urge it.

Ant.

Ant. Twenty to one on our Side now.
Leon. Turn Tables,
Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it
To Heart for flying but a Mile before 'em;
And to say the Truth, 'twas no Flight neither, Sir,
'Twas but a Walk, a handsome Walk; I've tumbled
With this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
Blooded and bang'd almost a Day before 'em,
And glad I had got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,
He fights his Share, I am sure, when e'er he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tightly too,
And cry (7) *The Devil take the hindmost ever!*
Lieu. I learnt it of my Betters.
Leon. Boudge at this?
Ant. Has Fortune but one Face?
Lieu. In her best Vizard,
Methinks, she looks but lousily.
Ant. Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our Expectations,
Is there no Hope left strong enough to buoy her?
Dem. 'Tis not, this Day I fled before the Enemy,
And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,
My Maiden Honour, never to be ransom'd;
Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible,
Afflicts me with this Sadness; most of these,
Time may turn straight again, Experience perfect,
And new Swords cut new Ways to nobler Fortunes.
O, I have lost ——
Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it Loss.
Dem. O Sir, forgive me,
I have lost my Friend, those worthy Souls bred with me,
I have lost myself, they were the Pieces of me:
I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,
Honour and Arms, no Emulation left me:
I liv'd to see these Men lost, look'd upon it;

(7) *the Devil take the hindmost ever!*] *Occupet extremum Scabies*, says HORACE.

These

Theſe Men that twinn'd their Loves to mine, their Virtues;
O Shame of Shames! I ſaw, and cou'd not ſave 'em:
This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And, like a fatal Tomb, beſtrides my Memory.

Ant. This was hard Fortune; but if alive, and taken,
They ſhall be ranſom'd, let it be at Millions.

Dem. They are dead, they are dead.

Lieu. When wou'd he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.

Leon. Good Prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their Deaths: The Enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good Quarter.
What Noiſe is this?

Great Shout within. Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He does not follow us?
Give me a Steeple-top.

Leon. They live, they live, Sir.

Ant. Hold up your manly Face.
They live, they are here, Son.

Dem. Theſe are the Men.

1 *Gent.* They are, and live to honour ye.

Dem. How 'ſcap'd ye, noble Friends? Methought, I ſaw ye
Even in the Jaws of Death.

2 *Gent.* Thanks to our Folly,
That ſpur'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't;
And ev'n beyond the Hand of Succour, beaten,
Unhors'd, diſarm'd: And what we look'd for then, Sir,
Let ſuch poor weary Souls that hear the Bell knoll,
And ſee the Grave a digging, tell.

Dem. For Heav'ns ſake
Delude mine Eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 *Gent.* Againſt all Expectation; the brave *Seleucus*,
I think, this Day enamour'd on your Virtue,
When, through the Troops, he ſaw ye ſhoot like Light-
And at your manly Courage all took Fire; [ning;
And after that, the Miſery we fell to,
The never-certain Fate of War, conſid'ring,
As we ſtood all before him, Fortune's Ruins,
Nothing but Death expecting, a ſhort Time

He

He made a Stand upon our Youths and Fortunes.
Then with an Eye of Mercy inform'd his Judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal Ends; he cry'd out to us,
Go, Gentlemen, commend me to your Master,
To the most high, and hopeful Prince, *Demetrius*;
Tell him, the Valour that he show'd against me
This Day, the Virgin Valour, and true Fire,
Deserves ev'n from an Enemy this Courtesy;
Your Lives, and Arms freely I'll give 'em: Thank him.
And thus we are return'd, Sir.

Leon. Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble Part, Sir?

Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't;
These noble Tricks I never durst trust 'em yet.

Leon. Let me not live, and 'twere not a fam'd Honesty;
It takes me such a tickling Way: Now wou'd I wish, Heaven,
But ev'n the Happiness, ev'n that poor Blessing
For all the sharp Afflictions thou hast sent me,
But ev'n i'th' Head o'th' Field, to take *Seleucus*.
I should do something memorable: Fie, sad still?

1 *Gent.* Do you grieve, we are come off?

Dem. Unransom'd, was it?

2 *Gent.* It was, Sir.

Dem. And with such a Fame to me?
Said ye not so?

Leon. Ye have heard it.

Dem. O *Leontius!*
Better I had lost 'em all: Myself had perish'd,
And all my Father's Hopes.

Leon. Mercy upon you;
What ails you, Sir? Death, do not make Fools on's,
Neither go to Church, nor tarry at home?
That's a fine Horn-pipe.

Ant. What's now your Grief, *Demetrius?*

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leon. He beat, a Pudding; beat us but once.

Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward.
Beat me to nothing.

Lieu.

Lieu. Is not the Devil in him?

Leon. I pray, it be no worſe.

Dem. Twice conquer'd me.

Leon. Bear Witneſs, all the World, I am a Dunce here.

Dem. With Valour firſt he ſtruck me, then with Honour;
That Stroke, *Leontius*, that Stroke, doſt thou not feel it?

Leon. Whereabouts was it? For I remember nothing yet.

Dem. All theſe Gentlemen that were his Priſoners.—

Leon. Yes, he ſet 'em free, Sir, with Arms and Honour.

Dem. There, there, now thou haſt it;
At mine own Weapon, Courteſy, h'as beaten me.
At that I was held a Maſter in, he has cow'd me;
Hotter than all the Dint o'th' Fight he has charg'd me:
Am I not now a wretched Fellow? Think on't;
And when thou haſt examin'd all Ways honourable,
And find'ſt no Door left open to requite this,
Conclude, I am a Wretch, and was twice beaten.

Ant. I have obſerv'd your Way, and underſtand it,
And equal love it as *Demetrius*;
My noble Child, thou ſhalt not fall in Virtue,
I and my Pow'r will ſink firſt: You, *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commiſſion, ye ſhall out again,
And inſtantly: You ſhall not lodge this Night here,
Not ſee a Friend, nor take a Bleſſing with ye,
Before ye be i'th' Field: The Enemy is up ſtill,
And ſtill in full Deſign: Charge him again, Son,
And either bring home that again thou haſt loſt there,
Or leave thy Body by him.

Dem. Sir, ye raiſe me,
And now I dare look up again, *Leontius*.

Leon. Ay, ay, Sir, I am thinking, who we ſhall take of 'em
To make all ſtraight; and who we ſhall give to th' Devil.
What ſay'ſt thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieu. I ſay nothing.
Lord what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my Conſtitution mightily alter'd,
Since I came home: I hate all Noiſes too,
Eſpecially the Noiſe of Drums; I am now as well
As any living Man; why not as valiant?

To fight now, is a kind of Vomit to me,
It goes againſt my Stomach.
Dem. Good Sir, preſently;
You cannot do your Son ſo fair a Favour.
Ant. 'Tis my Intent: I'll ſee ye march away too.
Come, get your Men together preſently, *Leontius*,
And preſs where pleaſe you, as you march.
Leon. We go, Sir.
Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring ye to your Command,
And then to Fortune give ye up.
Dem. Ye love me. [*Exit.*
Leon. Go, get the Drums, beat round, Lieutenant.
Lieu. Hark ye, Sir,
I have a fooliſh Buſineſs they call Marriage,—
Leon. After the Wars are done.
Lieu. The Party ſtays, Sir,
I have giv'n the Prieſt his Money too: All my Friends, Sir,
My Father, and my Mother,—
Leon. Will you go forward?
Lieu. She brings a pretty Matter with her.
Leon. Half a dozen Baſtards.
Lieu. Some forty, Sir.
Leon. A goodly Competency.
Lieu. I mean, Sir, Pounds a Year; I'll diſpatch the Matter,
'Tis but a Night or two; I'll overtake ye, Sir.
Leon. The two old Legions, yes: Where lies the Horſe-quarter?
Lieu. And if it be a Boy, I'll ev'n make bold, Sir,—
Leon. Away with your Whore,
A plague o' your Whore, you damn'd Rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; muſt ye be clicketing?
Lieu. I have broke my Mind to my Ancient, in my Abſence;
He's a ſufficient Gentleman. [
Leon. Get forward.
Lieu. Only receive her Portion.
Leon. Get ye forward.
Elſe I'll bang ye forward.
Lieu. Strange, Sir,
A Gentleman and an Officer cannot have the Liberty

To

To do the Office of a Man.
Leon. Shame light on thee!
How came this Whore into thy Head?
Lieu. This Whore, Sir?
'Tis ſtrange, a poor Whore——
Leon. Do not anſwer me,
Troop, troop away; do not name this Whore again,
Or think there is a Whore.
Lieu. That's very hard, Sir.
Leon. For if thou doſt, look to't, I'll have thee gelded,
I'll walk ye out before me: Not a Word more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Leucippe, *and* Governeſs.

Leu. Ye are the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, ye ſay,
Where this young Lady lies.
Gov. For Want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for ſuch a Purpoſe.
When was the Prince with her? Anſwer me directly.
Gov. Not ſince he went a Warring.
Leu. Very well then:
What carnal Copulation are you privy to
Between theſe two? Be not afraid, we are Women;
And may talk thus amongſt ourſelves, no Harm in't.
Gov. No ſure, there's no Harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman
Otherwiſe giv'n, than a hopeful Gentlewoman—
Leu. You'll grant me, the Prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with ye.
And, the Gods bleſs her, promiſes her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while: And gives her Gifts?
Gov. Extreamly;
And truly makes a very Saint of her.
Leu. I ſhou'd think now,
(Good Woman let me have your Judgment with me,
I ſee, 'tis none of the worſt: Come ſit down by me)
That theſe two cannot love ſo tenderly,——
Gov. Being ſo young as they are too.

Leu. You say well——
But that, methinks, some further Promises——
Gov. Yes, yes,
I have heard the Prince swear he wou'd marry her.
Leu. Very well still: They do not use to fall out?
Gov. The tendrest Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an Hour asunder.
Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone; you know your Charge, and do it.
You know, whose Will it is; if you transgress it——
That is if any have Access, or see her,
Before the King's Will be fulfill'd——
Gov. Not the Prince, Madam?
Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure ye.
Gov. But ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey ye.
Leu. Away, and to your Business then.
Gov. 'Tis done, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus.

Ant. THOU hast taken wond'rous Pains; but yet, *Menippus*,
You understand not of what Blood and Country.
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek*, I am sure, she is; she speaks this Language.
Ant. Is she so excellent handsome?
Men. Most enticing.
Ant. Sold for a Prisoner?
Men. Yes, Sir, some poor Creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They say, extreamly.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then: Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took Leave now, he made a hundred Stops,
Desir'd an Hour, but half an Hour, a Minute,
Which I with Anger cross'd; I knew his Business,

I

I knew, 'twas ſhe he hunted on; this Journey, Man,
I beat out ſuddenly for her Cauſe intended,
And wou'd not give him Time to breathe. When comes
Men. This Morning, Sir. [ſhe?
Ant. Lodge her to all Delight then:
For I would have her try'd to th' Teſt: I know,
She muſt be ſome crack'd Coin, not fit his Traffick;
Which, when we have found, the Shame will make him leave her,
Or we ſhall work a nearer Way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the Hopes I have caſt upon him,
E'er he ſhall dig his own Grave in that Woman:
You know which Way to bring her: I'll ſtand cloſe there,
To view her as ſhe paſſes: And do you hear, *Menippus*,
Obſerve her with all Sweetneſs; humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careleſs to our Purpoſes.
Away, and take what Helps you pleaſe.
Men. I am gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Celia, *and* Governeſs.

(8) *Cel.* Governeſs, from whom was this Gown ſent me, prithee?
Be ſerious true: I will not wear it elſe:
'Tis a handſome one.
Gov. As though you know not?
Cel. No, Faith:
But I believe, for certain too, yet I wonder,
Becauſe it was his Caution, this poor Way,
Still to preſerve me from the curious Searchings
Of greedy Eyes.
Gov. You have it: Does it pleaſe you?
Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too; prithee, tell me?

(8) Cel. *Governeſs, from whom was this Gown ſent me?*] The Honeſty of *Celia*'s Conduct, her inviolable Affection to the Prince, her Jealouſy of being decoy'd by the baſe Court-Agents, and her abſolute Defiance to all Addreſſes whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole Character.

Gov. From one that likes you well, never look coy, Lady;
Theſe are no Gifts, to be put off with Powtings.
Cel. Powtings, and Gifts? Is it from any Stranger?
Gov. You are ſo curious, that there is no Talk to ye.
What if it be I, pray ye?
Cel. Unpin, good Governeſs,
Quick, quick.
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Cel. Quick, good Governeſs:
Fie on't, how baſely it becomes me? Poorly?
A Trick put in upon me? Well ſaid, Governeſs:
I vow, I wou'd not wear it—out! It ſmells muſty.
Are theſe your Tricks? Now I begin to ſmell it,
Abominable muſty; will you help me?
The Prince will come again——
Gov. You are not mad, ſure?
Cel. As I live, I'll cut it off: A Pox upon it!
For, ſure, it was made for that Uſe; do you bring me Liveries? [Woman?
Stales to catch Kites? Doſt thou laugh too, thou baſe
Gov. I cannot chooſe, if I ſhould be hang'd.
Cel. Abuſe me,
And then laugh at me too?
Gov. I do not abuſe ye:
Is it Abuſe, to give him Drink that's thirſty?
You want Cloaths; is it ſuch a hainous Sin, I beſeech ye,
To ſee you ſtor'd?
Cel. There is no greater Wickedneſs than this Way.
Gov. What Way?
Cel. I ſhall curſe thee fearfully,
If thou provok'ſt me further: And take heed, Woman;
My Curſes never miſs.
Gov. Curſe him, that ſent it.
Cel. Tell but his Name——
Gov. You dare not curſe him.
Cel. Dare not? By this fair Light——
Gov. You are ſo full of Paſſion——
Cel. Dare not be good? Be honeſt? Dare not curſe him?
Gov. I think, you dare not: I believe ſo.

Cel.

Cel. Speak him.

Gov. Up with your Valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full Charge.

Cel. If I do not, hang me; tell but his Name.

Gov. 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* ſent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him i'th' Eye now, Lady.

Cel. Is he come home?

Gov. It ſeems ſo; but your Curſe now——

Cel. You do not lye, I hope.

Gov. You dare not curſe him.

Cel. Prithee, do not abuſe me: Is he come home, indeed?
For I wou'd now with all my Heart believe thee.

Gov. Nay, you may chooſe: Alas, I deal for Strangers,
That ſend ye ſcurvy, muſty Gowns, ſtale Liveries:
I have my Tricks.

Cel. 'Tis a good Gown, a handſome one;
I did but jeſt; where is he?

Gov. He that ſent it——

Cel. How? He that ſent it? Is it come to that again?
Thou can'ſt not be ſo fooliſh: Prithee, ſpeak out,
I may miſtake thee.

Gov. I ſaid, he that ſent it——

Cel. Curſe o' my Life: Why doſt thou vex me thus?
I know, thou meaneſt *Demetrius*, doſt thou not?
I charge thee ſpeak Truth: If it be any other,
Thou knoweſt the Charge he gave thee, and the Juſtice
His Anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he ſhall, he ſhall, thou ſpiteful Woman,
Thou beaſtly Woman; and thou ſhalt know too late too,
And feel too ſenſible, I am no Ward,
No Sale-ſtuff for your Money-Merchants that ſent it:
Who dare ſend me, or how durſt thou, thou ——

Gov. What you pleaſe:
For this is ever the Reward of Service.
The Prince ſhall bring the next himſelf.

Cel. 'Tis ſtrange,
That you ſhould deal ſo peeviſhly: Beſhrew ye,
You have put me in a Heat.

Gov. I am ſure, ye have kill'd me:
I ne'er receiv'd ſuch Language: I can but wait upon ye,

And be your Drudge; keep a poor Life to ſerve ye.
Cel. You know my Nature is too eaſy, Governeſs,
And you now know, I am ſorry too: How does he?
Gov. O Gad, my Head!
Cel. Prithee, be well, and tell me;
Did he ſpeak of me, ſince he came? Nay, ſee now,
If thou wilt leave this Tyranny? Good ſweet Governeſs,
Did he but name his *Celia?* Look upon me,
Upon my Faith, I meant no Harm: Here take this,
And buy thyſelf ſome Trifles: Did he, good Wench?
Gov. He loves ye but too dearly.
Cel. That's my good Governeſs.
Gov. There's more Cloaths making for ye.
Cel. More Cloaths?
Gov. More:
Richer and braver; I can tell ye that News;
And twenty glorious Things.
Cel. To what Uſe, Sirrah? [Wretches
Gov. Ye are too good for our Houſe now: We poor
Shall loſe the Comfort of ye.
Cel. No, I hope not.
Gov. For ever loſe ye, Lady.
Cel. Loſe me? Wherefore? I hear of no ſuch Thing.
Gov. 'Tis ſure, it muſt be ſo:
You muſt ſhine now at Court: Such Preparation,
Such Hurry, and ſuch hanging Rooms——
Cel. To th' Court, Wench? Was it to th' Court, thou
Gov. You'll find it ſo. [ſaidſt?
Cel. Stay, ſtay, this cannot be.
Gov. I ſay, it muſt be:
I hope to find ye ſtill the ſame good Lady. [Wench,
Cel. To th' Court? This ſtumbles me: Art ſure, for me,
This Preparation is?
Gov. She is perilous crafty;
I fear, too honeſt for us all too. Am I ſure, I live?
Cel. To th' Court? This cannot down: What ſhould
I do there?
Why ſhould he on a Sudden change his Mind thus,
And not make me acquainted? Sure, he loves me?
His Vow was made againſt it, and mine with him:

At

At leaſt, while this King liv'd. He will come hither,
And ſee me, ere I go?

Gov. 'Wou'd, ſome wiſe Woman
Had her in Working. That I think he will not,
Becauſe he means with all Joy there to meet ye.
Ye ſhall hear more within this Hour.

Cel. A Courtier?
What may that Meaning be? Sure, he will ſee me
If he be come, he muſt: Hark ye, good Governeſs,
What Age is the King of?

Gov. He's an old Man, and full of Buſineſs.

Cel. I fear, too full, indeed: What Ladies are there?
I wou'd be loth to want good Company.

Gov. Delicate young Ladies, as you wou'd deſire;
And when you are acquainted, the beſt Company.

Cel. 'Tis very well: Prithee, go in, let's talk more.
For though I fear a Trick, I'll bravely try it.

Gov. I ſee he muſt be cunning, knocks this Doe down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lieutenant, *and* Leontius: *Drums within.*

Leon. You ſhall not have your Will, Sirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a Toy in your Heads? Is this a Seaſon,
When Honour pricks ye on, to prick your Ears up,
After your Whore, your Hobby-horſe?

Lieu. Why, look ye now: [fight

(9) What a ſtrange Man are you? Would you have a Man
At all Hours all alike?

Leon. Do but fight ſomething;

(9) ——— *Would you have a Man fight*
At all Hours all alike?] The Character of the *Lieutenant* refuſing to fight after he was cured of his bodily Malady, (as Mr. LANGBAINE tells us in his Account of the *Engliſh* Dramatick Poets) reſembles the Story of the Soldier belonging to *Lucullus* deſcribed in the Epiſtles of HORACE, *Lib.* 2. *Ep.* 2. But the very Story is related in FORD's *Apothegms.*

But

But half a Blow, and put thy Stomach to't:
Turn but thy Face, and do make Mouths at 'em.
Lieu. And have my Teeth knock'd out; I thank ye heartily,
Ye are my dear Friend.
Leon. What a Devil ails thee?
Doſt long to be hang'd?
Lieu. Faith, Sir, I make no Suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of Charity,
Continually in brawling ———
Leon. Art thou not he?
I may be cozen'd ———
Lieu. I ſhall be diſcover'd.
Leon. That in the midſt of thy moſt helliſh Pains,
When thou wert crawling-ſick, didſt aim at Wonders,
When thou wert mad with Pain?
Lieu. Ye have found the Cauſe out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight elſe: I confeſs, Sir,
The daily Torture of my Side, that vex'd me,
Made me as daily careleſs what became of me,
Till a kind Sword there wounded me, and eas'd me;
'Twas nothing in my Valour fought; I am well now,
And take ſome Pleaſure in my Life; methinks, now,
It ſhews as mad a Thing to me to ſee you ſcuffle,
And kill one another fooliſhly for Honour,
As 'twas to you, to ſee me play the Coxcomb.
Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?
Lieu. I'th' Mind I am in.
Leon. Nor never be ſick again?
Lieu. I hope, I ſhall not.
Leon. Prithee, be ſick again; prithee, I beſeech thee,
Be juſt ſo ſick again.
Lieu. I'll juſt be hang'd firſt.
Leon. If all the Arts that are can make a Cholick,
(Therefore look to't:) Or if Impoſthumes, mark me,
As big as Foot-balls ———
Lieu. Deliver me.
Leon. Or Stones of ten Pound weight i'th' Kidneys,
Through Eaſe and ugly Diets may be gather'd;
I'll feed ye up myſelf, Sir, I'll prepare ye;
You cannot fight, unleſs the Devil tear ye,

You

You ſhall not want Provocations, I'll ſcratch ye,
I'll have thee have the Tooth-ach, and the Head-ach.
Lieu. Good Colonel, I'll do any thing.
Leon. No, no, nothing ——
Then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths' Bellows,
Becauſe ye ſhall be ſure to have a round Gale with ye,
Fill'd full with Oil o' Devil, and *Aqua-fortis*,
And let theſe work, theſe may provoke.
Lieu. Good Colonel ——
Leon. A Coward in full Blood; prithee, be plain with me,
Will Roaſting do thee any Good?
Lieu. Nor baſting neither, Sir.
Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter one Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you, Colonel?
The Prince expects ye, Sir: h'as hedg'd the Enemy
Within a Straight, where all the Hopes and Valours
Of all Men living cannot force a Paſſage,
He has 'em now.
Leon. I knew all this before, Sir,
I chalk'd him out his Way: But do you ſee that Thing there?
Lieu. Nay, good ſweet Colonel, I'll fight a little.
Leon. That Thing?
1 *Gent.* What Thing? I ſee the brave Lieutenant.
Leon. Rogue, what a Name haſt thou loſt?
Lieu. You may help it,
Yet you may help't: I'll do ye any Courteſy:
I know, you love a Wench well.

Enter ſecond Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him;
Do you look too.
2 *Gent.* What ſhou'd I look on?
I come to tell ye, the Prince ſtays your Direction,
We have 'em now i'th' Coop, Sir.
Leon. Let 'em reſt there,
And chew upon their Miſeries: But look firſt ——
Lieu. I cannot fight for all this.
Leon. Look on this Fellow.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Canſt thou hear this, and play the Rogue? Steal off
Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it;
And ruſh into the thickeſt of the Enemy,
And if thou kill'ſt but two, ——

Lieu. You may excuſe me,
'Tis not my Fault: I dare not fight.

Leon. Be rul'd yet,
I'll beat thee on; go wink and fight: A Plague upon your Sheep's Heart!

2 *Gent.* What's all this Matter?

1 *Gent.* Nay, I cannot ſhew ye.

Leon. Here's twenty Pound, go but ſmell to 'em.

Lieu. Alas, Sir,
I have taken ſuch a Cold, I can ſmell nothing.

Leon. I can ſmell a Raſcal, a rank Raſcal:
Fie, how he ſtinks, like a tired Jade.

2 *Gent.* What, Sir?

Leon. Why, that Sir, do not you ſmell him?

2 *Gent.* Smell him?

Lieu. I muſt endure.

Leon. Stinks like a dead Dog, Carrion ——
There's no ſuch damnable Smell under Heav'n,
As the faint Sweat of a Coward. Will ye fight yet?

Lieu. Nay, now I defy ye; ye have ſpoke the worſt ye can
Of me, and if every Man ſhould take what ye ſay
To the Heart ——

Leon. God ha' Mercy,
God ha' Mercy, with all my Heart: here I forgive thee;
And fight, or fight not, but go along with us,
And keep my Dog.

Lieu. I love a good Dog naturally.

1 *Gent.* What's all this Stir, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Nothing, Sir,
But a ſlight Matter of Argument.

Leon. Pox take thee!
Sure, I ſhall love this Rogue, he's ſo pretty a Coward.
Come, Gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune
Dare play the Slut again, I'll never more faint her.
Come, Play-fellow, come, prithee, come up; come, Chicken, I have

I have a Way ſhall fit yet: A tame Knave,
Come, look upon us.

Lieu. I'll tell ye who does beſt, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus, *above.*

Men. I ſaw her coming out.

Ant. Who waits upon her?

(10) *Men. Timon, Charinthus,* and ſome other Gentlemen,
By me appointed.

Ant. Where's your Wife?

Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, Sir; and ſome Ladies
Fit for her Lodgings.

Ant. How ſhews ſhe in her Trim now?

Men. O, moſt divinely ſweet.

Ant. Prithee, ſpeak ſoftly.
How does ſhe take her Coming?

Men. She bears it bravely;
But what ſhe thinks —— For Heav'n ſake, Sir, preſerve me ——
If the Prince chance to find this.

Ant. Peace, ye old Fool;
She thinks to meet him here.

Men. That's all the Project.

Ant. Was ſhe hard to bring?

Men. No, ſhe believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made herſelf fit. The Gown a little,
And thoſe new Things ſhe has not been acquainted with,
At leaſt in this Place, where ſhe liv'd a Priſoner,
Troubled and ſtirr'd her Mind. But, believe me, Sir,
She has worn as good, they ſit ſo apted to her;

(10) Timon, Charinthus, *and ſome other Gentlemen,*] How the Characters of Courtiers being made Male-Bawds, (ſo frequently introduced in the Plays of our Authors,) might go down with the Audiences of thoſe Times. I cannot anſwer: But, I am ſure, they would be exploded by that Nicety of Taſte to which we are now arrived.

And ſhe is ſo great a Miſtreſs of Diſpoſure.
Here they come now: But take a full View of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, *and Gentlemen.*

Ant. How cheerfully ſhe looks? How ſhe ſalutes all?
And how ſhe views the Place? She is very young, ſure:
That was an admirable Smile, a catching one,
The very Twang of *Cupid*'s Bow ſung in it:
She has two-edg'd Eyes, they kill o' both Sides.
Men. She makes a Stand, as though ſhe wou'd ſpeak.
Ant. Be ſtill then.
Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble yourſelves no further,
I had thought, ſure, to have met a noble Friend here.
Tim. You may meet many, Lady.
Cel. Such as you are
I covet few or none, Sir.
Char. Will you walk this way,
And take the Sweets o'th' Garden? Cool and cloſe, Lady.
Cel. Methinks, this open Air's far better; tend ye that way.
Pray, where's the Woman came along?
Char. What Woman?
Cel. The Woman of the Houſe I lay at.
Tim. Woman?
Here was none came along, ſure.
Cel. Sure, I am catch'd then:
Pray, where's the Prince?
Char. He will not be long from ye,
We are his humble Servants.
Cel. I cou'd laugh now,
To ſee how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not,
For, ſure, I know a Way to 'ſcape all Dangers.
Tim. Madam, your Lodgings lie this way.
Cel. My Lodgings?
For Heav'n ſake, Sir, what Office do I bear here?
Tim. The great Commander of all Hearts.

Enter Leucippe, *and Ladies.*

Cel. You have hit it.
I thank your ſweet Heart for it. Who are theſe now?
Char. Ladies, that come to ſerve ye.

Cel.

Cel. Well consider'd;
Are you my Servants?
Lady. Servants to your Pleasures.
Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye:
Catch'd with a Trick? Well, I must bear it patiently:
Methinks, this Court's a neat Place: All the People
Of so refin'd a Size ——
Tim. This is no poor Rogue.
Leu. Were it a Paradise to please your Fancy,
And entertain the Sweetness you bring with ye ——
Cel. Take Breath;
You are fat, and many Words may melt ye;
This is three Bawds beaten into one; bless me, Heav'n,
What shall become of me? I am i'th' Pitfall: [ones
O' my Conscience, this is the old Viper, and all these little
Creep every Night into her Belly; do your hear, plump
Servant,
And you, my little sucking Ladies, you must teach me,
For, I know, you are excellent at Carriage,
How to behave myself, for I am rude yet:
But you say, the Prince will come?
Lady. Will fly to see you.
Cel. For look you, if a great Man, say the King now,
Shou'd come and visit me?
Men. She names ye.
Ant. Peace, Fool.
Cel. And offer me a Kindness, such a Kindness ——
Leu. Ay, such a Kindness.
Cel. True, Lady, such a Kindness,
What shall that Kindness be now?
Leu. A witty Lady;
Learn, little Ones, learn.
Cel. Say, it be all his Favour, ——
Leu. And a sweet Saying 'tis.
Cel. And I grow peevish?
Leu. You must not be neglectfull.
Cel. There's the Matter,
There's the main Doctrine now, and I may miss it:
Or a kind handsome Gentleman?
Leu. You say well.

Cel.

Cel. They'll count us baſely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.
Cel. I'll take thy Counſel.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent Woman.
Cel. I find a notable Volume here, a learn'd one;
Which Way? For I wou'd fain be in my Chamber;
In truth, ſweet Ladies, I grow weary; fy,
How hot the Air beats on me?
Lady. This Way, Madam.
Cel. Now, by mine Honour, I grow wondrous faint too.
Leu. Your Fans, ſweet Gentlewomen, your Fans.
Cel. Since I am fool'd,
I'll make myſelf ſome Sport, though I pay dear for't.
[*Exit.*
Men. You ſee now what a manner of Woman ſhe is, Sir.
Ant. Thou art an Aſs.
Men. Is this a fit Love for the Prince?
Ant. A Coxcomb! ——
(11) Now, by my Crown, a dainty Wench, a ſharp Wench,
And of a matchleſs Spirit: How ſhe jeer'd 'em?
How careleſly ſhe ſcoff'd 'em? Uſe her nobly;
I wou'd, I had not ſeen her: Wait anon,
And then you ſhall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Leontius, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Leon. We muſt keep a Round, and a ſtrong Watch to Night,
The Prince will not charge the Enemy 'till the Morning:

(11) *Now, by my Crown, a dainty Wench,*] The King is deſcribed, in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, an old Man with young Deſires: and ſo, indeed, he appears to be, as our Poets have thought fit to repreſent him. But it is greatly derogatory to the Gravity, Wiſdom, and illuſtrious Character of that Prince to make him lewdly hunting after a young Girl, at a Time when he was engaged in War againſt three Kings, and his Son and Heir at the Head of this dangerous Expedition. I would not be thought to make this Remark in Derogation to our excellent Poets; but, barely, to point out a Miſconduct, that might very eaſily have been avoided.

But

But for the Trick I told ye for this Raſcal,
This Rogue, that Health and ſtrong Heart makes a Coward ———

1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.

Leon. Ne'er fear it, the Prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I muſt not know it;
He will ſuſpect me preſently: But you two
May help the Plough.

2 *Gent.* That he is ſick again.

Leon. Extremely ſick; his Diſeaſe grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it,
And here he comes.

Leon. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten Face he has now? It takes, believe it;
How like an Aſs he looks?

Lieu. I feel no great Pain,
At leaſt, I think, I do not; yet I feel ſenſibly,
I grow extremely faint: How cold I ſweat now?

Leon. So, ſo, ſo.

Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feel a Pricking,
A Pricking, a ſtrange Pricking: How it tingles?
And as it were a Stitch too: The Prince told me,
And every one cry'd out, I was a dead Man;
I had thought, I had been as well ———

Leon. Upon him now, Boys,
And do it moſt demurely.

1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant?

Lieu. I thank ye, Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this Man?
How doſt thou, good Lieutenant?

2 *Gent.* I ever told ye
This Man was never cur'd, I ſee it too plain now;
How do you feel yourſelf? you look not perfect;
How dull his Eye hangs?

1 *Gent.* That may be Diſcontent.

2 *Gent.* Believe me, Friend, I wou'd not ſuffer now
The Tith of thoſe Pains this Man feels; mark his Forehead,

What a Cloud of cold Dew hangs upon't?
Lieu. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me?
A miſerable Man I am.
Leon. Ha, ha, ha!
A miſerable Man thou ſhalt be.
This is the tameſt Trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter two Phyſicians.

1 *Phy.* This Way he went.
2 *Phy.* Pray Heav'n, we find him living;
He's a brave Fellow, 'tis pity he ſhould periſh thus.
1 *Phy.* A ſtrong-hearted Man, and of a notable Suf-
Lieu. Oh, oh. [ferance.
1 *Gent.* How now? How is it, Man?
Lieu. Oh, Gentlemen,
Never ſo full of Pain.
2 *Gent.* Did I not tell ye?
Lieu. Never ſo full of Pain, Gentlemen.
1 *Phy.* He is here;
How do you, Sir?
2 *Phy.* Be of good Comfort, Soldier,
The Prince has ſent us to you.
Lieu. Do you think, I may live?
2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, ſtrangely.
1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But ———
Leon. Finely butted, Doctor.
1 *Gent.* Do not diſcourage him.
1 *Phy.* He muſt be told Truth,
'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius, *and Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* Here the Prince comes.
Dem. How now, Gentlemen?
2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a Soldier,
And one, I think, your Grace will grieve to part with;
But every living Thing ———
Dem. 'Tis true, muſt periſh;
Our Lives are but our Marches to our Graves,
How doſt thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieu.

Lieu. Faith, 'tis true, Sir;
We are but Spans, and Candles' Ends.
Leon. He's finely mortified.
Dem. Thou art Heart-whole yet, I ſee; he alters ſtrangely,
And that apace too; I ſaw it this Morning in him,
When he, poor Man, I dare ſwear ———
Lieu. No believ't, Sir,
I never felt it.
Dem. Here lies the Pain now: How he is ſwell'd?
1 *Phy.* The Impoſthume,
Fed with a new malignant Humour now,
Will grow to ſuch a Bigneſs, 'tis incredible;
The Compaſs of a Buſhel will not hold it.
And with ſuch a Hell of Torture it will riſe too ——
Dem. Can you endure me touch it?
Lieu. Oh, I beſeech you, Sir:
I feel you ſenſibly e'er you come near me.
Dem. He's finely wrought, he muſt be cut, no Cure elſe,
And ſuddenly, you ſee how faſt he blows out.
Lieu. Good Maſter-Doctors, let me be beholding to you,
I feel, I cannot laſt.
2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?
Lieu. But ev'n for half a Dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my Will out: I faint hideouſly.
Dem. Fetch him ſome Wine; and ſince he muſt go, Gentlemen,
Why, let him take his Journey merrily.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Lieu. That's ev'n the neareſt Way.
Leon. I cou'd laugh dead now.
Dem. Here, off with that.
Lieu. Theſe two I give your Grace,
A poor Remembrance of a dying Man, Sir;
And, I beſeech you, wear 'em out.
Dem. I will, Soldier,
Theſe are fine Legacies.
Lieu. Among the Gentlemen,
Ev'n all I have left; I am a poor Man, naked,

Yet ſomething for Remembrance; (12) four a piece, Gentlemen,
And ſo my Body where you pleaſe.

Leon. It will work.

Lieu. I make your Grace my Executor, and, I beſeech ye,
See my poor Wil fulfill'd: Sure, I ſhall walk elſe.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my Hand, Soldier.

1 *Gent.* The Wine will tickle him.

Lieu. I would hear a Drum beat,
But to ſee how I cou'd endure it.

Dem. Beat a Drum there. [*Drum within.*

Lieu. Oh heav'nly Muſick, I wou'd hear one ſing to't; I am very full of Pain.

Dem. Sing? 'tis impoſſible.

(13) *Lieu.* Why, then I would drink a Drum-full:
Where lies the Enemy?

2 *Gent.* Why, here cloſe by.

Leon. Now he begins to muſter.

Lieu. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight, Gentlemen?

1 *Phy.* You muſt not cut him:
He's gone then in a Moment; all the Hope left, is,
To work his Weakneſs into ſudden Anger,
And make him raiſe his Paſſion above his Pain,
And ſo diſpoſe him on the Enemy;
His Body then, being ſtir'd with Violence,
Will purge itſelf, and break the Sore.

Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.

1 *Phy.* And then my Life for his.

Lieu. I will not die thus.

(12) ——— *four a piece, Gentlemen,*] What it is here, that the *Lieutenant* gives to theſe Gentlemen, is not aſcertain'd by any marginal Direction; and conſequently we are in the Dark as to that Point. He had little Money, to boaſt of, as we find by his own Confeſſion: And he makes the Prince his Executor; but that he had ever made a Will, we have as little Notice of.

(13) *Why, then I would drink a Drum-full:*] This Reply of the *Lieutenant* is ſurprizingly humorous; that, becauſe the Prince tells him, No body could ſing to the Beating of a Drum, he would therefore drink off a Drum-full of Liquor.

Dem.

Dem. But he is too weak to do ——
Lieu. Die like a Dog?
2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak, but yet he's Heart-whole.
Lieu. Hem! ——
Dem. An excellent Sign.
Lieu. Hem! ——
Dem Stronger ſtill, and better.
Lieu. Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan. [*Exit.*
1 *Phy.* Now he's i'th' way on't.
Dem. Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do ſomething, certain.
Leon. And ſome brave Thing, or let mine Ears be cut off.
He's finely wrought.
Dem. Let's after him.
Leon. I pray, Sir;
But how this Rogue, when this Cloud's melted in him,
And all diſcover'd ——
Dem. That's for an After-Mirth; away, away, away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, *and Soldiers.*

Sel. Let no Man fear to die: We love to ſleep all,
And Death is but the ſounder Sleep; all Ages,
And all Hours call us; 'tis ſo common, eaſy,
That little Children tread thoſe Paths before us;
We are not ſick, nor our Souls preſt with Sorrows,
Nor go we out with tedious Tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty to our Funerals,
And, as the Sun that ſets, in Blood let's fall.
Lyſim. 'Tis true, they have us faſt, we cannot 'ſcape 'em,
Nor keeps the Brow of Fortune one Smile for us;
Diſhonourable Ends we can 'ſcape though,
And, worſe than thoſe Captivities, we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
Theſe Clods of Fleſh, that are too maſſy Burthens,
Our living Souls fly crown'd with living Conqueſts.
Ptol. They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that Man that ſeeks to ſave his Life now

By Price, or Promiſe, or by Fear falls from us,
Never again be bleſt wi' th' Name of Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? Who charged firſt! I ſeek a brave
To ſet me off in Death. [Hand
Sol. We are not charg'd, Sir,
The Prince lies ſtill.
Sel. How comes this Larum up then? [him,
Sol. There is one deſperate Fellow, with the Devil in
He never durſt do this elſe, has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or ſix; ventures upon whole Companies.
Ptol. And is not ſeconded?
Sol. Not a Man follows.
Sel. Not cut i' Pieces?
Sol. Their Wonder yet has ſtaid 'em.
Sel. Let's in, and ſee this Miracle.
Ptol. I admire it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, *and Gentlemen.*

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I am ſure, he's clouted;
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable.

Enter Lieutenant, *with Colours in his Hand, purſuing three or four Soldiers.*

Lieu. Follow that Blow, my Friend, there's at your Coxcombs;
I fight to ſave me from the Surgeons' Miſeries.
Leon. How the Knave curries 'em?
Lieu. You cannot, Rogues,
Till you have my Diſeaſes, fly my Fury;
Ye Bread-and-Butter Rogues, do ye run from me?
And my Side would give me Leave, I would ſo hunt ye,
Ye Porridge-gutted Slaves, ye Veal-broth Boobies.

Enter

Enter Demetrius, *Physicians, and Gentlemen.*

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant, thou hast done bravely.
Dem. Mirrour of Man!
Lieu. There's a Flag for ye, Sir;
I took it out o'th' Shop, and never paid for't;
I'll to 'em again, I am not come to th' Text yet.
Dem. No more, my Soldier: Beshrew my Heart, he is hurt sore.
Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.
1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.
Dem. Be careful of him.
Lieu. Let me live but two Years,
And do what ye will with me;
I never had but two Hours yet of Happiness;
Pray ye, give me Nothing to provoke my Valour,
For I am ev'n as weary of this Fighting—— [Tent;
2 *Phy.* Ye shall have nothing; come to the Prince's
And there the Surgeons presently shall search ye,
Then to your Rest.
Lieu. A little handsome Litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.
Leon. Look to him.
Dem. I do believe, a Horse begot this Fellow,
He never knew his Strength yet; they are our own.
Leon. I think so, I am cozen'd else; I would but see now
A Way to fetch these off, and save their Honours.
Dem. Only their Lives.
Leon. Pray ye, take no Way of Peace now,
Unless it be with infinite Advantage.
Dem. I shall be rul'd;
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our self will give the Signal:

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now, Herald, what's your Message?
Her. From my Masters,
This honourable Courtesy, a Parley
For half an Hour, no more, Sir.

Dem. Let 'em come on,
They have my Princely Word.

Enter Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, *Attendants, and Soldiers.*

Her. They are here to attend ye.
Dem. Now, Princes, your Demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too much Tainture of our Honour:
Peace, and we'll buy it too.
Dem. At what Price?
Lyſim. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the Charge of this War.
Leon. That will not do.
Sel. Leontius, you and I have ſerv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our Swords,
Brothers in Wounds and Health; one Meat has fed us;
One Tent a thouſand Times from cold Night cover'd us;
Our Loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our Names and Actions:
Why do you ſet upon your Friends ſuch Prices?
And ſacrifice to giddy Chance ſuch Trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our Virtues
Leſs in Afflictions conſtant, than our Fortunes?
Ye are deceiv'd, old Soldier.
Leon. I know your Worths,
And thus low bow in Reverence to your Virtues:
Were theſe my Wars, or led my Pow'r in chief here,
(14) I knew then how to meet your Memories:
They are my King's Imployments; this Man fights now,
To whom I owe all Duty, Faith, and Service;
This Man, that fled before ye; call back that,
That bloody Day again, call that Diſgrace home,
And then an eaſy Peace may ſheath our Swords up.
I am not greedy of your Lives and Fortunes,

(14) *I knew then how to meet your* Memories:] I have obſerv'd, that our Poets frequently employ the Word *Memory* in an uncommon and abſtracted Senſe. I think, *Leontius* means here, that then he could meet the *Remembrance* of thoſe Occurrences which are ſumm'd up by *Seleucus* in his preceding Speech.

Nor

Nor do I gape ungratefully to ſwallow ye.
Honour, the Spur of all illuſtrious Natures,
That made you famous Soldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious Envy, ſtrikes me forward.
Will ye unarm, and yield yourſelves his Priſoners?
Sel. We never knew what that Sound meant: No Gyves
Shall ever bind this Body, but Embraces;
Nor Weight of Sorrow here, till Earth fall on me.
Leon. Expect our Charge then.
Lyſim. 'Tis the nobler Courteſy:
And ſo we leave the Hand of Heav'n to bleſs us.
Dem. Stay, have you any Hope?
Sel. We have none left us,
But that one Comfort of our Deaths together;
Give us but Room to fight.
Leon. Win it, and wear it.
Ptol. Call from the Hills thoſe Companies hang o'er us,
Like burſting Clouds; and then break in, and take us.
Dem. Find ſuch a Soldier will forſake Advantage,
And we'll draw off. To ſhew I dare be noble,
And hang a Light out to ye in this Darkneſs,
The Light of Peace; give up thoſe Cities, Forts,
And all thoſe Frontier Countries to our Uſes.
Sel. Is this the Peace? Traitors to thoſe that feed us,
Our Gods and People? Give our Countries from us?
Lyſim. Begin the Knell, it ſounds a great deal ſweeter.
Ptol. Let looſe your Servant, Death.
Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
Our Memories ſhall never ſtink behind us.
Dem. Seleucus, great *Seleucus.*
Sel. The Prince calls, Sir.
Dem. Thou Stock of Nobleneſs, and Courteſy,
Thou Father of the War——
Leon. What means the Prince now?
Dem. Give me my Standard here.
Lyſim. His Anger's melted.
Dem. You Gentlemen, that were his Priſoners,
And felt the Bounty of that noble Nature,
Lay all your Hands, and bear theſe Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdom; take it, Soldier.

Ptol.

Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou haſt won it, bear it off;
And draw thy Men home whilſt we wait upon thee.
Sel. You ſhall have all our Countries.
Lyſim. Ptol. All, by Heav'n, Sir.
Dem. I will not have a Stone, a Buſh, a Bramble,
No, in the Way of Courteſy, I'll ſtart ye;
Draw off, and make a Lane through all the Army,
That theſe, that have ſubdu'd us, may march through us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me ſurfeit with ſuch Goodneſs,
I'll bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.
Dem. I ſwear, it ſhall be ſo, march through me fairly,
And thine be this Day's Honour, great *Seleucus*.
Ptol. Mirrour of noble Minds!
Dem. Nay, then ye hate me.
[*Exeunt with Drums, and Shouts.*
Leon. I cannot ſpeak now:
Well, go thy way; at a ſure Piece o' Bravery
Thou art the beſt; theſe Men are won by th' Necks now:
I'll ſend a Poſt away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, *and* Menippus.

Ant. NO Aptneſs in her?
Men. Not an immodeſt Motion,
And yet when ſhe is courted,
Makes as wild witty Anſwers.
Ant. This more fires me,
I muſt not have her thus.
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have ye put the Youths upon her?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been ſtudied how to catch a Beauty,
But like ſo many Whelps about an Elephant—
The Prince is coming home, Sir.
Ant. I hear that too,

But

But that's no matter; am I alter'd well?

Man. Not to be known, I think, Sir.

Ant. I muſt ſee her.

Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I cou'd think of,
I try'd her through all Points o' th' Compaſs, I think.

2 *Gent.* She ſtudies to undo the Court, to plant here
The Enemy to our Age, cold Chaſtity;
She is the firſt, that e'er bauk'd a cloſe Arbour,
And the ſweet Contents within: She hates curl'd Heads
And ſetting up of Beards, ſhe ſwears, is Idolatry. [too;

1 *Gent.* I never knew ſo fair a Face ſo froze:
Yet ſhe would make one think——

2 *Gent.* True, by her Carriage,
For ſhe's as wanton as a Kid to th' outſide,
As full of Mocks and Taunts: I kiſs'd her Hand too,
Walk'd with her half an Hour.

1 *Gent.* She heard me ſing,
And ſung herſelf too; ſhe ſings admirably;
But ſtill when any Hope was, as 'tis her Trick
To miniſter enough of thoſe, then preſently
With ſome new Flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And ſuch a Frown, as would ſink all before her,
She takes her Chamber; come, we ſhall not be the laſt Fools. [Wench.

2 *Gent.* Not by a Hundred, I hope; 'tis a ſtrange

Ant. This ſcrews me up ſtill higher.

Enter Celia, *and Ladies behind her.*

Men. Here ſhe comes, Sir.

Ant. Then, be you gone; and take the Women with
And lay thoſe Jewels in her Way. [ye,

Cel. If I ſtay longer,
(15) I ſhall number as many Lovers, as *Lais* did;

How

(15) *I ſhall number as many Lovers as* Lais *did*;] *Lais* was a moſt exceeding handſome Courtezan reſiding at *Corinth*, in the Times of *Nicias* and *Demoſthenes*; but ſhe held up her Favours at ſo exorbitant a Rate, that it became a proverbial Saying:

Non

How they flock after me? Upon my Conſcience,
I have had a dozen Horſes giv'n me this Morning;
I'll ev'n ſet up a Troop, and turn She-ſoldier.
A good diſcreet Wench now, that were not Hide-bound,
Might raiſe a fine Eſtate here, and ſuddenly:
For theſe warm Things will give their Souls——I can go no where
Without a World of Offerings to my Excellence:
I am a Queen, a Goddeſs, I know not what——
No Conſtellation in all Heav'n, but I out-ſhine it;
And they have found out now, I have no Eyes
Of mortal Lights; but certain Influences,
Strange virtuous Lightnings, human Nature ſtarts at;
And I can kill my twenty in a Morning,
With as much Eaſe now——
Ha! What are theſe? New Projects?
Where are my honourable Ladies? Are you out too?
(16) Nay, then, I muſt buy the Stock; ſend me good Carding!
I hope the Prince's Hands be not in this Sport;
I have not ſeen him yet, cannot hear from him,
That troubles me: All theſe were Recreations,
Had I but his ſweet Company to laugh with me:
What Fellow's that? Another Apparition?
This is the loving'ſt Age: I ſhould know that Face,
Sure, I have ſeen't before, not long ſince neither, [ture!
Ant. She ſees me now: O Heav'n, a moſt rare Crea-
Cel. Yes, 'tis the ſame: I will take no Notice of ye,
But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;
Is all this Cackling for your Egg? They are fair ones,
Excellent rich, no Doubt, too; and may ſtumble
A good ſtaid Mind, but I can go thus by 'em;
My honeſt Friend; do you ſet off theſe Jewels?
Ant. Set 'em off, Lady?

Non cuivis Hominum contingit adire Corinthum.
i. e. It is not every Man, who can afford to go to *Corinth*; at leaſt, to have an Amour there.

(16) *Nay, then, I muſt* buy *the* Stock; *ſend me good* Carding!] *i. e.* I muſt play out the *Game*; I muſt take in the *Cards: Buying* the *Stock* is a Term uſed at an old-faſhion'd Game call'd *Gleek*.

Cel.

Cel. I mean, ſell 'em here, Sir?

Ant. She's very quick; for Sale they are not meant, ſure.

Cel. For Sanctity, I think, much leſs: Good Ev'n, Sir.

Ant. Nay, noble Lady, ſtay: 'Tis you muſt wear 'em:
Never look ſtrange, they are worthy your beſt Beauty.

Cel. Did you ſpeak to me?

Ant. To you, or to none living:
To you they are ſent, to you they're ſacrific'd.

Cel. I'll never look a Horſe i'th' Mouth, that's giv'n:
I thank ye, Sir: I'll ſend one to reward ye.

Ant. Do you never ask who ſent 'em?

Cel. Never I:
Nor never care; if it be an honeſt End,
That End's the full Reward; and Thanks but ſlubber it;
If it be ill, I will not urge the Acquaintance.

Ant. This has a Soul, indeed: Pray let me tell ye ——

Cel. I care not if ye do, ſo you do it handſomly,
And not ſtand picking of your Words.

Ant. The King ſent 'em.

Cel. Away! away! thou art ſome fooliſh Fellow;
And now, I think, thou haſt ſtole 'em too; the King ſent 'em?
Alas, good Man, wou'dſt thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with Things of theſe Worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old Man,
A good old Man, they ſay too: I dare ſwear,
Full many a Year ago he left theſe Gambols:
Here, take your Trinkets.

Ant. Sure, I do not lye, Lady.

Cel. I know, thou lyeſt extremely, damnably:
Thou haſt a lying Face.

Ant. I was never thus rattled.

Cel. But, ſay, I ſhou'd believe: Why are theſe ſent me?
And why art thou the Meſſenger? Who art thou?

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wiſely, and then conſider
Who can ſend ſuch as theſe, but a King only?
And, to what Beauty can they be Oblations,
But only yours? For me that am the Carrier,
'Tis only fit you know, I am his Servant,
And have fulfill'd his Will.

Cel. You are ſhort and pithy;

What

What muſt my Beauty do for theſe?
Ant. Sweet Lady,
You cannot be ſo hard of Underſtanding,
When a King's Favour ſhines upon ye gloriouſly,
And ſpeaks his Love in theſe ——
Cel. O then, Love's the Matter;
Sir-reverence Love: Now I begin to feel ye:
And I ſhou'd be the King's Whore, a brave Title;
And go as glorious as the Sun, O brave ſtill:
The chief Commandreſs of his Concubines,
Hurried from Place to Place to meet his Pleaſures.
Ant. A deviliſh ſubtil Wench, but a rare Spirit.
Cel. And when the good old Spunge had ſuck'd my Youth dry,
And left ſome of his Royal Aches in my Bones:
When Time ſhall tell me, I have plough'd my Life up,
And caſt long Furrows in my Face to ſink me, ——
Ant. You muſt not think ſo, Lady.
Cel. Then can theſe, Sir,
Theſe precious Things, the Price of Youth and Beauty,
This Shop here of Sin-offering, ſet me off again?
Can it reſtore me chaſte, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? Add to my Memory
An honeſt and a noble Fame? (17) The King's Vice!
The Sin's as univerſal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlaſting Torch to ſhame me.

(17) —— —— *The King's* Device;
The Sin's as univerſal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlaſting Torch to ſhame me] Nothing is ſo dangerous to the genuine Reading, as when the corrupted one carries ſomething like Senſe with it. That it was the King's *Device* to debauch her, is certain; but this is ſcarcely an Aggravation of her Guilt. The Redundancy of two Syllables in the Verſe made me heſitate upon it; when the following Reading immediately occurr'd, which I doubt not to be the true one, as the Expreſſion is extremely poetical; and the Sentiment becomes every way worthy of our Authors.

—— —— *The King's* Vice!

viz. That if ſhe becomes the Vice, or the Occaſion of it in the King; her Example will have an univerſal bad Influence, and her Memory be branded to all Ages. Mr. *Seward.*

Ant.

Ant. Do you hold so slight Account of a great King's Favour,
That all Knees bow to purchase?
Cel. Prithee, Peace:
If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy Tale becomes thee,
And what ill Root it takes ———
Ant. You will be wiser.
Cel. Cou'd the King find no Shape to shift his Pander into,
But reverend Age? And one so like himself too?
Ant. She has found me out.
Cel. Cozen the World with Gravity?
Prithee, resolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?
Ant. I think, he does.
Cel. It seems so by thy Office:
He loves thy Use, and when that's ended, hates thee.
Thou seemest to me a Soldier.
Ant. Yes, I am one.
Cel. And hast fought for thy Country?
Ant. Many a time.
Cel. May be, commanded too?
Ant. I have done, Lady.
Cel. O wretched Man, below the State of Pity!
Canst thou forget, thou wert begot in Honour?
A free Companion for a King! A Soldier?
Whose Nobleness dare feel no Want, but Enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of base Bawdry?
Feed on the Scum of Sin? Fling thy Sword from thee;
Dishonour to the noble Name that nurs'd thee;
Go, beg Diseases: Let them be thy Armours;
Thy Fights, the Flames of Lust, and their foul Issues
Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.
Cel. And I as free as you, mine own Disposer:
There, take your Jewels; let them give them Lustres
That have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em yourself, Sir,
You'll seem a Devil else.
Ant. I command ye, stay.
Cel. Be just, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong ye.

Cel.

Cel. Then thus low falls my Duty.
Ant. Can ye love me?
Say, ay, and all I have ——
Cel. I cannot love ye;
Without the Breach of Faith, I cannot hear ye;
Ye hang upon my Love, like Frosts on Lillies:
I can die, but I cannot love: You are answer'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. I must find apter Means, I love her truly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, *Lieutenant*, *Gentlemen*, *Soldiers*, *and Host.*

Dem. Hither, do you say, she is come?
Host. Yes, Sir, I am sure on't:
For whilst I waited upon ye, putting my Wife in Trust,
I know not by what Means, but the King found her,
And hither she was brought; how, or to what End ——
Dem. My Father found her?
Host. So my Wife informs me.
Dem. *Leontius*, pray draw off the Soldiers,
I wou'd a while be private.
Leon. Fall off, Gentlemen, the Prince would be alone.
[*Ex.* Leon. *and* Sol.
Dem. Is he so cunning?
There is some Trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an Agent too: Which, if it prove so ——
Host. Pull me to Pieces, Sir.
Dem. My Father found her?
My Father brought her hither? Went she willingly?
Host. My Wife says, full of Doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her,
No more: There is no Trust, no Faith in Mankind.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, *and Soldiers.*

Ant. Keep her up close, he must not come to see her:
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home, Gentlemen;
You have done a courteous Service on the Enemy,
Has tied his Faith for ever; you shall find it;

Ye

Ye are not now in's debt, Son. Still your ſad Looks?
Leontius, what's the matter?
Leon. Truth, Sir, I know not.
We have been merry ſince we went.
Lieu. I feel it.
Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want Money?
Sure, he has heard o'th' Wench. [Grace.
Dem. Is that a Want, Sir? I wou'd fain ſpeak t' your
Ant. You may do freely.
Dem. And not deſerve your Anger?
Ant. That ye may too.
Dem. There was a Gentlewoman, and ſometimes my Priſoner,
Which I thought well of, Sir? Your Grace conceives me —
Ant. I do indeed, and with much Grief conceive ye;
With full as much Grief as your Mother bare you.
There was ſuch a Woman: 'Wou'd I might as well ſay,
There was no ſuch, *Demetrius.*
Dem. She was virtuous,
And therefore not unfit my Youth to love her:
She was as fair ———
Ant. Her Beauty I'll proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in Woman;
But how ſhe made that good, the Devil knows.
Dem. She was — O Heav'n!
Ant. The Hell to all thy Glories,
Swallow'd thy Youth, made Shipwrack of thine Honour:
She was a Devil.
Dem. Ye are my Father, Sir.
Ant. And ſince ye take a Pride to ſhew your Follies,
I'll muſter 'em, and all the World ſhall view 'em.
Leon. What Heat is this? The King's Eyes ſpeak his Anger.
Ant. Thou haſt abus'd thy Youth, drawn to thy Fellowſhip
Inſtead of Arts and Arms, a Woman's Kiſſes,
The Subtilties, and ſoft Heats of a Harlot.
Dem. Good Sir, miſtake her not.
Ant. A Witch, a Sorcereſs:
I tell thee but the Truth; (and hear, *Demetrius*,)

Which has ſo dealt upon thy Blood with Charms,
Dev'liſh and dark; ſo lockt up all thy Virtues;
So pluckt thee back from what thou ſprung'ſt from, Glorious.

Dem. O Heav'n, that any Tongue but his durſt ſay this!
That any Heart durſt harbour it! Dread Father,
If for the Innocent the Gods allow us
To bend our Knees ———

Ant. Away, thou art bewitch'd ſtill;
Though ſhe be dead, her Pow'r ſtill lives upon thee.

Dem. Dead? O ſacred Sir: Dead, did you ſay?

Ant. She is dead, Fool.

Dem. It is not poſſible: Be not ſo angry;
Say, ſhe is faln under your ſad Diſpleaſure,
Or any thing but dead; ſay, ſhe is baniſh'd;
Invent a Crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

Ant. Dead by the Law: We found her Hell, and her;
I mean her Charms and Spells, for which ſhe periſh'd;
And ſhe confeſt, ſhe drew thee to thy Ruin;
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empire's Overthrow.

Dem. But is ſhe dead? Was there no Pity, Sir?
If her Youth err'd, was there no Mercy ſhown her?
Did ye look on her Face, when ye condemn'd her?

Ant. I look'd into her Heart, and there ſhe was hideous.

Dem. Can ſhe be dead? Can Virtue fall untimely?

Ant. She's dead, deſervingly ſhe died.

Dem. I've done then.
O matchleſs Sweetneſs, whither art thou vaniſh'd!
O thou fair Soul of all thy Sex, what Paradiſe
Haſt thou inrich'd and bleſt? I am your Son, Sir,
And t' all you ſhall command ſtand moſt Obedient,
Only a little time I muſt intreat you
To ſtudy to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,
Nor I long after it. Art thou dead, *Celia*,
Dead, my poor Wench? My Joy, pluckt green with Violence!
O fair ſweet Flower, farewel: Come, thou Deſtroyer
Sorrow, thou Melter of the Soul, dwell with me;
Dwell with me, ſolitary Thoughts, Tears, Cryings,
Nothing, that loves the Day, love me, or ſeek me;
Nothing,

Nothing, that loves his own Life, haunt about me:
And Love, I charge thee, never charm mine Eyes more,
Nor e'er betray a Beauty to my Curſes:
For I ſhall curſe all now, hate all, forſwear all,
And all the Brood of fruitful Nature vex at,
For ſhe is gone that was all, and I nothing———
[*Exeunt* Dem. *and Gent.*

Ant. This Opinion muſt be maintain'd.

Men. It ſhall be, Sir.

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own Pleaſure
Draw him to th' right again. Wait your Inſtructions,
And ſee the Soldier paid, *Leontius:*
Once more ye 're welcome home all.

All. Health to your Majeſty! [*Exit* Antig. *&c.*

Leon. Thou went'ſt along the Journey; how can'ſt thou tell?

Hoſt. I did, but, I am ſure, 'tis ſo: Had I ſtaid behind, I think, this had not prov'd.

Leon. A Wench the Reaſon?

Lieu. Who's that talks of a Wench there?

Leon. What, all this Diſcontent about a Wench?

Lieu. Where is this Wench, good Colonel?

Leon. Prithee, hold thy Peace: Who calls thee to Council?

Lieu. Why, if there be a Wench———

Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her:
That I'll ſay for thee, and as fit thou 'rt for her,
Let her be mew'd or ſtopt. How is it, Gentlemen?

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* He's wondrous diſcontent, he'll ſpeak to no Man. [trance;

2 *Gent.* H'as taken his Chamber cloſe, admits no En-
Tears in his Eyes, and Cryings out.

Hoſt. 'Tis ſo, Sir; [ney.
And now I wiſh myſelf half hang'd ere I went this Jour-

Leon. What is this Woman?

Lieu. Ay.

Hoſt. I cannot tell ye, but handſome as Heav'n.

Lieu. She's not ſo high, I hope, Sir.

Leon. Where is ſhe?
Lieu. Ay, that would be known.
Leon. Why, Sirrah——
Hoſt. I cannot ſhow ye neither;
The King has now diſpos'd of her.
Leon. There lies the matter:
Will he admit none to come comfort him? [out,
1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their Hearts
Will ever ſpeak.
Lieu. 'Tis the beſt way if he have her; [Paſtime;
For look you, a Man would be loth to be diſturb'd in's
'Tis every good Man's Caſe.
Leon. 'Tis all thy Living,
We muſt not ſuffer this, we dare not ſuffer it:
For when theſe tender Souls meet deep Afflictions,
They are not ſtrong enough to ſtruggle with 'em,
But drop away as Snow does, from a Mountain;
And in the Torrent of their own Sighs ſink themſelves:
I will and muſt ſpeak to him.
Lieu. So muſt I too:
He promiſed me a Charge.
Leon. Of what? of Children,
Upon my Conſcience, thou 'aſt a double Company;
And all of thine own begetting already.
Lieu. That's all one,
I'll raiſe 'em to a Regiment; and then command 'em:
When they turn diſobedient, unbeget 'em:
Knock 'em o'th' Head, and put in new.
Leon. A rare Way;
But for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to ſee the Prince now?
Lieu. Do you think he's angry?
1 *Gent.* Extreamly vext.
2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring any Man comes near him.
1 *Gent.* Yet if thou couldſt but win him out,
What e'er
Thy Suit may be, believe it granted preſently.
Leon. Yet thou muſt think though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,
And——
Lieu. If he do not kill me. *Leon.*

Leon. There's the Queſtion.

Lieu. For half a dozen Hurts,——

Leon. Art thou ſo valiant?

Lieu. Not abſolutely ſo neither: No, it cannot be,
I want m' Impoſtumes, (18) and my things about me,
Yet I'll make Danger, Colonel.

Leon. 'Twill be rare Sport,
Howe'er it take; give me thy Hand; if thou doſt this,
I'll raiſe thee up a Horſe-Troop, take my Word for't.

Lieu. What may be done by human Man.

Leon., Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool: He will relapſe elſe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, *and* Leucippe.

Ant. Will ſhe not yield?

Leu. For all we can urge to her;
I ſwore, you'd marry her; ſhe laugh'd extreamly,
And then ſhe rail'd like Thunder.

Ant. Call in the Magician,
I muſt, and will obtain her, I am Aſhes elſe.

Enter Magician with a Bowl.

Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powder, Roots?

Mag. They are all in; and now I only ſtay
The Invocation of ſome helping Spirits.

Ant. T' your Work then, and diſpatch.

Mag. Sit ſtill, and fear not.

Leu. I ſhall ne'er endure theſe Sights.

Ant. Away with th' Woman: Go and wait without.

Leu. When the Devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*

Ant. Be ſure you make it pow'rful enough.

Mag. Pray, doubt not—— [*He conjures.*

(18) ——*And my* things *about me*] By *things* I underſtand Plaiſters, Bandages, *&c.* but Mr. *Sympſon* thinks the Word corrupt, and would read *Stings*, which expreſſes, he ſays, the helliſh Pains before ſpoke of. I will not deprive the Reader of the Conjecture, tho' I do not myſelf admit it.

This is the firſt Sheet which, with the reſt of this Volume, fell to my Share after the Death of Mr. *Theobald*. From hence, therefore, the anonymous Notes belong to Me. *T. Seward.*

SONG.

Rise from the Shades below,
All you that prove
The Helps of looser Love;
Rise, and bestow
Upon this Cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful Charm, and unresisted Spell,
A Heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves desires;
Distil into this Liquor all your Fires,
Heats, Longings, Tears;
But keep back frozen Fears;
That she may know, that has all Pow'r defied,
Art is a Pow'r that will not be denied.

The ANSWER.

I Obey, I Obey,
And am come to view the Day;
Brought along, all may compel,
All the Earth has, and our Hell:
Here's a little, little Flower,
This will make her sweat an Hour,
Then unto such Flames arise,
A thousand Joys will not suffice.
Here's the Powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion;
The powerful Tears that Venus *cry'd,*
When the Boy Adonis *dy'd.*
Here's Medea's *Charm, with which*
Jason's *Heart she did bewitch;*
Omphale *this Spell put in,*
When she made the (19) Libyan *spin.*
This dull Root pluckt from Lethe *Flood,*
Purges all pure Thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light Feet beat the Ground.

(19) ——— Libyan *spin,*] Mr. *Sympson* would read *Theban,* the Story of *Omphale* being, as he thinks, only applicable to him: But as there were many *Hercules*'s, and among the rest a *Libyan,* the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*; if it is inaccurate, it seems the Inaccuracy of a Scholar, and not an Error of the Press.

Mag.

Mag. Now Sir, 'tis full, and whoſoever drinks this
Shall violently doat upon your Perſon,
And never ſleep nor eat unſatisfied:
For many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence;
And thoſe expir'd, 'tis done. You have my Art, Sir.

Enter Leucippe.

Ant. See him rewarded liberally——*Leucippe*,
Here, take this Bowl, and when ſhe calls for Wine next,
Be ſure you give her this, and ſee her drink it;
Delay no time; when ſhe calls next.

Leu. I ſhall, Sir.

Ant. Let none elſe touch it on your Life.

Leu. I'm charg'd, Sir.

Ant. Now if ſhe have an antidote Art let her 'ſcape me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, *Lieutenant and Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* There is the Door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.

Leon. Here's no Man waits.

1 *Gent.* H'as giv'n a charge that none ſhall,
Nor none ſhall come within the hearing of him:
Dare ye go forward?

Lieu. Let me put on my Skull firſt.
My Head's almoſt beaten into the pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i'th' Door?

Leon. The Rogue will do it.
And yet I know he has no Stomach to't. [Stones,

Lieu. What Loop-holes are there when I knock for
For thoſe may pepper me; I can perceive none.

Leon. How he views the Fortification.

Lieu. Farewel, Gentlemen,
If I be kill'd——

Leon. We'll ſee thee buried bravely. [ſoftly.

Lieu. Away, how ſhould I know that then? I'll knock
Pray Heav'n he ſpeak in a low Voice now to comfort me:
I feel I have no Heart to't:——Is't well, Gentlemen?
Colonel, my Troop——

Leon. A little louder.

Lieu. Stay, ſtay ;
Here is a Window, I will ſee, ſtand wide.
By—— he's charging of a Gun.
Leon. There's no ſuch matter.
There's no Body in this Room.
Lieu. O 'twas a Fire-ſhovel :
Now I'll knock louder ; if he ſay who's there?
As ſure he has ſo much manners, then will I anſwer him
So finely and demurely. My Troop, Colonel——
[*Knocks louder.*
1 *Gent.* Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.
Lieu. You Fool, do you.
Do and you dare now.
1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it. [matters,
Lieu. Then hold your Peace, and meddle with your own
Leon. Now he will knock. [*Knocks louder.*
Lieu. Sir, Sir, will't pleaſe you hear, Sir ?
Your Grace, I'll look again, what's that ?
Leon. He's there now.
Lord ! How he ſtares ! I ne'er yet ſaw him thus alter'd :
Stand now, and take the Troop.
Lieu. Wou'd I were in't,
And a good Horſe under me. I muſt knock again,
The Devil's at my Fingers ends : He comes now.
Now, Colonel, if I live——
Leon. The Troop's thine own, Boy.

(20) *Enter* Demetrius *with a Piſtol.*

Dem. What deſperate Fool, ambitious of his Ruin ?
Lieu. Your Father wou'd deſire ye, Sir, to come to
Dem. Thou art no more. [Dinner.
Lieu. Now, now, now, now.
Dem. Poor Coxcomb :
Why do I aim at thee? [*Exit.*
Leon. His Fear has kill'd him.

(20) Demetrius *with a Piſtol.*] One cannot ſuppoſe our Authors ignorant of the Anachroniſm in this Place ; but they deſign'd it, like the *Dutch* Painter, who made *Abraham* going to ſhoot his Son with a Piſtol. The odd abſurdity makes it more droll and laughable.

Enter

Enter Leucippe *with a Bowl.*

2 *Gent.* I proteſt he's almoſt ſtiff: Bend him and rub
Hold his Noſe cloſe, you, if you be a Woman, [him,
Help us a little: Here's a Man near periſh'd.

Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my Bowl; I'll run in preſently
And fetch ſome Water: Bend him, and ſet him upwards.
(21) A goodly Man——— [*Exit.* [ſhall not

Leon. Here's a brave Heart: He's warm again: You
Leave us i'th' lurch ſo, Sirrah.

2 *Gent.* Now he breathes too.

Leon. If we'd but any Drink to raiſe his Spirits.
What's that i' th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor,
She would not own it elſe.

1 *Gent.* He ſees.

Leon. Look up, Boy.
And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his Mouth, he ſwallows heartily.

2 *Gent.* Oh! Fear and Sorrow's dry; 'tis off-----

Leon. Stand up, Man.

Lieu. Am I not ſhot?

Leon. Away with him, and chear him:
Thou'ſt won thy Troop.

Lieu. I think I won it bravely.

Leon. Go, I muſt ſee the Prince, he muſt not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
Well, Sir------ [*Exeunt Gent. and Lieu.*

Enter Leucippe *with Water.*

Leu. Here, here: Where's the ſick Gentleman?

Leon. He's up, and gone, Lady.

Leu. 'Las, that I came ſo late.

(21) Leon. *A goodly Man*——] The Printers have given the old General a part of the Bawd's Speech here. It is very natural to make her aſſiduity for him ariſe from her thinking him a good handſome Fellow. This ſeem'd evident at firſt ſight; and upon turning to the old Folio I found a Proof of it, where it is wrote: *Leon.* A goodly Man——*Exit.* But the late Edition remov'd the *Exit* inſtead of the Speaker.

Leon.

Leon. He must still thank ye;
Ye left that in a Cup here did him Comfort.
Leu. That in the Bowl?
Leon. Yes truly, very much Comfort,
He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leon. All off.
Leu. The Devil choak him;
I am undone: H'as twenty Devils in him;
Undone for ever, left he none?
Leon. I think not.
Leu. No, not a drop: What shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swoon? a vengeance swoon him:
Undone, undone, undone: Stay, I can lye yet,
And swear too at a pinch, that's all my Comfort.
Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius. [Prince again,
Leon. What a Devil ails the Woman? here comes the
With such a sadness on his Face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herself but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of Sorrows on that Heart that caus'd it.
Dem. Why might she not be false and treach'rous to me?
And found so by my Father? She was a Woman,
And many a one of that Sex, young and fair,
As full of Faith as she, have fall'n, and foully.
Leon. It is a Wench! O that I knew the circumstance.
Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this Ruin,
She having lost her Honour, and abus'd me, [cute
My Father (22) change the Forms o'th' Crimes, and exe-
His Anger on a Fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe? Why shou'd I think so?
She never was to me, but all Obedience,
Sweetness, and Love.

(22) *Change the Forms o'th' Coins*] I can affix no meaning to this, unless Coins by Metaphor is put for Laws. As it is not a natural One, I should think it a Mistake, and that the true Word was *Canons*, did it not give a redundant Syllable to the Verse. As I was writing this, an ingenious young Gentleman came in, and taking up the Book suggested another Reading, which makes equally good Sense, and does not hurt the Measure; I therefore believe it the true Word.

Leon.

Leon. How heartily he weeps now?
I have not wept this thirty Years, and upward;
But now, if I ſhould b' hang'd, I cannot hold from't:
It grieves me to the Heart.

Dem. Who's that that mocks me?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks ye:---I grieve truly,
Truly, and heartily to ſee you thus, Sir:
And if it lay i'my Pow'r, Gods are my Witneſs,
Whoe'er he be that took your ſweet Peace from you;
I am not ſo old yet, nor want I Spirit—

Dem. No more of that, no more, *Leontius*,
Revenges are the Gods: Our part is Suff'rance:
Farewel, I ſhall not ſee thee long. *Leon.* Good Sir,
Tell me the Cauſe, I know there is a Woman in't;
D'you hold me faithful? Dare you truſt your Soldier?
Sweet Prince, the Cauſe?

Dem. I muſt not, dare not tell it,
And as thou art an honeſt Man, enquire not.

Leon. Will ye be merry then?

Dem. I'm wondrous merry.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous well: You think now this becomes ye.
Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it ſhews not handſomely;
If I were thus; you'd ſwear I were an Aſs ſtraight;
A wooden Aſs; whine for a Wench!

Dem. Prithee leave me.

Leon. I will not leave ye for a Tit.

Dem. Leontius?

Leon. For that you may have any where for ſix Pence,
And a dear pennyworth too.

Dem. Nay, then you're troubleſome. *Leon.* Not half
So troubleſome as you are to your ſelf, Sir;
Was that brave Heart made to pant for a Placket:
And now i'th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love!
That noble Mind to melt away and moulder
For a hey nonny, nonny! Wou'd I had a Glaſs here,
To ſhew ye what a pretty Toy ye're turn'd to.

Dem. My wretched Fortune.

Leon. Will ye but let me know her?
I'll once turn Bawd: Go to, they're good Mens Offices,
Not ſo contemptible as we take 'em for:

And

And if ſhe be above Ground, and a Woman;
I ask no more; I'll bring her o'my Back, Sir,
By this Hand I will, and I had as liefe bring the Devil,
I care not who ſhe be, nor where I have her;
And in your Arms, or the next Bed deliver her,
Which you think fitteſt, and when you have danc'd your Galliard.

Dem. Away, and fool to them are ſo affected.
O thou art gone, and all my Comfort with thee!
Wilt thou do one thing for me?

Leon. All things i'th' World, Sir,
And of all Dangers.

Dem. Swear. *Leon.* I will.

Dem. Come near me
No more then.

Leon. How?

Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a Plague-ſore to me. [*Exit.*

Leon. Give you good Ev'n, Sir;
If you be ſuffer'd thus, we ſhall have fine ſport.
(23) I will be ſorry yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now, how does he?

Leon. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any Man elſe
That hath his nineteen Wits; he 'as the Bots, I think,
He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 *Gent.* Will he ſpeak yet?

Leon. Not willingly:
Shortly he will not ſee a Man; if ever
I look'd upon a Prince ſo metamorphos'd,
So juggl'd int' I know not what, ſhame take me;
This 'tis to be in love.

1 *Gent.* Is that the Cauſe on't?

Leon. What is it not the Cauſe of but Bear-baitings?

(23) *I will be ſorry yet.*] I ſhould be ſo too, if our Poets ever wrote thus. Surely, at firſt ſight, one would ſay they wrote, *I will beſtir me yet.* Mr. *Sympſon.* As the Conjecture ſeems ingenious, I inſert it, but ſee no Reaſon to contemn the former reading. I underſtand it thus. " Notwithſtanding " his ill uſage of Me, I will yet pity him.

And

And yet it ſtinks much like it: Out upon't;
What Giants, and what Dwarfs, what Owls and Apes,
What Dogs, and Cats it makes us? Men that are poſſeſt with it,
Live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em,
And every Devil of a ſeveral Nature;
Nothing but Hey-paſs, re-paſs: Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gather'd up the end on's Wits again?

1 *Gent.* He is alive: But you that talk of Wonders,
Shew me but ſuch a Wonder as he is now.

Leon. Why? He was ever at the worſt a Wonder.

2 *Gent.* He's now moſt wonderful; a Blazer now, Sir.

Leon. What ails the Fool? And what Star reigns now,
We have ſuch Prodigies? [Gentlemen,

2 *Gent.* 'Twill poſe your Heav'n-hunters;
He talks now of the King, no other Language,
And with the King, as he imagines, hourly.
He courts the King, drinks to th' King, dies for the King,
Buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the King's Colours.

Leon. Does he not lie i'th' *King-ſtreet* too?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither.
Makes Prayers for the King, in ſundry Languages,
Turns all his Proclamations into Metre;
Is really in love with th' King, moſt dotingly,
And ſwears *Adonis* was a Devil to him:
A ſweet King, a moſt comely King, and ſuch a King----

2 *Gent.* Then down on's Marrow-bones; O excellent King ———
Thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures,
Angel-ey'd King, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
(24) And ſo proceeds to Inciſion: What think ye of this Sorrow?

1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiſs the King's Horſes
As they paſs by him: Ready to raviſh his Footmen.

Leon. Why, this is above Ela?
But how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to underſtand yet,

(24) *And ſo proceeds to Inciſion:*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I have endeavour'd in vain to diſcover the Meaning here: The Word *Inciſion* occurs in another Play, but is full as dark there as here.

But

But thus it is, and this part but the pooreſt,
'Twou'd make a Man leap over the Moon to ſee him
Act theſe.

2 *Gent.* With Sighs as though his Heart wou'd break:
Cry like (25) an unbreech'd Boy, not eat a bit.

Leon. I muſt go ſee him preſently,
For this is ſuch a Gig, for certain, Gentlemen,
The Fiend rides on a Fiddle-ſtick.

2 *Gent.* I think ſo. [I'm his

Leon. (26) Can you guide me to him? For half an hour
To ſee the Miracle.

1 *Gent.* We ſure ſhall ſtart him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Antigonus *and* Leucippe.

Ant. Are you ſure ſhe drank it?

Leu. Now muſt I lye moſt confidently.
Yes Sir, ſhe 'as drunk it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I ſee no Alteration yet. *Ant.* There will be,
For he's the greateſt Artiſt living made it.
Where is ſhe now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know ſhe will be.

Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the Prince?

Leu. Of no Man living———

Ant. How do I look? How do my Cloaths become me?
I am not very grey.

Leu. A very Youth, Sir,
Upon my Maiden-head as ſmug as *April:*
Heav'n bleſs that ſweet Face, 'twill undo a thouſand;
Many a ſoft Heart muſt ſob yet, ere that wither,
Your Grace can give Content enough.

(25) ———*a breech'd Boy.*] The Senſe requires that it ſhould be either *new-breech'd* or *un-breech'd*; and the want of a Syllable to the Verſe is another Reaſon for the Change.

(26) *Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I'm his*
To ſee the Miracle.] The Pointings of former Editions.

Enter

Enter Celia *with a Book.*

Ant. I think ſo.
Leu. Here ſhe comes, Sir.
Ant. How ſhall I keep her off me?
Go, and perfume the Room: Make all things ready.
[*Ex.* Leu.
Cel. No hope yet of the Prince! no Comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad Folks,
No Company but my Afflictions.
This royal Devil again! ſtrange, how he haunts me!
How like a poyſon'd Potion his Eyes fright me!
H'as made him handſome too.
Ant. Do you look now, Lady?
You'll leap anon.
Cel. Curl'd and perfum'd? I ſmell him;
He looks on's Legs too, ſure he'll cut a Caper;
God-a-mercy, dear *December*.
Ant. O do you ſmile now;
I knew it would work with you; come hither pretty one.
Cel. Sir.
Ant. I like thoſe Court'ſies well; come hither and kiſs me.
Cel. I'm reading, Sir, of a ſhort Treatiſe here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Luſt: Has your Grace ſeen it?
He ſays here, that an old Man's looſe deſire
Is like the Glow-worms light, the Apes ſo wonder'd at:
Which when they gather'd Sticks, and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out preſently.
And in another place he calls their Loves,
Faint ſmells of dying Flow'rs, carry no Comforts;
They're doting, ſtinking Fogs, ſo thick and muddy,
Reaſon with all his Beams cannot beat through 'em.
Ant. How's this? Is this the Potion? You but fool ſtill?
I know you love me.
Cel. As you're juſt and honeſt;
I know I love and honour you: Admire you.
Ant. This makes againſt me, fearfully againſt me.
Cel. But as you bring your Pow'r to perſecute me,
Your Traps to catch mine Innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your Luſts to overwhelm me,

Hell

Hell never hated Good, as I hate you, Sir;
And I dare tell it to your Face. What Glory,
Now after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
The ever-living Memories rais'd to you,
Can my Defeat be? My poor wrack, what Triumph?
And when you crown your swelling Cups to Fortune,
What honourable Tongue can sing my Story?
Be as your Emblem is, a glorious Lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your Office is, a god-like Justice,
Into all shedding equally your Virtues. [ness;

Ant. She'as drencht me now; now I admire her Good-
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.
Can nothing in the pow'r of Kings perswade ye?

Cel. No, nor that Pow'r command me.

Ant. Say I should force ye?
I have it in my Will.

Cel. Your Will's a poor one;
And though it be a King's Will, a despis'd one.
Weaker than Infant's Legs, your Will's in swadling Clouts,
A thousand ways my Will has found to check ye;
A thousand Doors to 'scape ye. I dare die, Sir;
As suddenly dare die, as you can offer:
Nay, say you had your Will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your Lust, what had you purchas'd by it?
What Honour won? D'you know who dwells above, Sir,
And what they have prepar'd for Men turn'd Devils?
Did you ne'er hear their Thunder? Start and tremble,
Death sitting on your Blood, when their Fires visit us.
Will nothing wring you then do you think? Sit hard here,
(27) And like a Snake curl round about your Conscience,
Biting and stinging: Will you not roar too late then?
Then when you shake in horror of this Villainy,
Then will I rise a Star in Heav'n, and scorn ye. [ness!

Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now! And love this Sweet-
Will yo' be my Queen? Can that price purchase ye?

(27) ——*Like a Snail*] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* concurred in this just Emendation.

Cel.

Cel. Not all the World, I am a Queen already,
Crown'd by his Love, I muſt not loſe for Fortune;
I can give none away, ſell none away, Sir,
Can lend no Love, am not mine own Exchequer;
For in another's Heart my Hope and Peace lies. [nough
Ant. Your fair Hands, Lady? For yet I am not pure e-
To touch thoſe Lips. In that ſweet Peace ye ſpoke of
Live now for ever, and I to ſerve your Virtues——
Cel. Why now you ſhow a God! now I kneel to ye;
This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy ſend to ye:
Thus I hold up my Hands to Heav'n that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal Bleſſings dwell about ye. [tue;
Ant. Virtue commands the Stars: Riſe more than Vir-
Your preſent Comfort ſhall be now my buſineſs.
Cel. All my obedient Service wait upon ye.
[*Ex. ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, *Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.*

Leon. Haſt thou clean forgot the Wars?
Lieu. Prithee hold thy Peace.
1 *Gent.* His Mind's much elevated now.
Leon. It ſeems ſo.
Sirrah.
Lieu. I am ſo troubled with this Fellow.
Leon. He will call me Rogue anon.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one elſe. [lov'd thee.
Lieu. King that thou knew'ſt I lov'd thee, how I
And where, O King, I barrel up thy Beauty.
Leon. He cannot leave his Sutler's Trade, he woos in't.
Lieu. O never, King.
Leon. By this Hand, when I conſider——
Lieu. My honeſt Friend, you are a little ſawcy.
1 *Gent.* I told you you wou'd have it.
Lieu. When mine own Worth———
Leon. Is flung into the Ballance, and found nothing.
Lieu. And yet a Soldier.
Leon. And yet a ſawcy one.
Lieu. One that has follow'd thee.

Leon. Fair and far off.
Lieu. Fought for thy Grace.
Leon. 'Twas for ſome Grief, you lye, Sir. [ſatisfie ye?
Lieu. He's the Son of a Whore denies this: Will that
Leon. Yes, very well.
Lieu. Shall then that thing that honours thee?
How miſerable a thing ſoever, yet a thing ſtill;
And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.
Leon. Here's a new thing.
2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now. [day?
Leon. I'll fetch him out on't. When's the King's Birth-
Lieu. When e'er it be, that Day I'll die with Ringing.
And there's the Reſolution of a Lover. [*Exit.*
Leon. A goodly Reſolution. Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his Brains melted;
Could he find no Body to fall in love with, but the King,
The good old King, to doat upon him too?
Stay, now I remember, what the fat Woman warn'd me,
Bad me remember, and look to him too?
I'll hang if ſhe have not a hand in this: He's conjur'd,
Go after him, I pity the poor Raſcal;
In the mean time I'll wait occaſion
To work upon the Prince.
2 *Gent.* Pray do that ſeriouſly. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, *and Lords.*

Lord. He's very ill.
Ant. I'm very ſorry for't.
And much aſham'd I've wrong'd her Innocence.
Menippus, guide her to the Prince's Lodgings,
There leave her to his Love again.
Men. I'm glad, Sir.
Lord. He'll ſpeak to none.
Ant. O I ſhall break that ſilence;
Be quick, take fair attendance.
Men. Yes, Sir, preſently. [*Exit.*
Ant. He'll find his Tongue, I warrant ye; his Health too;
I ſend a Phyſick will not fail.
Lord. Fair work it. *Ant.*

Ant. We hear the Princes mean to viſit us
In way of Truce.
Lord. 'Tis thought ſo.
Ant. Come; let's in then,
And think upon the nobleſt ways to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leon. There's no way now to get in: All the Light ſtopt
Nor can I hear a ſound of him, pray Heav'n [too;
He uſe no violence: I think he has more Soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler: Wou'd I cou'd but ſee once
This Beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumſtance. What noiſe is that there?
I think I heard him groan: Here are ſome coming;
A Woman too, I'll ſtand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, *and Lords.*

Cel. Well, ſome of ye have been to blame in this point,
But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
Some fitter Woman to have try'd his Valour.
Men. 'Twas all the beſt meant, Lady.
Cel. I muſt think ſo,
For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me?
Men. He's, Madam, and the joy to ſee you only
Will draw him out.
Leon. I know that Woman's Tongue,
I think I've ſeen her Face too: I'll go nearer:
If this be ſhe, he has ſome cauſe of Sorrow:
'Tis the ſame Face; the ſame moſt excellent Woman.
Cel. This ſhou'd be Lord *Leontius:* I remember him.
Leon. Lady, I think ye know me.
Cel. Speak ſoft, good Soldier:
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
Know me not yet openly, as you love me;
But let me ſee ye again, I'll ſatisfy ye:
I'm wondrous glad to ſee thoſe Eyes.
Leon. You've charg'd me.

Cel. You ſhall know where I am.
Leon. I will not off yet:
She goes to Knock at's Door: This muſt be ſhe
The Fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.
He will bolt now for certain.
Cel. Are ye within, Sir?
I'll trouble ye no more: I thank your courteſy,
Pray leave me now.
All Men. We reſt your humble Servants. [*Ex.* Men. *&c.*
Cel. So now my Gives are off: Pray Heav'n he be here!
Maſter, my Royal Sir: Do you hear who calls ye?
Love, my *Demetrius.*
Leon. Theſe are pretty Quail-pipes,
The Cock will crow anon.
Cel. Can ye be drowſy, when I call at your Window?
Leon. I hear him ſtirring: Now he comes wondring out.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis *Celia*'s Sound ſure:
The ſweetneſs of that Tongue draws all Hearts to it;
There ſtands the Shape too.
Leon. How he ſtares upon her?
Dem. Ha? Do mine Eyes abuſe me?
'Tis ſhe, the living *Celia:* Your Hand, Lady?
Cel. What ſhou'd this mean?
Dem. The very ſelf-ſame *Celia.*
Cel. How do ye, Sir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave.
I heard you were dead, my dear one; compleat,
She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.
Cel. How he ſurveys me round? Here has been foul play.
Dem. How came ſhe thus?
Cel. It was a kind of Death, Sir,
I ſuffer'd in your Abſence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely:
How came you hither, *Celia?* Wondrous Gallant:
Did my Father ſend for ye?
Cel. So they told me, Sir, and on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?

Cel.

Cel. I was ſo ever.
Dem. And ye were bravely us'd?
Cel. I wanted nothing:
My Maiden-head to a mote i'th' Sun, he's Jealous:
I muſt now play the Knave with him, though I die for't,
'Tis in my Nature.
Dem. Her very Eyes are alter'd:
Jewels and rich ones too, I never ſaw yet——
And what were thoſe came for ye?
Cel. Monſtrous Jealous:
Have I liv'd at the rate of theſe ſcorn'd Queſtions?
They ſeem'd of good ſort, Gentlemen.
Dem. Kind Men? [to 'em;
Cel. They were wondrous kind: I was much beholding
There was one *Menippus*, Sir.
Dem. Ha?
Cel. One *Menippus*,
A notable merry Lord, and a good Companion.
Dem. And one *Charinthus* too?
Cel. Yes, there was ſuch a one.
Dem. And *Timon?*
Cel. 'Tis moſt true.
Dem. And thou moſt treacherous:
My Father's Bawds by—they never miſs courſe;
And were theſe daily with ye?
Cel. Ev'ry hour, Sir.
Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?
Cel. O yes; a notable good Wench.
Dem. Th' Devil fetch her.
Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merrieſt Wench——
Dem. Did ſhe keep with ye too?
Cel. Sh' was all in all; my Bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.
Dem. You are well known here then?
Cel. There is no living here a Stranger, I think.
Dem. How came ye by this brave Gown?
Cel. This a poor one:
Alas, I've twenty richer: Do you ſee theſe Jewels?
Why, they're the pooreſt things, to thoſe are ſent me,
And ſent me hourly too.

Dem. Is there no Modesty? No Faith in this fair Sex?
Leon. What will this prove to?
For, yet with all my Wits, I understand not.
Dem. Come hither; thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted;
All that I left thee fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy Youth, and carrying Comfort in't;
All that I hop'd for Virtuous, (28) is fled from thee,
Turn'd black and Bankrupt.
Leon. By'r Lady, this cuts shrewdly. [thee;
Dem. Thou'rt dead, for ever dead; Sin's surfeit slew
Th' Ambition of those wanton Eyes betray'd thee;
Go from me, Grave of Honour; go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy Sin, go thou despis'd one;
And where there is no Virtue, nor no Virgin,
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of: [ness;
(29) Where nothing reigns but impious Lust and Loose-
Go thither, Child of Blood, and sing my Doating.
Cel. You do not speak this seriously I hope, Sir;
I did but jest with you.
Dem. Look not upon me,
There is more Hell in those Eyes, than Hell harbours;
And when they flame, more Torments.
Cel. Dare ye trust me?
You durst once ev'n with all you had, your Love, Sir?
By this fair Light I'm honest.
Dem. Thou subtle *Circe*,

(28) ——— ——— ——— *is fled from thee,*
Turn'd back and Bankrupt.] I believe this Reading corrupt, because it has an Anticlimax in it. *To turn back and fly* is Sense, but *to fly and turn back* is ὕστερον πρότερον. I hope that I've retriev'd the true Word, for it stands in proper Antithesis to the Epithet *fair*, in the former part of the Sentence, and *Celia* seems afterwards to retort the very Word——
Then let a thousand black *Thoughts muster in You.*
In which Line the old Folio, (the first Impression of this Play) reads *back* as well as in the former: which is a further Proof of both being corrupt; for in the latter it's self-evident.

(29) —*but impious Lust, and loofer Faces*] The old Folio reads *lofers Faces*, which is scarce Sense; and the Change in the 2d Folio and Octavo is not much for the better. I hope I've retriev'd the Original, *Loofeneſs* will signify all dissolute Manners, and so is more comprehensive than Lust; the Metre too is restor'd by it.

Cast

Caſt not upon the maiden Light Eclipſes :
Curſe not the Day.
Cel. Come, come, you ſhall not do this :
How fain you wou'd ſeem angry now, to fright me ;
You are not in the Field among your Enemies ;
Come, I muſt cool this Courage.
Dem. Out, thou Impudence,
Thou Ulcer of thy Sex ; when I firſt ſaw thee,
I drew into mine Eyes mine own Deſtruction,
I pull'd into my Heart that ſudden Poiſon,
That now conſumes my dear Content to Cinders :
I am not now *Demetrius*, thou haſt chang'd me ;
Thou Woman, with thy thouſand Wiles haſt chang'd me ;
Thou Serpent with thy Angel-Eyes haſt ſlain me ;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair Ruin,
(30) I was a Man, and Reaſon ſtaid, and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of Grief, I grow and wander.
Cel. And as you're noble, do you think I did this ?
Dem. Put all thy Devils Wings on, and fly from me.
Cel. I will go from ye, never more to ſee ye :
I will fly from ye, as a Plague hangs o'er me ;
And through the progreſs of my Life hereafter ;
Where-ever I ſhall find a Fool, a falſe Man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of poliſh'd Virtue,
A baſe ſuſpector of a Virgin's Honour,
A Child that flings away the Wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call *Demetrius :* That Fool *Demetrius*,
That Madman a *Demetrius* ; and that falſe Man,
The Prince of broken Faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.
You think now, I ſhould cry, and kneel down to ye,
Petition for my Peace ; let thoſe that feel here

(30) —*Reaſon* made, *and mov'd me*] I can ſcarce affix any Idea to this Reading, and as the Word I have ſubſtituted is near the Trace of the Letters and the direct Contraſt of the ſecond Verb, I hope it will be thought the true One. I have Mr. *Sympſon*'s Approbation, but he thinks that the Expreſſion [*I grow and wander*] in the next Line wants either Correction or Explanation. The Senſe I affix to it will be a Confirmation of the Truth of my Conjecture. Whereas before Reaſon guided me, whether I ſtood or moved : Now when I ſtand ſtill, I do but *grow* like a Vegetable ; when I move, I wander like a ſenſeleſs Brute.

The weight of Evil, wait for ſuch a Favour,
I am above your Hate, as far above it,
In all the Actions of an innocent Life,
As the pure Stars are from the muddy Meteors.
Cry when you know your Folly; howl and curſe then,
Beat that unmanly Breaſt, that holds a falſe Heart
When ye ſhall come to know, whom y' have flung from ye.
Dem. Pray ye ſtay a little.
Cel. Not your Hopes can alter me;
Then let a thouſand black Thoughts muſter in ye,
And with thoſe enter in a thouſand Doatings;
Thoſe Eyes be never ſhut, but drop to nothing:
My Innocence for ever haunt and fright ye:
Thoſe Arms together grow in Folds; that Tongue,
That bold bad Tongue that barks out theſe Diſgraces,
When you ſhall come to know how nobly Virtuous
I have preſerv'd my Life, rot, rot within ye.
Dem. What ſhall I do?
Cel. Live a loſt Man for ever.
Go ask your Father's Conſcience what I ſuffer'd,
And through what Seas of hazards I ſail'd through:
Mine Honour ſtill advanc'd in ſpight of Tempeſts,
Then take your leave of Love; and confeſs freely,
You were ne'er worthy of this Heart that ſerv'd ye,
And ſo farewel ungrateful—— [*Exit.*
Dem. Is ſhe gone?
Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.--[*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Ant. Are ye pleas'd now? Ha' you got your Heart again?
Have I reſtor'd ye that?
Dem. Sir, ev'n for Heav'n ſake,
And ſacred Truth ſake, tell me how ye found her.
Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I try'd her,
'Tis true, I thought her moſt unfit your Fellowſhip,
And fear'd her too: Which Fear begot that Story
I told ye firſt: But ſince, like Gold I touch'd her.
Dem. And how, dear Sir?
Ant. Heav'n's holy Light's not purer:

The

The Conſtancy, and Goodneſs of all Women
That ever liv'd, to win the Names of worthy,
This noble Maid has doubled in her Honour,
All promiſes of Wealth, all Art to win her,
And by all Tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may do upon the Sun at Noon-day
By lighting Candles up: Her Shape is Heav'nly,
And to that Heav'nly Shape her Thoughts are Angels.
Dem. Why did you tell me, Sir?
Ant. 'Tis true, I err'd in't:
But ſince I made a full proof of her Virtue,
I find a King too poor a Servant for her.
Love her, and honour her, in all obſerve her.
She muſt be ſomething more than Time yet tells her:
And certain I believe him bleſt, enjoys her.
I would not loſe the hope of ſuch a Daughter,
To add another Empire to my Honour.—— [*Exit.*
Dem. O wretched State! To what end ſhall I turn me?
And where begins my Penance? Now, what ſervice
Will win her Love again? My Death muſt do it:
And if that Sacrifice can purge my Follies,
Be pleas'd, O mighty Love, I die thy Servant.—[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leontius, *and* Celia.

Leon. I Know he does not deſerve ye; h'as us'd you poorly:
And to redeem himſelf——
Cel. Redeem? *Leon.* I know it ——
There's no way left. *Cel.* For Heav'n's ſake do not name him,
Do not think on him, Sir, he's ſo far from me
In all my Thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.
Leon. But yet I wou'd ſee him again.
Cel. No, never, never.
Leon. I do not mean to lend him any Comfort;
But to afflict him, ſo to torture him, That

That ev'n his very Soul may ſhake within him:
To make him know, though he be great and powerful,
'Tis not within his Aim to deal diſhonourably,
And carry it off, and with a Maid of your ſort.

Cel. I muſt confeſs, I cou'd moſt ſpightfully
Afflict him; now, I cou'd whet m' Anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterneſs, I cou'd ſhoot through him;
I long to vex him.

Leon. And do it home, and bravely.

Cel. Were I a Man?

Leon. I'll help that weakneſs in ye:
I honour ye, and ſerve ye.

Cel. Not only to diſclaim me,
When he had ſeal'd his Vows in Heav'n, ſworn to me,
And poor believing I became his Servant;
But moſt maliciouſly to brand my Credit,
Stain my pure Name.

Leon. I wou'd not ſuffer it:
See him I wou'd again, and to his Teeth too.
Od's precious, I wou'd ring him ſuch a Leſſon——

Cel. I have done that already.

Leon. Nothing, nothing:
It was too poor a Purge; beſides, by this time
He has found his Fault, and feels the Hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd-on Anger to the higheſt,
Why, 'twill be ſuch a ſtroke——

Cel. Say he repent then,
And ſeek with Tears to ſoften, I'm a Woman;
A Woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him:
I am no more.

Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.

Cel. If I forgive him, I am loſt.

Leon. Hold there then,
The ſport will be to what a poor Submiſſion——
But keep you ſtrong.

Cel. I would not ſee him.

Leon. Yes.
You ſhall ring his Knell.

Cel. How if I kill him?

Leon. Kill him? why, let him die.

Cel.

Cel. I know 'tis fit ſo.
But why ſhou'd I, that lov'd him once, deſtroy him?
O had he ſcapt this Sin, what a brave Gentleman——
Leon. I muſt confeſs, had this not faln, a nobler,
A handſomer, the whole World had not ſhow'd ye:
And to his making ſuch a Mind——
Cel. 'Tis certain:
But all this I muſt now forget.
Leon. You ſhall not
If I have any Art: Go up, ſweet Lady,
And truſt my Truth.
Cel. But, good Sir, bring him not.
Leon. I wou'd not for the Honour ye are born to,
But you ſhall ſee him, and neglect him too, and ſcorn him.
Cel. You will be near me then.
Leon. I will be with ye.
Yet there's ſome hope to ſtop this gap, I'll work hard.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, *two Gentlemen*, *Lieutenant*, *and Lords.*

Ant. But is it poſſible this Fellow took it?
2 *Gent.* It ſeems ſo by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the Fit's ev'n off.
Men. I beſeech your Grace.
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy Wife with all my Heart,
And am right glad ſhe drank it not herſelf,
And more glad that the Virtuous Maid eſcap'd it, [dier,
I wou'd not for the World 'thad hit: But that this Sol-
Lord how he looks, that he ſhould take this Vomit;
Can he make Rhimes too?
2 *Gent.* H'as made a thouſand, Sir,
And plays the Burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.
Ant. He looks as though he were bepiſt: Do you love me, Sir?
Lieu. Yes ſurely, ev'n with all my Heart.
Ant. I thank ye;

I am glad I have ſo good a Subject: But pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye drank this Matter?
Lieu. Ev'n as much as a ſober Man might; and a Soldier
That your Grace owes juſt half a Year's Pay to.
Ant. Well remembred;
And did I ſeem ſo young and amiable to ye?
Lieu. Methought you were the ſweeteſt Youth——
Ant. That's excellent.
Lieu. Ay truly, Sir: And ever as I thought on ye,
I wiſh'd, and wiſh'd——
Ant. What didſt thou wiſh, prithee?
Lieu. Ev'n, that I had been a Wench of fifteen for ye,
A handſom Wench, Sir.
Ant. Why? God a-mercy Soldier:
I ſeem not ſo now to thee.
Lieu. Not all out:
And yet I have a Grudging to your Grace ſtill.
Ant. Thou waſt ne'er in Love before?
Lieu. Not with a King,
And hope I ſhall ne'er be again: Truly, Sir,
I have had ſuch Plunges, and ſuch Bickrings,
And as it were ſuch runnings atilt within me,
For whatſoever it was provok'd me tow'rd ye.
Ant. God a-mercy ſtill.
Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his Prize.
Ant. I'd not have been a Wench then,
Though of this Age.
Lieu. No ſure, I ſhould have ſpoil'd ye.
Ant. Well, go thy ways, of all the luſty Lovers
That e'er I ſaw——wilt have another Potion?
Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha: Give me thy Hand, from henceforth thou'rt my Soldier,
Do bravely, I'll love thee as much.
Lieu. I thank ye;
But if you were mine Enemy, I would not wiſh it ye:
I beſeech your Grace, pay me my Charge.
2 *Gent.* That's certain, Sir;
H'as bought up all that e'er he found was like ye,

Or

Or any thing you've lov'd, that he could purchaſe ;
Old Horſes, that your Grace had ridden blind, and foundr'd ;
Dogs, rotten Hawks, and which is more than all this,
Has worn your Grace's Gauntlet in his Bonnet.

Ant. Bring in your Bills: Mine own Love ſhall be ſatisfy'd ;
And Sirrah, for this Potion you have taken,
I'll point ye out a Portion ye ſhall live on.

Men. 'Twas the beſt draught that e'er ye drunk.

Lieu. I hope ſo.

Ant. Are the Princes come to th' Court ?

Men. They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.

Ant. Come then, make ready for their Entertainment,
Which preſently we'll give : Wait you on me, Sir.

Lieu. I ſhall love Drink the better whilſt I live, Boys.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, *and* Leontius.

Dem. Let me but ſee her, dear *Leontius ?*
Let me but die before her.

Leon. Wou'd that wou'd do it :
If I knew where ſhe lay now, with what honeſty,
You having flung ſo main a Miſchief on her,
And on ſo innocent and ſweet a Beauty,
Dare I preſent your Viſit ?

Dem. I'll repent all :
And with the greateſt Sacrifice of Sorrow,
That ever Lover made.

Leon. 'Twill be too late, Sir :
I know not what will become of you.

Dem. You can help me.

Leon. It may be to her ſight: What are you nearer ?
Sh'as ſworn ſhe will not ſpeak to ye, look upon ye ;
And to love ye again, O ſhe cries out, and thunders,
She had rather Love——There is no hope——

Dem. Yes, *Leontius*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no Love to it,
At leaſt will draw her to lament my Fortune,
And that hope ſhall relieve me.

Leon.

Leon. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye :
Say I ſhould bring ye——
Dem. Do not trifle with me?
Leon. I will not trifle ; both together bring ye,
You know the wrongs ye've done.
Dem. I do confeſs 'em.
Leon. And if you ſhou'd then jump into your Fury,
And have another Querk in your Head.
Dem. I'll die firſt.
Leon. You muſt ſay nothing to her ; for 'tis certain,
The Nature of your Crime will admit no Excuſe.
Dem. I will not ſpeak, mine Eyes ſhall tell my Penance.
Leon. You muſt look wondrous ſad too.
Dem. I need not look ſo,
I'm truly Sadneſs ſelf.
Leon. That Look will do it :
Stay here, I'll bring her to you inſtantly :
But take heed how you bear yourſelf : Sit down there,
The more humble you are, the more ſhe'll take Compaſſion.
Women are per'lous Thing to deal upon. [*Exit.*
Dem. What ſhall become of me? to curſe my Fortune,
Were but to curſe my Father ; that's too impious ;
But under whatſoever Fate I ſuffer,
Bleſs, I beſeech thee Heav'n, her harmleſs Goodneſs.

Enter Leontius *and* Celia.

Leon. Now arm yourſelf.
Cel. You have not brought him?
Leon. Yes faith,
And there he is : You ſee in what poor plight too,
Now you may do your will, kill him, or ſave him.
Cel. I will go back.
Leon. I will be hang'd then, Lady:
Are you a Coward now?
Cel. I cannot ſpeak to him.
Dem. O me.
Leon. There was a Sigh to blow a Church down ;
So, now their Eyes are fixt, the ſmall Shot plays,
They will come to th' Battery anon.

Cel.

Cel. He weeps extreamly.
Leon. Rail at him now.
Cel. I dare not.
Leon. I am glad on't.
Cel. Nor dare believe his Tears.
Dem. You may, bleſt Beauty,
For thoſe thick ſtreams that troubled my Repentance,
(31) Are crept out long ago.
Leon. You ſee how he looks. [then,
Cel. What have I to do how he looks? how lookt he
When with a poiſon'd Tooth he bit mine Honour?
It was your Counſel too, to ſcorn and ſlight him.
Leon. Ay, if ye ſaw fit cauſe; and you confeſt too,
Except this Sin, he was the braveſt Gentleman,
The ſweeteſt, nobleſt: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your Anger; uſe him as you pleaſe:
For to ſay truth, he has deſerv'd your Juſtice;
But ſtill conſider what he has been to you.
Cel. Pray do not blind me thus.
Dem. O gentle Miſtreſs,
If there were any way to expiate
A Sin ſo great as mine, by Interceſſion,
By Prayers, by daily Tears, by dying for ye;
O what a Joy would cloſe theſe Eyes that love ye.
Leon. They ſay Women have tender Hearts, I know not,
I am ſure mine melts.
Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your Wrong to me I caſt behind me,
And wiſh ye a fit Beauty to your Virtues:
Mine is too poor, in peace I part thus from you;
I muſt look back: Gods keep your Grace: He's here ſtill.
Dem. She has forgiven me. [*Exit.*
Leon. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a Man: Away, Sir,
She lookt behind her twice, Her Heart dwells here, Sir;
Ye drew Tears from her too: She cannot freeze thus;

(31) *Are crept out*] Mr. *Simpſon* thinks it ſhould be *wept out*, and it probably might have been ſo, but where the Text is good Senſe. I don't think it right to change it, tho' a better Reading ſhould occur.

The

The Door's ſet open too, are ye a Man?
Are ye alive? do ye underſtand her meaning?
Have ye Blood and Spirit in ye?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down; I dare not, cannot:
Strike now or never: Faint Heart, you know what,
Sir———
Be govern'd by your Fear, and quench your Fire out!
A Devil on't, ſtands this Door ope for nothing?
So get ye together, and be naught: Now to ſecure all,
Will I go fetch out a more ſovereign Plaiſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, *Lieutenant*, *Gentlemen*, *and Lords.*

Ant. This Peace is fairly made.

Sel. Wou'd your Grace wiſh us
To put in more: Take what you pleaſe, we yield it;
The Honour done us by your Son conſtrains it,
Your noble Son.

Ant. It is ſufficient, Princes;
And now we're one again, one Mind, one Body,
And one Sword ſhall ſtrike for us.

Lyſ. Let Prince *Demetrius*
But lead us on: For we are his vow'd Servants;
Againſt the Strength of all the World we'll buckle.

Ptol. And ev'n from all that Strength we'll catch at Victory.

Sel. O had I now recover'd but the Fortune
I loſt in *Antioch*, when mine Uncle periſh'd;
But that were but to ſurfeit me with Bleſſings.

Lyſ. You loſt a ſweet Child there.

Sel. Name it no more, Sir;
This is no time to entertain ſuch Sorrows; [Prince,
Will your Majeſty do us the Honour, we may ſee the
And wait upon him?

Enter

Enter Leontius.

Ant. I wonder he ſtays from us:
How now, *Leontius*, where's my Son?

Sel. Brave Captain.

Lyſ. Old valiant Sir.

Leon. Your Graces all are welcome:
Your Son, and't pleaſe you, Sir, is new caſhier'd yonder,
Caſt from his Miſtreſs Favour: And ſuch a coil there is;
Such ſending, and ſuch proving; ſhe ſtands off,
And will by no means yield to Compoſition:
He offers any Price; his Body to her.

Sel. She's a hard Lady, that denies that caution.

Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave: Faith Princes,
'Twere a good point of Charity to piece 'em;
For leſs than ſuch a Pow'r will do juſt nothing:
And if you mean to ſee him, there it muſt be,
For there will he grow, 'till he be tranſplanted.

Sel. Beſeech your Grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may ſee that Beauty dares deny him,
That ſcornful Beauty.

Ptol. I ſhould think it worſe now;
Ill brought up Beauty.

Ant. She has too much reaſon for't;
Which with too great a Grief, I ſhame to think of.
But we'll go ſee this Game.

Lyſ. Rather this Wonder.

Ant. Be you our Guide, *Leontius*, here's a new Peace.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius *and* Celia.

Cel. Thus far you ſhall perſwade me, ſtill to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye;
For not to lye, you have my firſt and laſt Love:
But ſince you have conceiv'd an Evil againſt me,
An Evil that ſo much concerns your Honour,
That Honour aim'd by all at for a Pattern:
And though there be a falſe Thought, and confeſs'd too,
And much Repentance fall'n in ſhow'rs to purge it;

Yet, while that great Reſpect I ever bore ye,
Dwells in my Blood, and in my Heart that Duty;
Had it but been a Dream, I muſt not touch ye.
Dem. O you will make ſome other happy?
Cel. Never,
Upon this Hand I'll ſeal that Faith.
Dem. We may kiſs,
Put not thoſe out o' th' Peace too.
Cel. Thoſe I'll give ye,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*,
I will be merry with ye; Sing, Diſcourſe with ye,
Be your poor Miſtreſs ſtill: In Truth I love ye.

Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, *Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.*

Dem. Stay, who are theſe?
Lyſ. A very handſome Lady.
Leon. As e'er you ſaw.
Sel. Pity her Heart's ſo cruel. [hear us.
Lyſ. How does your Grace? He ſtands ſtill, will not
Ptol. We come to ſerve ye, Sir, in all our Fortunes.
Lyſ. He bows a little now; he's ſtrangely alter'd. [ye,
Sel. Ha? Pray ye a word, *Leontius*, pray ye a word with
Lyſimachus? You both knew mine *Enanthe*,
I loſt in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken,
Mine Uncle ſlain, *Antigonus* had the ſack on't?
Lyſ. Yes, I remember well the Girl.
Sel. Methinks now
That Face is wondrous like her: I have her Picture;
The ſame, but more Years on her; the very ſame.
Lyſ. A Cherry to a Cherry is not liker.
Sel. Look on her Eyes.
Leon. Moſt certain ſhe is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in theſe Arms, Sir,
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes?
Sel. This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near:
They only err in time.
Lyſ. Did you mark that Bluſh there?
That came the neareſt. *Sel.*

Sel. I muſt ſpeak to her.
Leon. You'll quickly be reſolv'd.
Sel. Your Name, ſweet Lady?
Cel. Enanthe, Sir: And this to beg your Bleſſing.
Sel. Do you know me?
Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,
I know you are my Father.
Sel. Peace a little,
Where did I loſe ye?
Cel. At the Sack of *Antioch*,
Where my good Uncle dy'd, and I was taken,
By a mean Soldier taken: By this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever ſince I have remain'd his Servant.
Sel. My Joys are now too full: Welcome *Enanthe*,
Mine own, my deareſt and my beſt *Enanthe*.
Dem. And mine too deſperate.
Sel. You ſhall not think ſo,
This is a Peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it ſhall be,
And ask it firſt.
Cel. Moſt Royal, Sir, ye have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus.
Sel. You muſt not be deny'd, Sir.
Cel. By me, I am ſure he muſt not: Sure he ſhall not;
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And from this hour, no envious Spight e'er part us.
All. The Gods give happy Joys; all Comforts to ye.
Dem. My new *Enanthe*.
Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
And all the noble Inſtruments of War:
Let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their Sounds;
And thoſe the brazen Arch of Heav'n break through,
While to the Temple we conduct theſe two.
Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And ever worthy of thoſe Lines they ſprung;
May their fair Iſſues walk with Time along.
Lieu. And hang a Coward now; and there's my Song.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by the Lieutenant.

I Am not cur'd yet throughly; for believe
I feel another Paſſion that may grieve,
All over me I feel it too: And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold, I know not how:
As you are good Men help me, a Carowſe
May make me love you all, all here i' th' Houſe,
And all that come to ſee me, doatingly:
Now lend your Hands; and for your Courteſie,
The next Imployment I am ſent upon,
I'll ſwear you are Phyſicians, the War's none.

THE

THE

FAITHFUL

SHEPHERDESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PErigot, *a Shepherd in Love with* Amoret.
Thenot, *a Shepherd in Love with* Clorin.
Daphnis, *a modeſt Shepherd.*
Alexis, *a wanton Shepherd.*
God of a River.
Satyr.
Prieſt.
Old Shepherd.
A ſullen diſcontented Shepherd.

WOMEN.

Amoret, *the faithful Shepherdeſs, in Love with* Perigot.
Clorin, *a holy Shepherdeſs.*
Amarillis, *a Shepherdeſs in Love with* Perigot.
Cloe, *a wanton Shepherdeſs.*

SCENE *THESSALY.*

THE

(1) THE Faithful SHEPHERDESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Clorin *a Shepherdeſs, having buried her Love in an Arbour.*

CLORIN.

HAIL, holy Earth, whoſe cold Arms do imbrace
The trueſt Man that ever fed his Flocks
By the fat Plains of Fruitful *Theſſaly*,
Thus I ſalute thy Grave, thus do I pay
My early Vows and Tribute of mine Eyes
To thy ſtill loved Aſhes; thus I free
My

(1) The *Faithful Shepherdeſs* is, of all the Poems in our Language, one of the greateſt *Honours* and the greateſt *Scandals* of our Nation. It ſhews to what a height in every Species of Poetry the *Britiſh* Genius has ſoar'd; it proves how dull the vulgar Eye is to purſue its flight? How muſt each *Briton* of Taſte rejoice to find all the Paſtoral Beauties of *Italy* and *Arcadia* tranſplanted by *Fletcher*, and flouriſhing in our own Climate? How muſt he grieve to think that they were at firſt blaſted, and ſince ſuffer'd to wither in Oblivion by his *Gothic* Countrymen? The *Faithful Shepherdeſs* was damned at its firſt Appearance, and not ev'n a potent Monarch's Patronage in the next Age, nor a much greater Monarch's in *Poetry* than King *Charles* the Firſt in Power, *Milton*'s great Admiration and cloſe Imitation of it in *Comus*, could recommend it to the Publick. The noble Copy, 'till within theſe few Years, was as little known as its Original; but

My self from all ensuing Heats and Fires
Of Love: All Sports, Delights and jolly Games
That Shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth Brows be begirt
With youthful Coronals, and lead the Dance;
No more the Company of fresh fair Maids
And wanton Shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry Pipes
Under some shady Dell, when the cool Wind
Plays on the Leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away; by whose dear Side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh Flow'rs
For Summer's Queen, whilst ev'ry Shepherd's Boy
Puts on his lusty Green, with gaudy Hook,
And hanging Scrip of finest Cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear Memory;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
While there are Pipes, or jolly Shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy Love,
Dwell by thy Grave, forgetting all those Joys,
That former times made precious to mine Eyes,
Only remembring what my Youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of Herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my Endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green Wounds I know the Remedies
In Men or Cattle, be they stung with Snakes,
Or charm'd with pow'rful Words of wicked Art,
Or be they Love-sick, or through too much Heat
Grown wild or lunatick, their Eyes or Ears
Thickned with misty Film of dulling Rheum;
These I can cure, such secret Virtues lie
In Herbs, applied by a Virgin's Hand,

since it is now become the Fashion to admire the former, some Deference will surely be paid to *Milton*'s Judgment. I shall therefore, in my Notes on this Play, not confine myself to meer verbal Emendations, but endeavour to demonstrate *Fletcher*'s Beauties from parallel Passages out of *Milton* and other authentick Poets. By which, I believe, it will appear, that *Milton* borrowed more from *Fletcher*, than *Fletcher* from all the Antient Classicks.

My

My Meat shall be what these wild Woods afford,
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose Cheeks
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty Fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown Pine;
On these I'll feed with free Content, and rest,
When Night shall blind the World, by thy Side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

Sat. (2) Thorough yon same bending Plain
That flings his Arms down to the Main,
And through these thick Woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kist the Sun
Since the lusty Spring began,
All to please my Master *Pan*,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him Fruit; for at a Feast
He entertains, this coming Night,
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
But behold a fairer Sight! } *He stands amaz'd.*
By that Heav'nly Form of thine,
Brightest fair thou art Divine,
Sprung from great Immortal Race
Of the Gods: For in thy Face
Shines more awful Majesty,
Than dull weak Mortality,

(2) *Through yon same bending Plain*] That *Fletcher* had frequently in his Eye *Shakespear*'s *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is certain. The Beginning and Ending of this Speech are an Imitation of the *Fairy*'s Speech, Act 2. Scene 1.

Over Hill, over Dale,
Through Bush, through Briar,
Over Park, over Pale,
Through Flood, through Fire;
I do wander every where
Swifter than the Moon's Sphere.

Both *Fletcher* and *Milton* follow *Shakespear* in his Liberties of frequently varying the Anacreontick Measures; yet each Stanza, and each Couplet, should observe a just Measure, and would, I believe, have done so, had the Authors themselves overlooked the Press. I shall correct the Mistakes as well as I am able: Thus, for *through*, in the first Line, I read *thorough*; and instead of *Moon's Sphere*, in *Shakespear*, which spoils the Measure, I would read *Moones Sphere*, which the learned Mrs. *Elstob* shews us to be the true *Saxon* Genitive Case. But I shall not trouble the Reader with many Notes upon such Trifles.

Dare

Dare with misty Eyes behold,
And live: Therefore on this Mould,
Lowly do I bend my Knee,
In Worship of thy Deity;
Deign it, Goddess, from my Hand,
To receive what e'er this Land
From her fertile Womb doth send
Of her choice Fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyre tells,
Fairer by the famous Wells,
To this present Day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be Grapes whose lusty Blood
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The Head of *Bacchus*; (3) Nuts more brown
Than the Squirril whose Teeth crack 'em;
Deign, O fairest Fair, to take 'em.
For these Black-ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,

(3) ——— *Nuts more brown*
Than the Squirrils Teeth that crack 'em;] But the Teeth of the Squirril is the only visible Part that is not brown. I hope I have restor'd the Original. In these Presents, which are perfectly Pastoral, the Poet had, undoubtedly, both *Virgil* and *Theocritus* in his Eye.

Quod potui, Puero sylvestri ex arbore lecta,
Aurea mala decem misi; cras altera mittam.
Virg. Ecloga 3.

Ἠὶ δέ τοι δέκα μαλα φέρω· τηνῶθε καθεῖλον·
Ὦ μ' ἐκέλευ καθελεῖν τὺ· καὶ ἄυριον ἄλλά τοι ὀισῶ.
Theocr. Εἰδήλλιον γ.

The learned Reader will, I believe, agree with me, that *Virgil* has fall'n short of *Theocritus*: The Gesture of the Giver, and the pretty Circumstance of gathering the Apples from the Place where she appointed him, being both omitted, and the Poverty of the Shepherd only added. But how vastly has *Fletcher* improv'd upon these Hints? *Theocritus* has a beautiful Simplicity of Sentiments, and Harmony of Numbers: *Fletcher* has added to these descriptive Elegance and poetick Exstacy. But perhaps *Fletcher* had more particularly in his Eye, the Gifts in the second Eclogue of *Virgil*.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
Castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat. &c.

With

With my clasped Knee to climb;
See how well the lusty Time
Hath deckt their rising Cheeks in red,
Such as on your Lips is spread;
Here be Berries for a Queen,
Some be red, and some be green,
These are of that luscious Meat,
The great God *Pan* himself doth eat:
All these, and what the Woods can yield,
The hanging Mountain, or the Field,
I freely offer, and e'er long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
Till when humbly leave I take,
(4) Lest the great *Pan* do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep Glade,
Under a broad Beech's Shade:
I must go, and I must run
Swifter than the fiery Sun. [*Exit.*

(4) *Lest the great* Pan *do awake,*] Thus *Theocritus*, Eid. ά.

Οὐ θέμις, ὦ ποιμὰν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, ἃ θέμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδεν· τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες. ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
Ταγίνικα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,
Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμὺς χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

" Shepherd, forbear; no Song at Noon's dread Hour;
" Tir'd with the Chace *Pan* sleeps in yonder Bow'r;
" Churlish he is, and stir'd in his Repose,
" The snappish Choler quivers on his Nose.

That *Fletcher* had this in his Eye is evident, but he has varied from *Theocritus*'s Theology. As he intended to make his Shepherds chaste and virtuous, he knew that Virtue would ill consist with the Adoration of such a cholerick and lustful God as the *Arcadian Pan*. But does he not in this transgress the Rules of Propriety, giving his *Arcadians* rather Christian than Pagan Sentiments? I think not. The *Arcadians* first worshipp'd the Creator of all things under the Name of *Pan*, which signifies the *Universe*, and the Image they formed of him emblematically represented *Universal Nature*, as *Macrobius* informs us. But the Vulgar soon lost the *Archetype*, and imagin'd his *sharp Nose*, *long Beard*, and *goatish Legs*, to be the Symptoms of *Anger*, *Rusticity*, and *Lust*. *Fletcher* has with great Judgment placed his Scene among the Primitive *Arcadians*, who had not such gross Ideas. In this he deviates from the *Italian* Dramatick Pastorals, but is followed by *Milton*, who introduces Pagan Deities in *Comus*, but makes the superior Gods favour and protect Chastity and Virtue.

Clo.

Clo. And all my Fears go with thee.
What Greatneſs or what private hidden Pow'r
Is there in me, to draw Submiſſion
From this rude Man and Beaſt? Sure I am Mortal:
The Daughter of a Shepherd, he was Mortal:
And ſhe that bore me Mortal: Prick my Hand
And it will bleed; a Fever ſhakes me, and
The ſelf ſame Wind that makes the young Lambs ſhrink,
Makes me a-cold: My Fear ſays I am Mortal:
Yet I have heard, my Mother told it me,
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin Flow'r uncropt, pure, chaſte, and fair,
(5) No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyre, or other Pow'r that haunts the Groves,
Shall hurt my Body, or by vain Illuſion
Draw me to wander after idle Fires;
Or Voices calling me in dead of Night,
To make me follow, and ſo tole me on
Through Mire and ſtanding Pools, to find my Ruin:

(5) *No Goblin, Wood-god, Fairy, Elfe, or Fiend,*
Satyre, or other Pow'r &c.] *Milton* was ſo charm'd with the noble Enthuſiaſm of this Paſſage, that he has no leſs than three Imitations of it. Twice in *Comus.*

Some ſay, no evil thing that walks by Night,
In Fog, or Fire, by Lake, or mooriſh Fen,
Blue meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid Ghoſt
That breaks his Magick Chains at Curfeu time;
No Goblin, or ſwart Fairy of the Mine,
Hath hurtful Pow'r o'er true Virginity.

See the whole Paſſage in the firſt Scene of the *Two Brothers.* So again, *The young Lady in the Wood.*

——— *a thouſand Fantaſies*
Begin to throng into my Memory,
Of calling Shapes, and beck'ning Shadows dire,
And airy Tongues that ſyllable Mens Names
On Sands, and Shoars, and deſart Wilderneſſes.

And again, *Paradiſe Loſt,* Book 9. Line 639. in his noble Deſcription of the *Ignis fatuus.*

Hovering and dancing with deluſive Light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his Way,
Through Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from Succour far.

Elſe

Elſe why ſhould this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor ſmooth Humanity, whoſe Heats
Are rougher than himſelf, and more miſhapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a Pow'r
In that great Name of Virgin, that binds faſt
All rude uncivil Bloods, all Appetites
That break their confines: Then, ſtrong Chaſtity,
Be thou my ſtrongeſt Guard, for here I'll dwell
In oppoſition againſt Fate and Hell.

Enter an Old Shepherd, with four Couple of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy Feſtival
In Honour of our great God, and his Rites
Perform'd, prepare your ſelves for chaſte
And uncorrupted Fires: That as the Prieſt,
With pow'rful Hand ſhall ſprinkle on your Brows
His pure and holy Water, ye may be
From all hot flames of Luſt, and looſe Thoughts free.
Kneel Shepherds, kneel, here comes the Prieſt of *Pan*.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Shepherds, thus I purge away,
Whatſoever this great Day,
Or the paſt Hours gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden Blood:
From the high rebellious Heat
Of the Grape, and ſtrength of Meat;
From the wanton quick Deſires,
They do kindle by their Fires,
I do waſh you with this Water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter.
From your Livers and your Veins,
Thus I take away the ſtains.
All your Thoughts be ſmooth and fair,
Be ye freſh and free as Air.
Never more let luſtful Heat
Through your purged Conduits beat,
Or a plighted Troth be broken,
Or a wanton Verſe be ſpoken

In

In a Shepherdess's Ear;
Go your ways, ye all are clear.

[*They rise and sing in Praise of* Pan.

The SONG.

Sing his Praises that doth keep
Our Flocks from harm,
Pan *the Father of our Sheep,*
And Arm in Arm
Tread we softly in a Round,
While the hollow neighb'ring Ground
Fills the Musick with her Sound.

Pan, *O great God* Pan, *to thee*
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us Chaste and Free,
As the young Spring,
Ever be thy Honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.

[*Exeunt omnes but* Perigot *and* Amoret.

Peri. Stay, gentle *Amoret*, thou fair-brow'd Maid,
Thy Shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his Soul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, Shepherd, and thy Tongue be still
The same it ever was; as free from ill,
As he whose Conversation never knew
The Court or City: Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my Affection,
Or mingle my clean Thoughts with foul Desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my Flocks,
That being left alone without a Guard,
The Wolf, or Winter's Rage, Summer's great Heat,
And Want of Water, Rots, or what to us
Of Ill is yet unknown, (6) fall speedily,
And in their general Ruin let me go. *Amo.*

(6) ——— ——— full *speedily*,
And in their general Ruin let me feel.] That *full* was a Corruption from *fall*, was evident both to Mr. *Sympson* and myself, and it is

Amo. I pray thee, gentle Shepherd, wish not so,
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul. *Peri.* O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing Morn, or that fair Star,
That guides the wandring Seaman through the Deep,
Straighter than straightest Pine upon the steep
Head of an aged Mountain, and more white
Than the new Milk we strip before Day-light
From the full fraighted Bags of our fair Flocks:
Your Hair more beauteous than those hanging Locks
Of young *Apollo*.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
You're sail'd too far already from the Coast
Of our Discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I shou'd not love alone, I shou'd not lose
Those many Passions, Vows, and holy Oaths,
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your Hand,
Even that fair Hand in Hostage? Do not then
Give back again those Sweets to other Men,
You your self vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as Maidens Modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my Hand; be ever free
From that great Foe to Faith, foul Jealousie.

Peri. I take it as my best Good, and desire
For stronger Confirmation of our Love,
To meet this happy Night in that fair Grove,
Where all true Shepherds have rewarded been
For their long Service: Say sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear Friend, you must not blame me, if I make

is quoted by Mr. *Theobald* from the first old Quarto; but I wonder he did not correct from thence another Corruption, which had puzzled me a hundred times, and which had, I believe, remained incorrigible by Conjecture, as it wholly departs in all its Letters from the true Word. Instead of *go* which I have restored from the old Quarto, being both good Sense and Rhiming to the next Line, all the subsequent Editions read *feel*, which, if not absolute Nonsense, is Flatness itself.

A doubt of what the silent Night may do,
Coupled with this Day's Heat to move your Blood:
Maids must be fearful; sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a Stain
Stick in your Liver, go and purge again.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple Truth,
My self and my Affections are as pure
As those chaste Flames that burn before the Shrine
Of the great *Dian:* Only my Intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our Troths,
With enterchange of mutual chaste Imbraces,
And ceremonious tying of (7) our Souls:
For to that holy Wood is consecrate
A virtuous Well, about whose flowry Banks
The nimble-footed Fairies dance their Rounds,
By the pale Moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen Children, so to make them free
From dying Flesh, and dull Mortality;
By this fair Fount hath many a Shepherd sworn,
And giv'n away his Freedom, many a Troth
Been plight, which neither Envy, nor old Time
Cou'd ever break, with many a chaste Kiss giv'n,
In hope of coming Happiness;
By this fresh Fountain many a blushing Maid
Hath crown'd the Head of her long loved Shepherd
With gawdy Flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his Love, and dear Captivity;
There grow all Herbs fit to cool looser Flames
Our sensual Parts provoke, chiding our Bloods,
And quenching by their Pow'r those hidden Sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our Sense
To open Fires, so virtuous is that Place.
Then, gentle Shepherdess, believe and grant,
In Troth it fits not with that Face to scant
Your faithful Shepherd of those chaste Desires
He ever aim'd at, and——

(7) *our selves:*] Mr. *Theobald* had restor'd the true Word from the first old Quarto.

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd, farewel; this coming Night
Shall crown thy chaste Hopes with long wish'd Delight.

Peri. Our great God *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou'st given thy poor Shepherd: Fairest Bud
Of Maiden Virtues, when I leave to be
The true Admirer of thy Chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted Name
Of the wild Woodman, or affect some Dame.
Whose often Prostitution hath begot
More foul Diseases, than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thorough his Burnings, (9) while the Dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing Fog
And deadly Vapour from his angry Breath,
Filling the lower World with Plague and Death.

[*Exit* Amo.

Enter Amarillis.

Ama. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri.

(8) ——— *while the Dog*
Pursues the raging Lyon, &c.] The malignant Effects of the Dog-star is an imitation of a like Description of it in *Spenser. Shepherd*'s Calendar speaking of the Sun's Progress in *July*,

The rampant Lyon hunts he fast
With Dogs *of noisom Breath,*
Whose baleful Barking brings in haste,
Pine, Plagues, and drery Death.

The Lines are extremely poetical in *Spenser*, but are improved by *Fletcher* to such a Dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of the noblest Passages in all *Virgil*,

——— *aut Sirius Ardor,*
Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
Nascitur, & lævo contristat Lumine Cælum.

I shall not here quote the Description of the Dog-star in the beginning of the fifth Book of the *Iliad*, because tho' *Virgil* is said to have taken the Hint of his Simile from that Passage, yet *Homer* there dwells only upon its *Brightness*, and not its malevolent Influence upon Mankind: The addition of which by *Virgil* has been greatly admired by all Criticks, particularly Mr. *Pope*, as answering to *Æneas*'s Shield not only in its *Brightness* but in its Menaces of Ruin and Death to the Enemy. But I am surprised that Mr. *Pope*, and several other of the best Criticks, should so totally have mistaken the Simile of *Homer* which *Virgil* imitates; it is the Description of the *Dog-star* in the beginning of the twenty-second Book of the *Iliad*, compared to the

Peri. Fair Maid, you may.
Ama. Then ſoftly thus, I love thee, *Perigot*,
And wou'd be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold Earth is in his frozen Arms
To clip the wanton Spring: Nay do not ſtart,
Nor wonder that I woo thee! Thou that art
The prime of our young Grooms, even the top
Of all our luſty Shepherds; what dull Eye,
That never was acquainted with deſire,
Hath ſeen thee Wraſtle, Run, or caſt the Stone,
With nimble Strength and fair Delivery,
And hath not ſparkled Fire, and ſpeedily
Sent ſecret heat to all the neighbouring Veins?
Who ever heard thee ſing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy Voice?
Then do not blame me, Shepherd, if I be
One to be numbred in this Company,
Since none that ever ſaw thee yet were free.
Peri. Fair Shepherdeſs, much Pity I can lend
To your Complaints; but ſure I ſhall not love.
All that is mine, my ſelf and my beſt Hopes,
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again: On other Men
Beſtow thoſe Heats more free, that may return
You Fire for Fire, [9] and in one Flame burn.
Ama. Shall I rewarded be ſo ſlenderly
For my Affection, moſt unkind of Men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art
To give another Nature to my Cheeks,

Appearance of *Achilles*'s Armour to *Priam*, which *Virgil* imitates and almoſt literally tranſlates,

Λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅγ' ἐστὶ, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,
Καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.

Which is thus finely tranſlated by Mr. *Pope*,

Terrific Glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.

9 —*and in one Flame* equal *burn.*] I have ventured to ſtrike out the Word *equal* as weakning the Senſe, and extending the Verſe into an *Alexandrine* without the leaſt Reaſon. I therefore believe it ſpurious.

Or

(10) Or were I common Mistress to the Love
Of every Swain, or cou'd I with such ease
Call back my Love, as many a Wanton doth,
Thou might'st refuse me, Shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fixt and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
The Love of silly Maid.

Peri. Fair Soul, ye use
These words to little end: For know, I may
Better call back that time was Yesterday,
Or stay the coming Night, than bring my Love
Home to my self again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present Night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste Fair that enjoys my Soul,
In yonder Grove, there to make up our Loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again,
The neighbouring Plains have many a comely Swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was,
Bestow that Love on them, and let me pass.
Farewel, be happy in a better Choice. [*Exit.*

Ama. Cruel, thou'st struck me deader with thy Voice,
Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick Flames
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no, I must enjoy thee, Boy,
Though the great Dangers 'twixt my Hopes and that
Be infinite: There is a Shepherd dwells
Down by the Moor, whose Life hath ever shown
More sullen Discontent than *Saturn*'s Brow,
When he sits frowning on the Births of Men:
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,

(10) *Or were I common Mistress*——] *Fletcher* had probably in his Eye what *Cassius* says to *Brutus* in the beginning of *Julius Cæsar*.

> *Were I a common* Laugher, *or did use*
> *To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love*
> *To every new Protester.*

Thus most of the Editions read this Passage, but the old Folio reads *Laughter*, which I think a stronger Word to express a low Buffoon than the former.

And never joys, unleſs it be in breaking
The holy plighted Troths of mutual Souls:
One that luſts after every ſev'ral Beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the Face fairer or more full of Truth,
Than *Phœbe* in her Fulneſs, or the Youth
Of ſmooth *Lyæus*; whoſe nigh ſtarved Flocks
Are always ſcabby, and infect all Sheep
They feed withal; whoſe Lambs are ever laſt,
And die before their (11) weaning, and whoſe Dog
Looks like his Maſter, lean, and full of Scurf,
Not caring for the Pipe or Whiſtle: This Man may,
If he be well wrought, do a Deed of Wonder,
Forcing me Paſſage to my long Deſires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpoſe
As my quick Thoughts cou'd wiſh for.

Enter Shepherd.

Shep. Freſh Beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be Partner of your Loneneſs: 'Twas
My Love, that ever-working Paſſion drew
Me to this Place, to ſeek ſome Remedy
For my ſick Soul: Be not unkind (12) and fair,
For ſuch the mighty *Cupid* in his Doom
Hath ſworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my conſuming Fires, that ſo I may
Enjoy my long Deſires, and ſo allay
Thoſe Flames, that elſe would burn my Life away.

Ama. Shepherd, were I but ſure thy Heart were ſound
As thy Words ſeem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long Pains: For to me
That heavy youth-conſuming Miſery
The love-ſick Soul endures, never was pleaſing;
I could be well content with the quick eaſing
Of thee and thy hot Fires, might it procure
Thy Faith and farther Service to be ſure.

(11) ——*waining*,——] Corrected from the firſt old Quarto by Mr. *Theobald.*

(12) ——— *and fair.*] My *Sympſon* would read, *as fair*; but I ſee not ſufficient reaſon for the Change.

Shep.

Shep. Name but that great Work, Danger, or what can
Be compaſt by the (13) Wit or Art of Man,
And, if I fail in my Performance, may
I never more kneel to the riſing Day.

Ama. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd; this ſame Night,
That now comes ſtealing on, a gentle Pair
Have promis'd equal Love, and do appoint
To make yon Wood the place where Hands and Hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever: Break their meeting
And their ſtrong Faith, and I am ever thine.

Shep. Tell me their Names, and if I do not move,
By my great Pow'r, the center of their Love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warm me by thoſe fair Eyes I thus adore.

Ama. Come, as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy Work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the Times, or Men, that thus,
After this holy Feaſt, I paſs unknown
And unſaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger Company
Of jolly Shepherds: 'Twas not then held good,
For luſty Grooms to mix their quicker Blood
With that dull humour, moſt unfit to be
The friend of Man, cold and dull Chaſtity,
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or elſe not free enough, or from my Fold
Drive not a Flock ſufficient great to gain
The greedy Eyes of Wealth-alluring Swain:
Yet if I may believe what others ſay,
(14) My Face has Foil enough, nor can they lay
Juſtly

(13) ——*Wit or Art*——] This ſeems to me a diſtinction without much difference, and I could have wiſh'd the Poet had wrote, *Wit or Strength*; but our Province is not to correct any Miſtakes but thoſe of the Preſs. Indeed *Heart*, which ſignifies Courage, might perhaps have been the true Word.

(14) *My Face has* Soil *enough*,——] Thus all the late Editions; the Expreſſion can, I believe, convey no other Senſe, but that ſhe had *Fleſh* enough on her Face, and even this by a very coarſe Metaphor.

Juſtly too ſtrict a Coyneſs to my charge;
My Flocks are many, and the Downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their Coldneſs, not my Virgin Modeſty
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever Man but I
Thus truly taken with Uncertainty?
Where ſhall that Man be found that loves a Mind
Made up in Conſtancy, and dares not find
His Love rewarded? Here, let all Men know,
A Wretch that lives to love his Miſtreſs ſo.

phor. The firſt old Quarto reads *Foile*, which had occurred both to Mr. *Sympſon* and myſelf before we ſaw it there, but we ſtill totally differ in explaining it; he would have *Foile* to ſignify *Beauty*, and gave me ſome Quotations to prove it, as in *Thierry* and *Theodoret*, Act II.

Load him with piles of Honours, ſet him off
With all the cunning foils *that may deceive us:*

But I believe, the Reader will agree with me, that the common acceptation of the Word *Foile*, as ſomething ugly to *ſet off* Beauty, and not *Beauty* itſelf, will perfectly agree with the Intention of this laſt Paſſage. I think therefore we ought not to give arbitrary and new Meanings to any Word merely to ſerve a preſent Turn. The Senſe I affix is, I confeſs, not very clearly expreſs'd, but it is all, I believe, that the Words can bear, *viz.* That the Faces of other Women are but *Foiles* to the Beauty of mine. Perhaps *foiles enow* would give this Senſe more fully. In this Soliloquy, relating to her Wealth and Beauty, our Poet imitates both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; but I cannot ſay, that he does it with his uſual Spirit. Tho' there are ſome additional Beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γὰρ θὴν οὐδ' εἶδος ἔχω κακὸν, ὥς με λέγοντι.
Ἡ γὰρ πρὰν ἐς πόντον ἐσέβλεπον (ἦς δὲ γαλανα)
Καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δ' ἐμίν ἁ μία κώρα,
(Ὡς πὰρ ἐμὶν κέκριται) καλεφαινετο. τῶν δὲ τ' ὀδόντων
Λευκοτέραν αὐγὰν Παρίας ὑπέφαινε λίθοιο.

Θεοκ. Ειδ. ϛ. 34.

——— *nec qui ſim quæris, Alexi:*
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans;
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ.
Nec ſum adeo informis: nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret Mare.———

Virg. Ecl. 2. 19.

See alſo a like Paſſage in the 19th Idyllium of *Theocritus*.

Cloe,

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee ſtay; where haſt thou been,
Or whither go'ſt thou? (15) Here be Woods as green
As any, Air likewiſe as freſh and ſweet,
As where ſmooth *Zephirus* plays on the fleet
Face of the curled Streams, with Flow'rs as many
As the young Spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new Delights, cool Streams and Wells,
Arbours o'er-grown with Woodbinds; Caves, and Dells;
Chuſe where thou wilt, whilſt I ſit by and ſing,
Or gather Ruſhes, to make many a Ring
For thy long Fingers; tell thee Tales of Love,
How the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a Grove,
Firſt ſaw the Boy *Endimion*, from whoſe Eyes
She took eternal Fire that never dies;
How ſhe convey'd him ſoftly in a Sleep,
His Temples bound with Poppy, to the ſteep
Head of old *Latmus*, where ſhe ſtoops each Night,
Gilding the Mountain with her Brother's Light,
To kiſs her ſweeteſt. *The.* Far from me are theſe
Hot flaſhes, bred from wanton Heat and Eaſe;
I have forgot what Love and loving meant:
Rhimes, Songs, and merry Rounds, that oft are ſent

(15) ——————*Here be Woods as green*
As any, &c.] This whole Speech breathes the true Spirit of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*. In the latter part he has greatly improv'd a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former relating to *Endimion*; and the beginning is a direct Imitation of the two following Paſſages.

——————— πῆλω δεύες, ὦδε κύπειρος,
Ὧδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι πολὶ σμάνεσι μέλισσαι.
Ἐνθ' ὕδατι ψυχρῷ κεχάνασι δύο. ἰαὶ δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ
Ὀρνίχες λαλαγεῦντι. καὶ ἁ σκιὰ ἐδὲν ὁμοία
Τᾷ παρὰ τὶν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἁ πίτυς ὑψόθε κώνως.
Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ἑ, 45.

Fletcher has not here equal'd the Variety and Beauty of theſe Images, the *humming* of the *Bees*, the *chirping* of the *Birds*, and the *Apples* dropping from the *Pine*, (whoſe Seed in the hot Countries far excels our fineſt Nuts) are all omitted by *Fletcher*, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful Deſcription of a Bank by *Perigot* about the middle of the third Act, and even here he has at leaſt equal'd *Virgil*, whom he has more exactly copy'd.

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Eclog. IX. 40.

To the soft Ear of Maids, are strange to me:
Only I live t' admire a Chastity,
That neither pleasing Age, smooth Tongue, or Gold,
(16) Cou'd ever break upon, so sure the Mould
Is that her Mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my Form I stir
By, breath and move, 'tis she and only she
Can make me Happy, or give Misery.

Cloe. Good Shepherd, may a Stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her Virtue learn to square
And level out your Life; for to be Fair
And nothing virtuous, only fits the Eye
Of gaudy Youth, and swelling Vanity.
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since bury'd her chast Love,
And now lives by his Grave, for whose dear Soul
She hath vow'd her self into the holy Roll
Of strict Virginity; 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser Blood or new Desire.

Cloe. Farewel poor Swain, thou art not for my bend,
I must have quicker Souls, whose words may tend
To some free Action: Give me him dare love
At first Encounter, and as soon dare prove.

The SONG.

Come Shepherds, come,
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green Woods are dumb,

(16) *Cou'd ever break upon,*—] My *Sympson* not thinking this Sense, has two Conjectures, *work upon* and *break open*; the first is too low an Expression, and the second, as he allows, quite spoils the Measure. I believe the Text is right, and explain it the same with *break in upon*, thus Act II. Scene I.

Or the crafty thievish Fox
Break upon *your simple Flocks.*

i. e. break into the Fold upon your Sheep.

And

And will never tell to any,
Thoſe dear Kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet Embraces that are giv'n,
Dainty Pleaſures, that wou'd ev'n
Raiſe in coldeſt Age a fire,
And give Virgin Blood Deſire.
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: Better be my ſpeed,
Thou God of Blood. But certain, if I read
Not falſe, this is that modeſt Shepherd, he
That only dare ſalute, but ne'er cou'd be
Brought to kiſs any, hold Diſcourſe, or Sing,
Whiſper, or boldly ask that wiſhed thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving Faces,
And cou'd be well content to covet Graces,
Were they not got by Boldneſs; in this thing
My Hopes are frozen; and but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I wou'd ſooner chuſe
A Man made out of Snow, and freer uſe
An Eunuch to my Ends: But ſince he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of Men moſt dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy ſake
Hath been content to live: Here boldly take
My Hand in Pledge, this Hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any: And but ſit
Down on this ruſhy Bank, whilſt I go pull
Freſh Bloſſoms from the Boughs, or quickly cull
The choiceſt Delicates from yonder Mead,
To make thee Chains or Chaplets, or to ſpread
Under our fainting Bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our Senſes. How the ſight
Of thoſe ſmooth riſing Cheeks renew the Story

Of

(17) Of young *Adonis*, when in Pride and Glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating Arms
Of willing *Venus:* Methinks ſtronger Charms
Dwell in thoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and on that Brow
More ſweetneſs than the Painters can allow
To their beſt Pieces: Not *Narciſſus*, he
That wept himſelf away, in memory
Of his own Beauty, nor *Silvanus* Boy,
Nor the twice raviſh'd Maid, for whom old *Troy*
Fell by the Hand of *Pyrrhus*, may to thee
Be otherwiſe compar'd, than ſome dead Tree
To a young fruitful Olive. *Daph.* I can love,
But I am loth to ſay ſo, leſt I prove
Too ſoon unhappy.
Cloe. Happy thou wou'dſt ſay.
My deareſt *Daphnis*, bluſh not, if the Day
To thee and thy ſoft Heats be Enemy,
Then take the coming Night; fair Youth, 'tis free
To all the World, Shepherd I'll meet thee then
When darkneſs hath ſhut up the Eyes of Men,
In yonder Grove: Speak, ſhall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too baſhful, be more bold,
And tell me Ay. *Daph.* I am content to ſay ſo,
And wou'd be glad to meet, might I but pray ſo
Much from your fairneſs, that you wou'd be true.
Cloe. Shepherd, thou haſt thy wiſh.
Daph. Freſh Maid, adieu:
Yet one word more, ſince you have drawn me on
To come this Night, fear not to meet alone
That Man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright ſelf would ask it, for his fill
(18) Of this World's goodneſs: Do not fear him then,
But keep your pointed time; let other Men

Set

(17) *Of young* Adonis,—] In this Speech which is ſimilar to that made before to *Thenot*, the Poet continues his Imitation of the third Idyllium of *Theocritus*.

(18) *Of this World's goodneſs*:—] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *goodes*, the old way of ſpelling *goods*, making it two Syllables, which is common in all the old Poets. Thus in this Play, Act I. Scene I.

——— *when the cool wind*
Plays on the Leaves: *all be far away.*

If

Set up their Bloods to ſale, mine ſhall be ever
Fair as the Soul it carries, unchaſte never [*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not ſtrange, among ſo many a ſcore
Of luſty Bloods, I ſhould pick out theſe things
Whoſe Veins like a dull River far from Springs,
Is ſtill the ſame, ſlow, heavy, and unfit
For Stream or Motion, though the ſtrong Winds hit
With their continual Pow'r upon his Sides?
O happy be your Names that have been Brides,
And taſted thoſe rare ſweets for which I pine:
And far more heavy be thy (19) Grief and Tine,
Thou lazy Swain, that may'ſt relieve my Needs,
Than his, upon whoſe Liver always feeds
A hungry Vulture.

Enter Alexis.

Alex. Can ſuch Beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the Eye
Of him that paſſeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous deſire, whilſt in a maze
The better Part contemplates, giving Rein
And wiſhed Freedom to the labouring Vein?
Faireſt and whiteſt, may I crave to know
The cauſe of your Retirement, why ye go
Thus all alone? Methinks the Downs are ſweeter,
And the young company of Swains far meeter,

If *Leaves* be not read as two Syllables, there will be no Verſe. So Act III. Scene II.

Hecate *with* Shapes *three.*

Shapes has two Syllables. But I have not changed the Text, becauſe *Goodneſs* will, I think, ſignify the good Things of this World as well and perhaps more poetically than *Goodes.* Thus Act II. Scene II.

Whoſe Goodneſs is Abuſe.

Goodneſs ſtands here as Virtue often does for *Power* or *Efficacy*, and it may as properly ſtand for Wealth, Food, *&c.* Even in common Converſation we ſay of Meat when over-roſted, that all its *Goodneſs* is roſted out of it. So that the Word is by no means confined to the moral Virtue.

(19) — *Grief and Time,*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I found our Conjecture here quoted by Mr. *Theobald*, from the firſt Quarto.

Than

Than these forsaken and untroden places.
Give not your self to loneness, and those Graces
(20) Hide from the Eyes of Men, that were intended
To live amongst us Swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd, in all my Life I have not seen
A Man in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thy self art: I cou'd tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefac'd Morning, when from *Tithon*'s Bed
Thou risest ever Maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these Flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. O guide her Tongue,
My better Angel; force my Name among
Her modest Thoughts, that the first word may be—
Cloe. Alexis, when the Sun shall kiss the Sea,
Taking his Rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy Wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,
An everlasting Dulness, and the Wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the Stream
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, while the Sun's hot Beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than Ice: Oh how I burn
And rise in Youth and Fire! I dare not stay.
Clo. My Name shall be your Word.
Alex. Fly, fly, thou Day. [*Exit.*
Cloe. My Grief is great if both these Boys shou'd fail:
He that will use all Winds must shift his Sail. [*Exit.*

(20) *Hid from* --] The Construction evidently requires the Imperative Mood, which Mr. *Theobald* restored from the old Quarto, and Mr. *Symson* by Conjecture.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter an old Shepherd with a Bell ringing; and the Prieſt of Pan *following.*

Prieſt. SHepherds all, and Maidens fair,
Fold your Flocks up, for the Air
'Gins to thicken, and the Sun
Already his great courſe hath run.
See the Dew-drops how they kiſs
Ev'ry little Flower that is:
Hanging on their Velvet Heads,
Like a Rope of Chriſtal Beads.
See the heavy Clouds low falling,
(21) And bright *Heſperus* down calling
The dead Night from under Ground,
At whoſe riſing Miſts unſound,
Damps and Vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton Face
Of theſe Paſtures, where they come,
Striking dead both Bud and Bloom;

(21) *And bright* Heſperus *down calling*
The dead Night from under Ground,] Mr. *Sympſon* objects to both theſe Lines: How, ſays he, could *Heſperus* call Night down *from* under Ground? And if ſhe was *dead*, how could ſhe hear him? He would therefore ſtrike off the *d* in *down*, and the remaining Letters tranſpoſed will make *now*. And for *dead* he would read *dread*, which, he ſays, is the common Epithet to *Night* in *Spenſer*. But I cannot admit either of the Changes; for *down calling* will, I think, ſignify *calling down to Night to ariſe from under Ground*; and in this Senſe it is more Pictureſque and a much nobler Idea than the expletive *now* can give. In the ſecond Line no one need be told in how many things *Night* reſembles *Death*, and ſurely *Night*, tho' partaking many Properties of *Death*, may be allowed in Poetry both to *hear* and *ſpeak*. When *Spenſer*, *Milton*, and other Poets have perſonated and animated even *Death* itſelf. Nor can *Fletcher* be denied any poetick Licence in a Paſſage of ſuch exquiſite poetick Beauty.

Therefore,

Therefore, from ſuch Danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved Flock,
And let your Dogs lye looſe without,
Leſt the Wolf come as a ſcout
From the Mountain, and, e'er day,
Bear a Lamb or Kid away;
Or the crafty thieviſh Fox
Break upon your ſimple Flocks:
To ſecure your ſelves from theſe,
Be not too ſecure in eaſe;
Let one Eye his watches keep,
While the t'other Eye doth ſleep;
So you ſhall good Shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. (22) Sweeteſt Slumbers
In ſoft Silence fall, and numbers
On your Eye-lids: So farewel;
Thus I end my Ev'ning's knell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin, *the Shepherdeſs.*

Clo. Now let me know what my beſt Art hath done,
Helpt by the great Pow'r of the virtuous Moon
In her full Light; O you beſt Sons of Earth,
You only Brood, unto whoſe happy Birth
Virtue was given; holding more of Nature,
Than Man her firſt-born and moſt perfect Creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill Nature, drawing out that ſpan
Of Life and Breath ev'n to the end of time;
(23) You, that theſe Hands did crop long before prime;

(22) —————— *Sweeteſt Slumbers*
And ſoft Silence fall in numbers] Silence falling in numbers is very dark, as Mr. *Sympſon* obſerved to me; I therefore ſuſpect the Particles *in* and *and* to have changed Places, and have replaced them.

(23) *You that theſe Hands did crop, long before prime*
Of Day; *give me your Names, and next your hidden Pow'r.*] Mr. *Theobald* has ſcratch'd out two Monoſyllables as hurtful to the Meaſure and unneceſſary to the Senſe, and he imagines it to have been a marginal Comment to explain what *prime* ſignified.

Give

Give me your Names, and, next, your hidden Pow'r.
This is the *Clote*, bearing a yellow Flow'r;
And this, black Horehound; both are very good
For Sheep or Shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd Tooth; these (24) *Ramson*'s Branches are,
Which, stuck in Entries, or about the Bar
That holds the Door fast, (25) kill all Inchantments, Charms,
(Were they *Medea*'s Verses, that do harms
To Men or Cattle;) these for Frenzy be
A speedy and a sov'reign Remedy,
The bitter Wormwood, Sage, and Marigold,

(24) —*Ramun's Branches*—] Mr. *Theobald* would read *Raymund's*, and has left us a long Note relating to the History of *Raymund Lilly*, the great Philosopher and Chymist, from whom he supposes some Alexipharmick to have taken its Name. But he was certainly in a wrong Track. The true Word, as Mr. *Sympson* discovered, is *Ramson's*, the *Allium Silvestre* or *Wild Garlick*, which is helpful, says the *London* Dispensatory, in the Jaundice and Palsies. But our Author chose its superstitious Virtues as more proper for Poetry. Mr. *Theobald*, in his Margin, has left a very accurate Description of the following Herbs from *Salmon*'s *Botanologia*, and shew'd that our Author's Account of them was perfectly just: But I chuse rather to refer to the Book itself than to crowd the Notes with such large Extracts.

(25) —— *kill all Inchantments*,—] The medicinal as well as superstitious Virtues ascribed by *Chlorin* to her various Herbs are imitated by *Milton* in his Description of the *Hæmony* in the first Scene of the *Two Brothers*, and the *Attendant Spirit* in *Comus*. The whole is too long to transcribe, I shall therefore only quote a Part, which has, I think, two very gross Mistakes in the only Edition I have by me, *viz.* that published under the Inspection of the ingenious Mr. *Fenton*.

The Leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden Flower, but not *in this Soil*;
Unknown and like *esteem'd.*

I have often observed that where the Sense is injured, the Metre frequently shares its fate, as it has done in the third of these Lines. I read the whole thus,

The Leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden Flow'r, but *in this Soil*
Unknown and light *esteem'd.*

To avoid the repetition of the Particle *but*, *tho'* might perhaps have stood in the Original; but I make no doubt of the *not* and *like* being Corruptions.

Such

Such Sympathy (26) with Man's Good they do hold;
This Tormentil, whose Virtue is to part
All deadly killing Poyson from the Heart;
And, here, *Narcissus'* Root, for Swellings best:
Yellow *Lysimacha*, to give sweet Rest
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,
All busie Gnats, and every Fly that hums:
For Leprosie, Darnell, and Celandine,
With Calamint, whose Virtues do refine
The Blood of Man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best Air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose Goodness is Abuse;
Therefore, foul Standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful Turpentine;
You that intice the Veins and stir the heat
To civil Mutiny, (27) scaling the seat
Our Reason moves in, and deluding it
With Dreams and wanton Fancies, till the fit
Of burning Lust be quencht; by Appetite,
Robbing the Soul of Blessedness and Light.
And thou light *Vervain* too, thou must go after,
Provoking easie Souls to Mirth and Laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in Water now,
And sprinkle every Post, and every Bough,
With thy well-pleasing Juice; to make the Grooms
Swell with high Mirth, as with Joy all the Rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
Her Sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall

(26) —— *with Man's Good* —] Mr. *Sympson* would chuse to read *Man's Blood*. Thus in *Hamlet*, the Ghost speaking of the Juice of *Hebenon*,

—— —— —— *whose Effect*
Holds such an enmity with Blood *of Man.*

I allow therefore the Propriety of Mr. *Sympson*'s reading, but as the old one is good Sense, I don't see sufficient reason for a change.

(27) —— scalding *the seat*] Mr. *Theobald* has restored *scaling*, which is the Reading of all the old Quartos, and as it is good Sense was undoubtedly the Original, tho' perhaps the late Reading might contend with it in Beauty.

Give

Give Heat or Happineſs to the Sheph'rd's ſide,
Doth only to her worthy ſelf abide.
Thou bleſſed Star, I thank thee for thy Light,
Thou by whoſe Pow'r the darkneſs of ſad Night
Is baniſh'd from the Earth, in whoſe dull place
Thy chaſter Beams play on the heavy Face
Of all the World, making the blue Sea ſmile,
To ſee how cunningly thou doſt beguile
Thy Brother of his brightneſs, giving Day
Again from *Chaos*; whiter than that way
That leads to *Jove*'s high Court, and chaſter far
(28) Than Chaſtity it ſelf: Thou bleſſed Star
That nightly ſhin'ſt; Thou, all the Conſtancy
That in all Women was, or e'er ſhall be,
From whoſe fair Eye-balls flies that holy Fire,
That Poets ſtile the Mother of deſire,
Infuſing into every gentle Breaſt
A Soul of greater Price, and far more bleſt
Than that quick Pow'r, which gives a difference,
'Twixt Man and Creatures of a lower Senſe.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'ſt thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden, all the verdant Graſs
The Spring ſhot up, ſtands yet unbruiſed here
Of any Foot, only the dapled Deer
Far from the feared ſound of crooked Horn
Dwells in this Faſtneſs. *The.* Chaſter than the Morn,
I have not wandred, or by ſtrong Illuſion
Into this virtuous Place have made intruſion:
But hither am I come, believe me fair,
To ſeek you out, of whoſe great good the Air

(28) *Than Chaſtity itſelf, yon bleſſed Star*
That nightly ſhines:] The Polar Star, from its permanency and coldneſs, may be called the Emblem of Chaſtity, but not *Chaſtity* itſelf, as this Reading implies. It might perhaps have been, *or yon bleſs'd Star*; but it is a ſort of Anticlimax, to mention the Emblem of Chaſtity after Chaſtity itſelf. I have therefore inſerted my firſt Conjecture in the Text, making him repeat the Name he had before call'd her by, with the Addition only of her ſhining every Night, the Property of the Polar Star. This I am confirm'd in by the two oldeſt Quartos; the firſt of which ſtops as I do, and the ſecond has a Semicolon after *itſelf*, and reads *you* for *yon*; though it makes a falſe Concord by reading *ſhines*, inſtead of *ſhine* or *ſhin'ſt*.

Is full, and ſtrongly labours, while the ſound
Breaks againſt Heav'n, and drives into a ſtound
Th' amazed Shepherd, that ſuch Virtue can
Be reſident in leſſer than a Man.

Clo. If any Art I have, or hidden Skill
May cure thee of Diſeaſe or feſtred Ill,
Whoſe grief or greenneſs to another's eye
May ſeem unpoſſible of Remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *The.* 'Tis no pain
I ſuffer through Diſeaſe, no beating Vein
Conveys Infection dangerous to the Heart,
No Part impoſthum'd, to be cur'd by Art,
This Body holds; and yet a feller Grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,
Dwells on my Soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous Virgin.

Clo. Then Shepherd, let me ſue
To know thy Grief; that Man yet never knew
The way to Health, that durſt not ſhew his Sore.

The. Then faireſt, know, I love you.

Clo. Swain, no more,
Thou haſt abus'd the ſtrictneſs of this place,
And offer'd ſacrilegious foul Diſgrace
To the ſweet reſt of theſe interred Bones;
For fear of whoſe aſcending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle Paſſions, that the ſight
Of Death and ſpeedy Vengeance may not fright
Thy very Soul with horror. *The.* Let me not
(Thou all Perfection) merit ſuch a blot
For my true zealous Faith. *Clo.* Dar'ſt thou abide
To ſee this holy Earth at once divide
And give her Body up? For ſure it will,
If thou purſu'ſt with wanton Flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
(29) Whilſt I with Pray'rs appeaſe his Ghoſt below,

(29) *Whilſt I with Praiſe*—] Both Mr. *Theobald*, and Mr. *Sympſon* make a Query whether the true Word be not *Pray'rs*. It appear'd to me a better Word, but as the other is ſenſe, I did not think to have changed it, till I conſulted the firſt old Quarto, which reads *Praies*, and in all other Places *Praiers*, and not *Prayers*; from whence I doubt not but their Conjecture is true.

That

That elſe would tell thee what it were to be
A Rival in that virtuous Love that he
Embraces yet. *The.* 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your Cheek that thus can wed
My Mind to Adoration; nor your Eye,
Though it be full and fair, your Forehead high,
And ſmooth as *Pelops'* Shoulder; not the Smile
Lies watching in thoſe dimples to beguile
The eaſie Soul, your Hands and Fingers long
With Veins inamel'd richly, nor your Tongue,
Though it ſpoke ſweeter than *Arion*'s Harp,
Your Hair wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endleſs error to infold
The wandring Soul, nor the true perfect Mould
Of all your Body, which as pure doth ſhow
In Maiden whiteneſs as the (30) *Alpſien* Snow.
All theſe, were but your Conſtancy away,
Wou'd pleaſe me leſs, than a black ſtormy day
The wretched Seaman toiling through the Deep.
But while this honour'd ſtrictneſs you dare keep,
Though all the Plagues (31) that e'er begotten were
In the great Womb of Air, were ſettled here,
In oppoſition, I wou'd, like the Tree,
Shake off thoſe drops of weakneſs, and be free
Ev'n in the Arm of Danger. *Clo.* Wouldſt thou have
Me raiſe again, fond Man, from ſilent Grave,
Thoſe ſparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead Friend's cold Aſhes? *The.* Deareſt dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you muſt not grant;
Stand ſtrongly to your Vow, and do not faint:

(30) *Alpſien*] The ſame we now call *Alpine.*

(31) —— *that are begotten were*] This odd confuſion of Verbs has run through all the late Editions, even as high as the ſecond old Quarto: Had it even poſſeſſed the firſt, I ſhould have diſcarded it, but that luckily confirms my Conjecture. I could have wiſhed to have chang'd the next Line, and to have read, ——*ſhould ſettle here*, inſtead of —*were ſettled here*, to avoid the Harſhneſs of ſo many *re's* in ſo ſhort a Compaſs. But we muſt always remember, that our Province is not to correct, but only to reſtore the Authors. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in this Emendation.

Remember how he lov'd ye, and be ſtill
The ſame Opinion ſpeaks ye; let not Will,
And that great God of Women, Appetite,
Set up your Blood again; do not invite
Deſire and Fancy from their long Exile,
(32) To ſeat them once more in a pleaſing Smile:
Be like a Rock made firmly up 'gainſt all
The Pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the ſtrong fall
Of *Neptune*'s Battery; if ye yield, I die
To all Affection; 'tis that Loyalty
Ye tie unto this Grave I ſo admire;
And yet there's ſomething elſe I wou'd deſire,
If you wou'd hear me, but withal deny.
O *Pan*, what an uncertain Deſtiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer ſtay, this double fire
Will lick my Life up. *Clo.* Do, let time wear out
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewel thou Soul of Virtue, and be bleſt
For ever, while that here I wretched reſt
Thus to my ſelf; yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this Arbour; yon ſame Dell
O'ertopt with mourning Cypreſs and ſad Ewe
Shall be my Cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the Sun hath kiſs'd this Dew away,
The hard uncertain Chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this Head. *Clo.* The Gods give quick releaſe
And happy cure unto thy hard Diſeaſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ſullen Shepherd.

Sull. I do not love this Wench that I ſhou'd meet,
For ne'er did my unconſtant Eye yet greet
That Beauty, were it ſweeter or more fair,
Than the new Bloſſoms, when the Morning Air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking Light,
When many Maiden Bluſhes to our ſight
Shoot from its early Face: Were all theſe ſet
In ſome neat Form before me, 'twould not get

(32) *To ſet them*——] Mr. *Theobald* had reſtored the true Word from the old Quarto.

The

The leaſt Love from me ; ſome deſire it might,
Or preſent burning : All to me in ſight
Are equal, be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careleſs Wanton, I can crown
My Appetite with any ; ſwear as oft,
And weep, as any ; melt my words as ſoft
Into a Maiden's Ears, and tell how long
My Heart has been her Servant, and how ſtrong
My Paſſions are : Call her unkind and cruel,
Offer her all I have to gain the Jewel
Maidens ſo highly prize : Then loath, and fly :
This do I hold a bleſſed Deſtiny.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail Shepherd, *Pan* bleſs both thy Flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sull. Welcome, fair Shepherdeſs, thy loving Swain
Gives thee the ſelf-ſame wiſhes back again,
Who till this preſent hour ne'er knew that Eye,
Cou'd make me croſs mine Arms, or daily dye,
With freſh conſumings : Boldly tell me then,
How ſhall we part their faithful Loves, and when ?
Shall I bely him to her, ſhall I ſwear
His Faith is falſe, and he loves ev'ry where ?
I'll ſay he mock'd her th' other Day to you,
Which will by your confirming ſhew as true,
(33) For ſhe is of ſo pure an honeſty,
To think, becauſe ſhe will not, none will lye :
Or elſe to him I'll ſlander *Amoret*,
And ſay, ſhe but ſeems Chaſte ; I'll ſwear ſhe met
Me 'mongſt the ſhady Sycamores laſt Night,
And looſely offer'd up her flame and ſpright
Into my Boſom, made a wanton Bed
Of Leaves and many Flowers, where ſhe ſpread

(33) *For* he *is off*——] That *Amoret*'s and not *Perigot*'s Purity of Intention and Simplicity of Heart is here ſpoke of, is clear as the Light ; and yet this groſs Miſtake, in this and the following Line, has run through all the Editions, not excepting the Quartos publiſh'd in our Author's Life-time. *Off*, for *of*, is only an Error of the Preſs in the very late Editions.

Her willing Body to be preſs'd by me;
There have I carv'd her Name on many a Tree,
Together with mine own; to make this ſhow
More full of ſeeming, *Hobinell* you know,
Son to the aged Shepherd of the Glen,
Him I have ſorted out of many Men,
To ſay he found us at our private ſport,
And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his reſort:
This to confirm, I've promis'd to the Boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a Toy,
As Ginns to catch him Birds, with Bow and Bolt,
To ſhoot at nimble Squirrels in the Holt;
A pair of painted Buskins, and a Lamb,
Soft as his own Locks, or the Down of Swan;
This I have done to win ye, which doth give
Me double Pleaſure. Diſcord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd Swain, I thank ye, theſe Tricks might prevail
With other ruſtick Shepherds, but will fail
Ev'n once to ſtir, much more to overthrow
His fixed Love from Judgment, who doth know
Your Nature, my End, and his Choſen's Merit;
Therefore ſome ſtronger way muſt force his Spirit,
Which I have found: Give ſecond, and my Love
Is everlaſting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

Amar. Theſe happy pair of Lovers meet ſtraightway,
Soon as they fold their Flocks up with the Day,
In the thick Grove bordering upon yon Hill,
In whoſe hard ſide Nature hath carv'd a Well,
And, but that matchleſs Spring which Poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow
About the ſides, all Herbs which Witches uſe,
All Simples good for Medicines or Abuſe,
All ſweets that crown the happy Nuptial Day,
With all their Colours, there the Month of *May*
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green,
There's not a Graſs on which was ever ſeen
The falling Autumn, or cold Winter's Hand;
So full of Heat and Virtue is the Land

About

About this Fountain, which doth ſlowly break
Below yon Mountain's foot, into a Creek
That waters all the Valley, giving Fiſh
Of many ſorts, to fill the Shepherd's Diſh.
This holy Well, my Grandame that is dead,
Right wiſe in Charms, hath often to me ſaid,
Hath pow'r to change the Form of any Creature,
Being thrice dipt o'er the Head, into what Feature,
Or Shape 'twou'd pleaſe the Letter down to crave,
Who muſt pronounce this Charm too, which ſhe gave
Me on her Death-bed; told me what, and how,
I ſhou'd apply unto the Patient's Brow,
That wou'd be chang'd, caſting them thrice aſleep,
Before I truſted them into this deep.
All this ſhe ſhew'd me, and did charge me prove
This ſecret of her Art, if croſt in Love.
I'll this attempt; now Shepherd, I have here
All her Preſcriptions, and I will not fear
To be my ſelf dipt: Come, my Temples bind
With theſe ſad Herbs, and when I ſleep you find,
As you do ſpeak your Charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the Water raiſe me *Amoret*;
Which being done, leave me to my affair
And e'er the Day ſhall quite itſelf outwear,
I will return unto my Shepherd's Arm,
Dip me again, and then repeat this Charm,
And pluck me up my ſelf, whom freely take,
And the hot'ſt Fire of thine Affection ſlake.

Sull. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this Well's Pow'r to ſee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I ſtay, for this the Covert is
Where I appointed *Cloe*; do not miſs,
Thou bright-ey'd Virgin, come, O come my fair,
Be not abus'd with Fear, nor let cold Care
Of honour ſtay thee from (34) thy Shepherd's Arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm

(34) —— *the Shepherd's Arm.*] Corrected by Mr. *Theobald* from the old Quarto.

To thy chaſte Thoughts, as whiteneſs from the Day,
Or yon great Round to move another way.
My Language ſhall be honeſt, full of Truth,
My Flames as ſmooth and ſpotleſs as my Youth:
I will not entertain that wandring Thought,
Whoſe eaſie current may at length be brought
To a looſe vaſtneſs. *Alexis.* [*within.*] *Cloe!*
Daph. 'Tis her Voice,
And I muſt anſwer, *Cloe!* Oh the choice
Of dear Embraces, chaſte and holy Strains
Our Hands ſhall give! I charge you all my Veins
Through which the Blood and Spirit take their way,
Lock up your diſobedient Heats, and ſtay
Thoſe mutinous Deſires that elſe would grow
To ſtrong Rebellion: Do not wilder ſhow
Than bluſhing Modeſty may entertain:
Alexis. [*within.*] *Cloe!*
Daph. There ſounds that bleſſed Name again,
And I will meet it: Let me not miſtake,

Enter Alexis.

This is ſome Shepherd! ſure I am awake;
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give my ſelf more Knowledge. *Alex.* Oh my Fire,
How thou conſum'ſt me? *Cloe*, anſwer me,
Alexis, ſtrong *Alexis*, high and free,
Calls upon *Cloe*. See mine Arms are full
Of Entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden Fruit which too too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy Eye: Thou ſtay'ſt too long,
I am impatient of theſe mad Delays;
I muſt not leave unſought theſe many ways
That lead into this Center, till I find
Quench for my burning Luſt. I come, unkind.
[*Exit* Alexis.
Daph. Can my Imagination work me ſo much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and ſtill
Believe mine Eyes? or ſhall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and theſe Sights but bold

Illuſion?

Illusion? sure such Fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true Love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous Thought with error.
But be they far from me with their fond terror:
I am resolv'd my *Cloe* yet is true.

Cloe. [*within.*] *Cloe!*

Daph. Hark, *Cloe:* Sure this Voice is new,
Whose shrilness like the sounding of a Bell,
Tells me it is a Woman: *Cloe*, tell
Thy blessed Name again. *Cloe.* [*within*] *Cloe!* Here.

Daph. Oh what a grief is this to be so near,
And not incounter?

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met,
Draw close into the Covert, lest the Wet
Which falls like lazy Mists upon the Ground
Soke through your startups. *Daph.* Fairest,are you found?
How have we wandred, that the better part
Of this good Night is perisht? oh my Heart!
How have I long'd to meet ye, how to kiss
Those lilly Hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming Tongue gives to the happy Ear
Of him that drinks your Language! but I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of Fame,
Honour and Modesty, a virtuous Name,
And such Discourse as one fair Sister may
Without offence unto the Brother say,
Shou'd rather have been tendred: But believe,
Here dwells a better Temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first Salute
Seasons so much of Fancy, I am mute
Henceforth to all Discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet Thoughts and Modesty.
Indeed I will not ask a Kiss of you,
No not to wring your Fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixed Stars for Smiles,
All a young Lover's cunning, all his wiles,

And

And pretty wanton dyings; shall to me
Be Strangers; only to your Chastity
I am devoted ever. *Cloe.* Honest Swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my Love. No, thou art too cold, [*Aside.*
Unhappy Boy, not tempred to my mold,
Thy Blood falls heavy downward, 'tis not fear
T' offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deserved favours that deny to take,
When they are offer'd freely: Do I wake
To see a Man of his Youth, Years and Feature,
And such a one as we call goodly Creature,
Thus backward? What a World of precious Art
Were meerly lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold;
Let Men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our Lives and Fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of Hands and holy Vow,
Never to break again: Walk thou that way,
Whilst I in zealous Meditation stray
A little this way; when we both have ended
These Rites and Duties; by the Woods brfriended,
And secresie of Night, retire and find
An aged Oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his Body, thither go,
It stands within yon Bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Exit* Daphne.
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou Idle Shamfac'dness. *Alex.* [*within.*] *Cloe!* *Cloe.*
'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder. *Alex. Cloe!* *Cloe.* Now,
Great *Pan* for *Syrinx* sake bid speed our Plow. [*Exit* Cloe.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis *in a Sleep.*

Sull. FROM thy Forehead thus I take
These Herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy Well,
Thrice with pow'rful Magick Spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou'ſt been dipt; thus with my Cord
Of blaſted Hemp, by Moon-light twin'd,
I do thy ſleepy Body bind,
I turn thy Head into the Eaſt,
And thy Feet into the Weſt,
Thy left Arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy Body from the Ground,
In this deep and deadly Swound,
And into this holy Spring
I let thee ſlide down by my String.
Take this Maid thou holy Pit,
To thy bottom, nearer yet,
In thy Water pure and ſweet,
By thy leave I dip her Feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her Ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her Knee
In thy Waters waſhed be;
(35) There I ſtop. Now fly away
Ev'ry thing that loves the Day.

(35) *There ſtop: Fly away*] This unmuſical Hemiſtich was probably occaſioned by the Loſs of one or more Words, which Mr. *Sympſon* and I hope that we have retrieved; becauſe the Senſe, as well as Meaſure, is improved by our Addition. For, according to the mangled Text above, he ſeems to dip her no lower than her Knee, whereas the Charm required him to dip her thrice over-head: And we accordingly find three different Periods in the following Incantation. At the firſt Dip, he charms away Truth; at the ſecond, he calls on ſeveral Animals and Beings remarkable for Changes; at the third, on *Cynthia*, or the Moon, the moſt frequent Changer of all.

Truth

(36) Truth that beareth but one Face,
Thus I charm thee from this Place.
Snakes that caſt your Coats for new,
Camelions that alter hue,
Hares that yearly Sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and ſtrange,
Hecate with Shapes three,
Let this Maiden changed be,

(36) *Truth that* hath *but one Face,*] Mr. *Sympſon*, for the ſake of the Meaſure, would read,

Thou Truth that hath but one Face,

But this, tho' it fills up the Syllables neceſſary to this Anacreontick Verſe, makes the Accent or Quantity wrong in every Syllable. I therefore preſer my own Conjecture, which is as near the trace of the Letters, and gives the true Meaſure. I will here lay down the common Meaſure which theſe Anacreonticks obſerve. They require ſeven Syllables: The *Latins* would ſay that they conſiſt of three *Trochees* and one *long Syllable*, as

Trūth thăt bēarĕth būt ŏne Fāce,
Thūs Ī chārm thĕe frōm thĭs Plāce.

But the *Engliſh* Meaſure is certainly govern'd by Accent, rather than Quantity. In our Heroick Verſe the general Rule is, that the even Syllables ſhould have the Accents. See *Note fifth* in *Wit without Money*. In theſe Anacreonticks the reverſe happens, and the odd Syllables, *viz.* the *firſt*, *third*, *fifth* and *ſeventh*, muſt have the Accents; as

Thùs I chàrm thee fròm this Plàce.

The chief Exception this Meaſure admits, is, that a *redundant Syllable* may be allow'd either at the *beginning* or *ending* of the Verſe; but this Syllable can in neither Caſe ever have the *Accent* without hurting the Harmony. In four Lines of the Satyr's firſt Speech there are Inſtances of both.

——— ——— *Nuts more brown*
Than the Squirril whoſe Teeth crack 'em;
Deign, O faireſt Fair, to take 'em;
For theſe Black-ey'd Driope
Hath *oftentimes commanded me*, &c.

The final redundant Syllable in the firſt Couplet, making a double Rhime, is allowable in this and almoſt every *Engliſh* Meaſure. In the laſt Line the Reader will perceive by his Ear, that the firſt Syllable may be ſtruck off or inſerted, without any Injury to the Harmony of the Verſe.

For theſe Black-ey'd Driope
Oftentimes commanded me, &c.

With

With this holy Water wet,
To the Shape of *Amoret*.
Cynthia work thou with my Charm,
Thus I draw thee free from harm
Up out of this bleſſed Lake,
Riſe both like her and awake. [*She awakes.*
Amar. Speak Shepherd, am I *Amoret* to ſight?
Or haſt thou miſt in any Magick Rite;
For want of which any Defect in me,
May make our practices diſcover'd be?
Sull. By yonder Moon, but that I here do ſtand,
Whoſe Breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whoſe Hand
Let thee down dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I ſhou'd my ſelf take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in Cloaths, in Feature, Voice and Hue
So like, that Senſe cannot diſtinguiſh you.
Amar. Then this Deceit, which cannot croſſed be,
At once ſhall loſe her him, and gain thee me.
Hither ſhe needs muſt come by Promiſe made,
And ſure his Nature never was ſo bad,
To bid a Virgin meet him in the Wood,
When Night and Fear are up, but underſtood
'Twas his part to come firſt: Being come, I'll ſay,
My conſtant Love made me come firſt and ſtay:
Then will I lead him further to the Grove,
But ſtay you here, and if his own true Love
Shall ſeek him here, ſet her in ſome wrong Path,
Which ſay her Lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another Charm, whoſe Pow'r will free
The dazled Senſe, read by the Moon's beams clear,
And in my own true Shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Stand cloſe, here's *Perigot*, whoſe conſtant Heart
Longs to behold her in whoſe Shape thou art.
Per. This is the Place.— Fair *Amoret*.— The Hour
Is yet ſcarce come. Here every Sylvan Pow'r

Delights

Delights to be about yon sacred Well,
Which they have blest with many a pow'rful Spell;
For never Traveller in dead of Night,
Nor strayed Beasts have faln in, but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the Ground:
But I will farther seek, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.
My *Amoret*, my *Amoret*.
Amar. My *Perigot*.
Per. My Love.
Amar. I come, my Love.
Sull. Now she hath got
Her own Desires, and I shall Gainer be
Of my long-lookt-for hopes as well as she.
How bright the Moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her Glory in this little Grove

Enter Amoret.

To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit: [lies,
(37) Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the pow'r that in you
If mortal Men cou'd know your properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not Night, I have no fear,
Walking this Wood, of Lion, or of Bear,
Whose Names at other times have made me quake,
When any Shepherdess in her Tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a Wood
Have torn true Lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no Goblins, and Mens talk,
That in these Woods the nimble Fairies walk,

(37) *Herbs*, Woods, *and Springs*, ——] Mr. *Sympson* thinks that the Woods had nothing to do in this Incantation, and would therefore read *Herbs*, *Words*, *and Springs*, which make up the three Parts of the Incantation, as described above. I think his Reading a very good one, but as the whole *Wood*, as well as the Water of the Well, is before called *holy*, and as the Gums, Barks, and Roots of Trees are physical as well as Herbs, I cannot see any reason for rejecting the old Text.

Are

Are Fables; such a strong Heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.
My *Perigot*, who's that, my *Perigot?*
Sull. Fair Maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*.
Sull. But I can tell ye news of *Perigot:*
An hour together under yonder Tree
He sate with wreathed Arms and call'd on thee,
And said, Why *Amoret* stay'st thou so long?
Then starting up, down yonder Path he flung,
Left thou hadst mist thy way: Were it Day-light,
He cou'd not yet have born him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way:
As fast as my weak Legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy Courtesie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee. [*Exit.*
Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
(38) She pluckt her Garments up, and tript away,
And with a Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Methought the Beams of Light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the Moon gave none,
But what it had from her: She was alone
With me, if then her Presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to win her Love?
(39) She wou'd not sure have yielded unto me?
Women love only Opportunity
And not the Man; or if she had deny'd,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have try'd

(38) *She* pluckt——] Mr. *Sympson* would read *tuckt*, which may perhaps be the properer Word; but as I cannot think the other liable to the Construction he would give it, of pulling up her Garments higher than was decent, I don't admit the Necessity of a Change.

(39) *She would not sure have yielded unto me;*
Women love only Opportunity
And not the Man;] As these Sentences are pointed in all the Editions, the first directly contradicts the second: I first read, *She would most sure*, but I rather choose to change the Points, and make the first a Question, and the other an Answer; and this Mr. *Sympson* most approves.

Who

Who had been ſtronger: O vain Fool, to let
Such bleſt Occaſion paſs; I'll follow yet,
My Blood is up, I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis, *and* Cloe.

I come ſweet *Amoret*. Soft, who is here?
A pair of Lovers? He ſhall yield her me:
Now Luſt is up, alike all Women be.

Alex. Where ſhall we reſt? but for the Love of me,
Cloe, I know, e'er this wou'd weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us reſt here, if the Place
Be private, and out of the common Trace
Of ev'ry Shepherd: For I underſtood
This Night a number are about the Wood:
Then let us chuſe ſome Place, where out of ſight
We freely may enjoy our ſtoln Delight.

Alex. Then boldly here, where we ſhall ne'er be found,
No Shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd Ground;
No Maid ſeeks here her ſtrayed Cow, or Sheep,
Fairies and Fawns, and *Satyrs* do it keep:
Then careleſly reſt here, and clip and kiſs,
And let no fear make us our Pleaſures miſs.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the ſooner we begin,
The longer e'er the Day deſcry our Sin.

Sull. Forbear to touch my Love, (40) or by yon Flame,
And greateſt Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,

Here

(40) ——— *or by yon Flame,*
The greateſt Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,] Why the Moon or any other Star ſhould be call'd the greateſt Pow'r that Shepherd's dare to name, I cannot conceive. *Pan* is in all other Places call'd the greateſt God of the Shepherds, and would it rhime as well to the next Line, I ſhould ſuſpect that the Poet wrote

——— *or by our* Pan,

and this *Alexis*'s Anſwer ſeems to imply, ſpeaking directly in contempt of *Pan*, and the Oath that was ſwore by him. But perhaps the Poet might mean by *yon Flame*, the Flame on *Pan*'s Altar, ſpoke of in the laſt Act.

——— ——— *by all the Rites*
Due to our God, and by thoſe Virgin Lights
That burn before his Altar.———

But if this be the Poet's Intention, it is very obſcure, unleſs he ſuppoſed his Shepherds ſo far to follow the Cuſtoms of the antient *Greeks*, as

Here where thou sit'st under this holy Tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.
Alex. If *Pan* himself should come out of the Lawns,
With all his Troops of *Satyrs* and of Fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two Eyes,
A greater Oath than thine, I would not rise.
Sull. Then from the cold Earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy Life and Love.
Cloe. Hold, gentle Shepherd. *Sull.* Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me, I do not love ye less
Than that fond Man, that would have kept you there
From me of more Desert. *Alex.* O yet forbear
To take her from me; give me leave to die
By her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and she another.

Sat. Now whilst the Moon doth rule the Sky,
And the Stars, whose feeble Light
Give a pale Shadow to the Night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walk this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the Wood,
Where never mortal Foot hath stood,
Keeps Dancing, Musick, and a Feast
To entertain a lovely Guest:
Where he gives her many a Rose,
Sweeter than the Breath that blows
The Leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
I never saw so great a Feast.
But to my charge: Here must I stay,
To see what Mortals lose their way,
And by a false Fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right:

as to have an Altar always upon the Stage they acted on. My last Conjecture, which upon the whole I think the most probable, is,

——— —— *or by yon Flame,*
And *greatest Pow'r that Shepherds dare to name,*

i. e. by the Moon and by *Pan*, the two common Powers which the Shepherds in all other Scenes swear by. This, which occurr'd but just as the Sheet was going to the Press, I will venture into the Text.

Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a Chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed Horn a blast,
And the Fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the Moon,
And will pinch him to the Bone,
Till his lustful Thoughts be gone.

Alex. O Death!

Sat. Back again about this Ground,
Sure I hear a mortal Sound;
I bind thee by this pow'rful Spell,
By the Waters of this Well,
By the glimm'ring Moon Beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal Wight.

Alex. Oh!

Sat. Here the foolish Mortal lies,
Sleeping on the Ground: Arise.
The poor Wight is almost dead,
On the Ground his Wounds have bled,
And his Cloaths foul'd with his Blood:
To my Goddess in the Wood
Will I lead him, whose Hands pure
Will help this mortal Wight to cure, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe *again.*

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy Man, my Breast
Doth pant, each Bush, methinks, should hide a Beast:
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear,
I wou'd fain meet some Shepherd, knew I where:
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this Ground
I left my Love all bloody with his Wound;
Yet still that fearful Shape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one,
But now both lost: *Alexis*, speak or move,
If thou hast any Life, thou'rt yet my Love.
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the Bank for fear of that ill Spright.

Then

Then where art thou that struck'st my Love? O stay,
Bring me thy self in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some Justice. I will make thee trim
With Flow'rs and Garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine Arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been imbrac'd.
But thou art fled. What Hope is left for me?
I'll run to *Daphnis* in the hollow Tree,
Who I did mean to mock, though Hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his Heart, and my Behaviour too
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. This was the Place, 'twas but my feeble sight,
Mixt with the horror of my Deed, and Night,
That shap'd these Fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly gotten Prey.
Speak, gentle Shepherdess, I am alone,
And tender Love for Love: But she is gone
From me, that having struck her Lover dead,
For silly Fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded Body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot, *and* Amarillis *in the Shape of* Amoret.

But all these Fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lye close. Here comes young *Perigot*
With subtle *Amarillis* in the Shape
Of *Amoret*. Pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my Limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Per. Beshrew my tardy Steps: Here shalt thou rest
(41) Upon this holy Bank, no deadly Snake
Upon this Turf herself in folds doth make.

Here

(41) *Upon this holy Bank,*] I have before observed that this Passage equals the most descriptive Beauties of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; though the Ideas are all negative, they strike the Imagination as pleasingly, and perhaps more strongly than positive ones. *Shakespear* often de-

Here is no Poiſon for the Toad to feed:
Here boldly ſpread thy Hands, no venom'd weed
Dares bliſter them, no ſlimy Snail dare creep
Over thy Face when thou art faſt aſleep;
Here never durſt the babling Cuckow ſpit,
No ſlough of falling Star did ever hit
Upon this Bank; let this thy Cabin be,
This other ſet with Violets for me.

Amar. Thou doſt not love me, *Perigot.* *Per.* Fair Maid,
You only love to hear it often ſaid;
You do not doubt. *Amar.* Believe me but I do.

Per. What, ſhall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the beſt way to make your Lover laſt,
To play with him, when you have caught him faſt.

Amar. By *Pan* I ſwear, I loved *Perigot*,
And by yon Moon, I think thou lov'ſt me not.

Per. By *Pan* I ſwear, and if I falſly ſwear,
Let him not guard my Flocks, let Foxes tear
My earlieſt Lambs, and Wolves whilſt I do ſleep
Fall on the reſt, a Rot among my Sheep.
I love thee better than the careful Ewe
The new'yean'd Lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than the young Lamb
Doth on the Bagg that feeds him from his Dam.
Were there a ſort of Wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old

lights in ſuch negative Deſcriptions. Thus *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act II. The Fairy Song.

You ſpotted Snakes with double Tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not ſeen;
Newts and blind Worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

This Song is again imitated by *Fletcher*, in the Song of the River God in the next Scene; but in the Lines referred to above, he had more immediately in his Eye the Deſcription of a Bank by *Shakeſpear*, in he ſame Play and Act.

I know a Bank, whereon the wild Thyme blows,
Where Ox-lip and the nodding Violet grows
O'er-canopy'd with luſcious Woodbine,
With ſweet Musk-Roſes, and with Eglantine:
And there the Snake throws her enamel'd Skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.

Should

Should be devour'd, and it ſhould be my ſtrife
To ſave thee, whom I love above my Life.
Amar. How ſhall I truſt thee, when I ſee thee chuſe
Another Bed, and doſt my Side refuſe? [ſhewn
Per. 'Twas only that the chaſte Thoughts might be
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, *Perigot* will ſhew his pow'r, that he
Can make his *Amoret*, though ſhe weary be,
Riſe nimbly from her Couch, and come to his.
Here take thy *Amoret*, imbrace and kiſs. [ſhou'd
Per. What means my Love? *Amar.* To do as Lovers
That are to be injoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a Shepherdeſs in all the Plain
Can kiſs thee with more Art, there's none can fain
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbear, dear Soul, to try,
Whether my Heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nouriſh one Thought to diſhonour thee.
Amar. Still think'ſt thou ſuch a thing as Chaſtity
Is amongſt Women? *Perigot*, there's none,
That with her Love is in a Wood alone,
And wou'd come home a Maid; be not abus'd
With thy fond firſt Belief, let time be us'd:
Why doſt thou riſe? *Per.* My true Heart thou haſt ſlain.
Amar. Faith *Perigot*, I'll pluck thee down again.
Per. Let go, thou Serpent, that into my Breaſt
Haſt with thy cunning div'd; art not in jeſt?
Amar. Sweet Love, lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to ſee,
Some bitter North Wind blaſt my Flocks and me.
Amar. You ſwore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.
Per. O be as thou wert once, I'll love thee ſtill.
Amar. I am as ſtill I was, and all my kind,
Though other Shows we have poor Men to blind.
Per. Then here I end all Love, and left my vain
Belief ſhould ever draw me in again,
Before thy Face that hath my Youth miſ-led,
I end my Life, my Blood be on thy Head.
Amar. O hold thy Hands, thy *Amoret* doth cry.
Per. Thou counſell'ſt well, firſt *Amoret* ſhall dye,
That is the Cauſe of my eternal Smart. [*He runs after her*

Amar. O hold.

Per. This Steel shall pierce thy lustful Heart.

The Sullen Shepherd steps out and uncharms her.

Sull. Up and down and every where,
I strew these Herbs to purge the Air:
(42) Let your Odour drive from hence
All Mistes that dazle Sense.
Herbs and Springs whose hidden Might
Alters Shapes, and mocks the Sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to:
Let her flye, and let her scape,
Give again her former Shape.

Enter Amarillis *in her own Shape.*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle Swain, thou dost mistake,
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the Brake,
And as I crost thy way I met thy Wrath,
The only fear of which ne'er slain me hath.

Per. Pardon, fair Shepherdess, my Rage and Night
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my Sight;
But far be it from me to spill the Blood
Of harmless Maids that wander in the Wood. [*Exit* Ama.

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step in yonder Path,
Poor hopeless *Amoret* twice trodden hath

(42) *Let your Odour drive hence*
All Mists that dazle Sense.] I have taken the liberty of inserting a Particle, which I verily believe the Poet wrote; for the loss of a Syllable in the second Line is entirely owing to the late Editions: the two old Folios read *Mistes*, which as I have often observ'd was spoke as two Syllables or one, as the Author pleas'd. In the last Line I'm afraid I have added a Word of my own. The former Editions read,

Give again her own *Shape.*

And the two old Folios spell it *owne*; so that I a little question whether that might not be pronounced as two Syllables, following the example of the French, who often pronounce the final *e* in Verse, tho' it is entirely dropt in speaking Prose. But this is as yet only a Suspicion just started. Perhaps I may find Proofs of it in the Progress of this Work.

To

To seek her *Perigot*, yet cannot hear
His Voice; my *Perigot*, she loves thee dear
That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how fair
She shows? and yet her Breath infect the Air.
Amo. My *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy!
Per. Hapless! first
It lights on thee, the next Blow is the worst. [*Strikes her.*
Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my Love, thou art unjust.
Per. Death is the best reward that's due to Lust.
[*Exit* Per.
Sull. Now shall their Love be crost, for being struck,
I'll throw her in the Fount, lest being took
By some Night-traveller, whose honest Care
May help to cure her. Shepherdess prepare
Your self to die. *Amo.* No Mercy I do crave,
Thou canst not give a worse Blow than I have;
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my Soul, and not my Body through.
Tell him, when I am dead, my Soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.
Sull. In this Fount be thy Grave; thou wert not meant
Sure for a Woman, thou'rt so Innocent.
[*Flings her into the Well.*
She cannot scape, for underneath the Ground,
In a long hollow the clear Spring is bound,
(43) Till on yon Side where the Morn's Sun doth look,
The struggling Water breaks out in a Brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret *in his Arms.*

God. What pow'rful Charms my Streams do bring
Back again unto their Spring,
With such Force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my Rod,

(43) *Till on yon Side* &c.] *Milton* in his *Agonistes* has a fine Description of a Fountain thus looking toward the East.

Wherever Fountain or fresh Current flow'd
Against the eastern Ray, translucent, pure,
With touch etherial of Heav'n's fiery Rod,
I drank. Mr. *Sympson.*

Cou'd not keep them in their Ranks?
My Fiſhes ſhoot into the Banks,
There's not one that ſtays and feeds,
All have hid them in the Weeds.
Here's a Mortal almoſt dead,
Faln into my River-head,
Hallow'd ſo with many a Spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Caſt in by ſome Raviſher.
See upon her Breaſt a Wound,
On which there is no Plaiſter bound.
Yet ſhe's warm, her Pulſes beat,
'Tis a ſign of Life and Heat.
If thou be'ſt a Virgin pure,
I can give a preſent Cure:
(44) Take a Drop into thy Wound
From my watry Locks more round

(44) *Take a Drop into thy Wound*
From my watry Locks more round
Than Orient Pearl.] Nothing can be more beautiful than this Piece of Machinery, whether it be conſider'd as an Allegory, *viz.* That the Coldneſs of the Water ſtopt the Bleeding of the Wound; or be looked on as the mere Produce of *Fancy* in a Species of Poetry which admits the introduction of Fauns, River-Gods, and all the rural Deities. In either of theſe Lights how ſtriking and picturesque are the Images? What delicacy of Stile, and Harmony of Numbers? what paſtoral Purity and Propriety in the Sentiments? *Milton* copy'd it in the Scene of *Sabrina*, at the latter end of *Comus*, and perhaps more cloſely than *Virgil* ever did any one Paſſage of *Homer* in his Æneid, or of *Theocritus* in his Eclogues. This healing of the Wound he imitates in his Diſſolution of *Comus*'s Spell.

Thus I ſprinkle on thy Breaſt
Drops, that from my Fountain pure
I have kept of precious Cure:
Thrice upon thy Finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied Lip.
Next this marble venom'd Seat
Smear'd with Gums of glutinous Heat,
I touch with chaſte Hands moiſt and cold.
Now the Spell hath loſt its hold.

The two laſt of theſe Lines are a more immediate Imitation of what *Chlorin* afterwards ſays in healing *Amoret*'s ſecond Wound.

With ſpotleſs Hand on ſpotleſs Breaſt
I put theſe Herbs, to give thee Reſt.

Than

Than Orient Pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaſte Fleſh may endure.
See ſhe pants, and from her Fleſh
The warm Blood guſheth out afreſh.
She is an unpolluted Maid;
I muſt have this bleeding ſtaid.
From my Banks I pluck this Flow'r
With holy Hand, whoſe virtuous Pow'r
Is at once to heal and draw.
The Blood returns. I never ſaw
A fairer Mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly Slumber: Virgin, ſpeak.
Amo. Who hath reſtor'd my Senſe, giv'n me new Breath,
And brought me back out of the Arms of Death?
God. I have heal'd thy Wounds. *Amo.* Ay me!
God. Fear not him that ſuccour'd thee:
(45) I am this Fountain's God; below
My Waters to a River grow,
And 'twixt two Banks with Oſiers ſet,
That only proſper in the Wet,

Through

(45) *I am this Fountain's God*; &c.] This beautiful Deſcription of a Brook *Milton* makes *Sabrina* imitate in her Deſcription of herſelf.

By the ruſhy fringed Bank,
Where grows the Willow, and the Oſier dank,
My ſliding Chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with Agat and the Azurn ſheen
Of Turkis blue, and Emerauld green,
That in the Channel ſtrays.

I believe the Reader will agree with me, that *Milton*'s Images here have more of Pomp, but not ſo much of natural Beauty as thoſe of *Fletcher*. Sir *John Davies*, a Contemporary of our Authors, in his excellent Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, has a beautiful Simile from a Brook thus wandring in *Meanders*.

And as the Moiſture, which the thirſty Earth
Sucks from the Sea, to fill her empty Veins,
From out her Womb at laſt doth take a Birth,
And runs a Nymph along the graſſy Plains.

Long doth ſhe ſtay, as loth to leave the Land,
From whoſe ſoft Side ſhe firſt did Iſſue make;
She taſtes all Places, turns to every Hand,
Her flow'ry Banks unwilling to forſake.

Yet

Through the Meadows do they glide,
Wheeling ſtill on ev'ry Side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'ſt Channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal Company,
In the cool Streams ſhalt thou lye,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy Food,
No Fiſh that uſeth in the Mud,
But Trout and Pike that love to ſwim
Where the Gravel from the Brim,
Through the pure Streams may be ſeen:
Orient Pearl fit for a Queen,
Will I give thy Love to win,
And a Shell to keep them in:
Not a Fiſh in all my Brook
That ſhall diſobey thy Look,
But when thou wilt come ſliding by,
And from thy white Hand take a Fly.
And to make thee underſtand,
How I can my Waves command,
They ſhall bubble whilſt I ſing
(46) Sweeter than the Silver String.

The

Yet Nature ſo her Streams doth lead and carry,
As that her Courſe doth make no final Stay,
Till ſhe herſelf unto the Ocean marry,
Within whoſe watry Boſom firſt ſhe lay.

They who would ſee the fine Application of this Simile, may pleaſe to conſult the Poem, and if they read from the beginning till they find it, their Time will not be ill ſpent.

(46) *Sweeter than the Silver Spring.*] I ſhall tranſcribe a Note on this which I ſent Mr. *Theobald*, becauſe from thence may be ſeen what weight may be allow'd to plauſible Conjectures. *Waters bubbling ſweeter than Waters*, is a very inaccurate Simile; but whether it was an Overſight of the Poet or the Printer may be hard to ſay; the former ſeems to have been rapt into ſuch an Ecſtacy, that a ſmall Inaccuracy might have eſcaped him. But where a change of a Letter or two will turn an Abſurdity into good Senſe, I think it but a candid Preſumption to ſuppoſe the Author faultleſs. I have two Conjectures ſo near the trace of the Letters that I ſcarce know which to prefer. 1ſt, Sweeter than the *Sylvan Spring*, i. e. the Melody of my Waters and my Voice ſhall be ſweeter than that of the Birds in the Woods in Spring-time.

The SONG.

Do not fear to put thy Feet
Naked in the River sweet;
Think not Leach, or Newt, or Toad,
Will bite thy Foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the Water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob, but ever live with me,
And not a Wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal Pow'r, that rul'st this holy Flood,
I know my self unworthy to be woo'd
By thee a God: For e'er this, but for thee
I shou'd have shown my weak Mortality:
Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a Shepherd Swain,
Whose comely Face, I know the Gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true.
Fairest Virgin, now adieu,
(47) I must make my Waters fly,
Lest they leave their Channels dry,

And

Spring-time. This which at first seem'd to have a little Stiffness in it, I am the more confirm'd in as it is perfectly pastoral, and as almost the same Expression occurs in the second Scene of the fifth Act.

The Nightingale among the thick-leav'd Spring
That sits alone in Sorrow.

My second Conjecture is, *Silver String*, i. e. the bubbling of my Waters and my Song shall be sweeter than the Sound of the Harp or Viol. This is a more clear and easy but not so poetical an Expression. From this Reasoning, I believe I should have been tempted to have inserted *Sylvan Spring* in the Text, and had the Poet himself been living, I cannot think he would have been angry with me, tho' I am now certain that it is not the Original, for when upon poor Mr. *Theobald*'s Death, I received his valuable Collection of old Quartos, I found *Silver String* in the two oldest.

(47) *I must make my Waters fly,*
Lest they leave their Channels dry, &c.] The Bounties of the River and the Gratitude of the Shepherds are closely imitated by *Milton* in his Description of *Sabrina.*

——————*still she retains*
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at Eve

Visit

And Beaſts that come unto the Spring
Miſs their Morning's Watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour People ſate
On my Banks, and from the fold
Two white Lambs of three Weeks old
Offer'd to my Deity:
For which this Year they ſhall be free
From Raging Floods, that as they paſs
Leave their Gravel in the Graſs:

Viſits the Herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin Blaſt, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious viol'd liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their Feſtivals
Carrol her goodneſs loud in ruſtick lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of Pancies, Pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.

I believe the Reader will here again think that *Milton* has more Pomp and Sublimity, but that the extreme Prettineſs, Delicacy and Eaſe of *Fletcher* is more conſonant to the Paſtoral, and conſequently more pleaſing. But this cannot be ſaid of *Milton*'s Imitation of *Amoret*'s Anſwer, in which *Fletcher* has no other Advantage but that of writing firſt.

Virgin Daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchiſes' *Line,*
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs,
From a thouſand petty rills
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer Drought, or ſinged Air
Never ſcorch thy Treſſes fair,
Nor wet October's *torrent flood*
Thy molten Cryſtal fill with mud;
May thy billows rowl aſhore
The Beryl, and the golden Ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tow'r and Terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrh, and Cinnamon.

The Conſtruction of the two laſt of *Milton*'s Lines is a little difficult, to crown her Head with Tow'rs is true Imagery; but to crown her Head upon her Banks, will ſcarcely be allowed to be ſo. I would therefore put a Colon inſtead of a Comma at the laſt Line but two, and then read,

And here and there thy banks upon
Be Groves of Myrrh and Cinnamon.

Nor

Nor shall their Meads be overflown,
When their Grass is newly mown,
Amo. For thy Kindness to me shown,
Never from thy Banks be blown
Any Tree, with windy force,
Cross thy Streams, to stop thy course:
May no Beast that comes to drink,
With his Horns cast down thy Brink;
May none that for thy Fish do look,
Cut thy Banks to damm thy Brook;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy cool Streams Wife nor Maid,
When the Spawn on Stones do lye,
To wash their Hemp, and spoyl the Frye.
God. Thanks Virgin, I must down again,
Thy Wound will put thee to no Pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy Hand was laid upon. [*Exit.*
Amo. And I unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perigot.

Per. SHE is untrue, unconstant, and unkind,
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west Wind,
And raise the Sea to Mountains, let the Trees
That dare oppose thy raging Fury, leese
Their firm Foundation; creep into the Earth,
And shake the World, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new Prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty Boar-spear in my Hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter

Enter Amarillis *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, thou art too hot
Againſt thy ſelf; believe me comely Swain,
If that thou dy'ſt, not all the ſhow'rs of Rain
The heavy Clouds ſend down can waſh away
That foul unmanly Guilt the World will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy Love untainted ſtands:
Believe me, ſhe is conſtant, not the Sands
Can be ſo hardly number'd as ſhe won:
I do not trifle, Shepherd, by the Moon,
And all thoſe leſſer Lights our Eyes do view,
All that I told thee, *Perigot*, is true:
Then be a free Man, put away Deſpair,
And Will to dye, ſmooth gently up that fair
Dejected Fore-head: Be as when thoſe Eyes
Took the firſt heat. *Per.* Alas he double dies,
That would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worſe Companions: But oh Death,
I am not yet inamour'd of this Breath
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not pain
In forcing in a Wound, nor after gain
Of many Days, can hold me from my Will:
'Tis not my ſelf, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little, but one hour,
And if I do not ſhow thee, through the Pow'r
Of Herbs and Words I have, as dark as Night,
My ſelf turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in Sight,
Her very Figure, and the Robe ſhe wears,
With tawny Buskins, and the Hook ſhe bears
Of thine own Carving, where your Names are ſet,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The *Prim-roſe* Chaplet, (48) Taudry-lace and Ring,

(48) —— *Taudry-lace* ——] Mr. *Sympſon* obſerves, that the Word *Taudry* did not give formerly any low or ridiculous Idea; the Expreſſion is taken from *Spenſer*, who in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, the Month *April*, calls the Virgins decked in their beſt Array to attend Queen *Elizabeth*,

Bind your Fillets faſt
And gird in your Waiſt
For more fineneſs with a taudry Lace.

Thou

Thou gav'ſt her for her ſinging, with each thing
Elſe that ſhe wears about her, let me feel
The firſt fell ſtroke of that Revenging Steel.
Per. I am contented, if there be a hope
To give it Entertainment, for the ſcope
Of one poor Hour; go, you ſhall find me next
Under yon ſhady Beech, ev'n thus perplext,
And thus believing. *Amar.* Bind, before I go,
Thy Soul by *Pan* unto me, not to do
Harm or outragious wrong upon thy Life,
Till my return.
Per. By *Pan*, and by the ſtrife
He had with *Phœbus* for the Maſtery,
When Golden *Midas* judg'd their *Minſtralſey*,
I will not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Satyre *with* Alexis *hurt.*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of Woe,
Through ſtill ſilence of the Night,
Guided by the Glo-worm's Light,
Hither am I come at laſt,
Many a Thicket have I paſt,
Not a Twig that durſt deny me,
Not a Buſh that durſt deſcry me,
To the little Bird that ſleeps
On the tender Spray: Nor creeps
That hardy Worm with pointed Tail,
But if I be under Sail,
Flying faſter than the Wind,
Leaving all the Clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender Head
In ſome hollow Tree or Bed
Of ſeeded Nettles: Not a Hare
Can be ſtarted from his Fare
By my footing, nor a wiſh
Is more ſudden, nor a Fiſh
Can be found with greater eaſe,
Cut the vaſt unbounded Seas,
Leaving neither Print nor Sound,

Than

Than I, when nimbly on the Ground,
I measure many a League an Hour:
But behold the happy Pow'r,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy Hand enlarge
The Soul of this sad Man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit;
Heav'n and great *Pan* succour it!
Hail thou Beauty of the Bower,
Whiter than the Paramour
Of my Master, let me crave
Thy Virtuous help to keep from Grave
This poor Mortal that here lies,
Waiting when the Destinies
Will undo his Thread of Life:
View the Wound by cruel Knife
Trencht into hm.

Clor. What art thou call'st me from my holy Rites,
And with the feared name of Death affrights
My tender Ears? Speak me thy Name and Will.

Sat. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
Your Lap with early Fruit, and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store:
Yet I come not empty now,
See a Blossome from the Bow,
But beshrew his Heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing Blooms;
For a sweeter Youth the Grooms
Cannot shew me, nor the Downs,
Nor the many Neighbouring Towns;
Low in yonder Glade I found him.
Softly in mine Arms I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a Trance, his Wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such Youth may
Spring and perish in a Day.

Clor. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude,
Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny hued:

Thy

Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself, born only Heir
To all Humanity. Let me see the Wound:
This Herb will stay the Current, being bound
Fast to the Orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers, and Swellings, and such inward Pain
As the cold Air hath forc'd into the Sore:
This to draw out such putrifying Gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heav'n grant it may be good.

Clor. Fairly wipe away the Blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous Spring
On his Temples; turn him twice
To the Moon Beams, pinch him thrice,
That the labouring Soul may draw
From his great Eclipse. *Sat.* I saw
His Eye-lids moving. *Clor.* Give him Breath.
All the danger of cold Death
Now is vanisht, with this Plaister,
And this Unction, do I master
All the festred ill that may
Give him Grief another Day.

Sat. See he gathers up his Spright
And begins to hunt for Light;
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the Blood runs to the Vein
That erst was empty! *Alex.* O my Heart,
My dearest, dearest *Cloe*, O the smart
Runs through my Side: I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my Bowels, sharper than the Sting
Of *Scorpion*.
Pan preserve me, what are you?
Do not hurt me, I am true
To my *Cloe*, though she fly,
And leave me to this Destiny.
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white Hand to help her Friend:
But I am much mistaken, for that Face
Bears more Austerity and modest Grace,

More reproving and more awe
Than these Eyes yet ever saw
In my *Cloe*. Oh my Pain
Eagerly renews again.
Give me your help for his sake you love best.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside (49) all Heats, Desires,
Provoking Thoughts that stir up lustful Fires,
Commerce with wanton Eyes, strong Blood, and Will
To execute, these must be purg'd, until
The Veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great *Pan* to keep you from the like Decay,
And I shall undertake your Cure with ease,
Till when this virtuous Plaister will displease
Your tender Sides; give me your Hand, and rise:
Help him a little, *Satyre*, for his Thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I've lost much Blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter, 'twas not Good.
Mortal, you must leave your Wooing,
Though there be a joy in doing.
Yet it brings much Grief behind it,
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his Sore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of Kissing,
By my Head 'twere better missing.
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning

(49) ——— ——— *all* Hearts *Desires*,
Provoking Thoughts that stir up lusty *Fires*,] The Change of *Hearts* to *Heats* is by Mr. *Theobald* from the old Quarto; and as *Heats* seems the common Word of our Author, I doubt not but it was the Original; and I think there is the same Reason, though not the same Authority, for changing *lusty* to *lustful*. The Substantive and Adjective *Lust* and *lustful* are the common Words used through this whole Play; and though *lusty*, may be supposed to give the same Idea, and to have the same Derivation, yet I see no Reason why the Author should use it in this unusual Sense here, rather than in any other part of the Play. Decency cannot be pleaded, because *Clorin* herself several times uses the common Word. Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd in conjecturing both these Changes.

I will

I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble Wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the Green,
Or to steal from the great Queen
Of the *Fairies*, all her Beauty,
I would do it, so much Duty
Do I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest *Satyre*; if the Cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy Will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will, and when the Weather
Serves to angle in the Brook,
I will bring a silver Hook,
With a Line of finest Silk,
And a Rod as white as Milk,
To deceive the little Fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this Bow'r may ever dwell
Spring, and Summer. *Clor.* Friend, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amoret, *seeking her Love.*

Amo. This Place is ominous, for here I lost
My Love, and almost Life, and since have crost
All these Woods over, ne'er a Nook or Dell,
Where any little Bird or Beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him, (50) ne'er a bending Brow
Of any Hill, or Glade the Wind sings through,

(50) ——— *ne'er a bending Brow*
Of any Hill or Glade, the Wind sings through;] The Reader will see how the misplacing a single Comma (which has remained from the first Edition till now) may confound the Ideas: The Glade has a Brow, and the Wind sings through the Brow of a Hill. This Passage is imitated by *Milton* in his *Comus.*

I know each Lane, and every Alley, green
Dingle, or bushy Dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky Bourn from side to side.

It is certainly a great Honour to *Fletcher* to be imitated so often by *Milton*; but it is a still greater, that *Milton* has full as often fallen short of as excelled him. The Language is here again more pompous, but the Images neither so numerous nor so beautiful as *Fletcher*'s.

Nor a green Bank, nor Shade where Shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse
Their *Valentines*, that I have miss'd, to find
My Love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my Love alone
To thee worth this scorn'd Recompence? 'Tis well,
I am content to feel it: But I tell
Thee Shepherd, and these lusty Woods shall hear,
Forsaken *Amoret* is yet as clear
Of any stranger Fire, as Heaven is
From foul Corruption, or the deep Abyss
From Light and Happiness; and thou may'st know
All this for Truth, and how that fatal Blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my Life, but from Suspect of thine,
Or Fury more than Madness; therefore here,
Since I have lost my Life, my Love, my Dear,
Upon this curs'd Place, and on this Green,
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great Pity, that each Eye
Shall daily spend his Spring in Memory
Of my untimely Fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my Mind,
That this shows *Amoret*; forsake me all
That dwell upon the Soul, but what Men call
Wonder, or more than Wonder, Miracle,
For sure so strange as this, the Oracle
Never gave answer of, it passeth Dreams,
Or Madmens Fancy, when the many Streams
Of new Imaginations rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these Ears heard her call
For Pity to young *Perigot*; while he,
Directed by his Fury bloodily
Lanch'd up her Breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And if Belief may credit what was told,

After

After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his Arms being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy Well
Flung her, for ever with the Waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
And living yet, the great Pow'rs will not let
Their virtuous Love be cross'd. Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of Sorrow, and allay
(51)The Storm that yet goes high, which not depress't,
Breaks Heart and Life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*—— *Amo.* Where, which is *Perigot?*
Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, god wot,
Thee and thy Fortune, go and comfort him,
And thou shalt find him underneath a Brim
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run, Heav'n grant me I may win
His Soul again. [*Exit* Amoret.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
Ye are too fleet, 'tis two Hours yet to Day.
I have perform'd my Promise, let us sit
And warm our Bloods together till the fit
Come lively on us. *Amar.* Friend, you are too keen,
The Morning riseth and we shall be seen,
Forbear a little. *Sul.* I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold Shepherd, hold, learn not to be a wronger
(52) Of your Word, was not your Promise laid,
To break their Loves first?
Sul. I have done it, Maid.
Amar. No, they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain

(51) *The Storm that yet* goes *high*,——] As this is Sense, I make no change; but I think it probable the Poet might have wrote,
The Storm that yet blows *high*,———
This too Mr. *Sympson* sent me as his Conjecture.

(52) *Of your Word*,——] It may be proper to observe here, that *your*, *Hour*, and several other Words that are now always pronounced as Monosyllables, were by the old Poets made one or two Syllables at will; and every Reader should accustom his Ear to such Liberties, if he hopes to free his Judgment from the Clogs of modern Prejudice.

Is from the fineſt Lawn. *Sul.* I ſay they are
Now at this preſent parted, and ſo far,
That they ſhall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not ſo,
For do but to yon hanging Mountain go,
And there believe your Eyes.
Sul. You do but hold
Off with Delays and Trifles; farewel cold
And frozen Baſhfulneſs, unfit for Men;
Thus I ſalute thee Virgin:
Amar. And thus then
I bid you follow, catch me if you can. [*Exit.*
Sul. And if I ſtay behind I am no Man.
[*Exit running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night, do not ſteal away: I woo thee yet
To hold a hard Hand o'er the ruſty Bit
That guides thy lazy Team: Go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'ſt thy frozen Wain
Round as a Ring, and bring a ſecond Night
To hide my Sorrows from the coming Light;
Let not the Eyes of Men ſtare on my Face,
And read my falling, give me ſome black place
Where never Sun-Beam ſhot his wholſom Light,
That I may ſit and pour out my ſad ſpright
Like running Water, never to be known
After the forced Fall and Sound is gone.

Enter Amoret *looking for* Perigot.

Amo. This is the Bottom: Speak if thou be here,
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy Dear
Calls on thy loved Name.
Per. (53) What art? Who dare
Tread theſe forbidden Paths, where Death and Care
Dwell on the Face of Darkneſs?

Amo.

(53) *What art thou dar'ſt*] Almoſt every Edition has a different Reading here: The firſt Quarto reads, *What thou dare*, the ſecond, *What art thou dare*; the later Editions preſerve the Grammar right,

Amo. 'Tis thy Friend,
Thy *Amoret*, come hither, to give end
To these Consumings; look up, gentle Boy,
I have forgot those Pains and dear Annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy Love again; why hast thou rent
Those curled Locks, where I have often hung
Ribands, and Damask-Roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than Nosegays on a Bridal Day?
Why dost thou cross thine Arms, and hang thy Face
Down by thy Bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little Heav'ns upon the Ground
Show'rs of more Price, more orient, and more round
Than those that hang upon the Moon's pale Brow?
Cease these Complainings, Shepherd, I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me.
Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my Fair.
O you great working Pow'rs of Earth and Air,
Water and forming Fire, why have you lent
Your hidden (54) Virtues to so ill Intent?
Ev'n such a Face, so fair, so bright of Hue
Had *Amoret*; such Words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her Tongue; such was her Eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding Shaft; all is the same,
The Robe and Buskins, painted Hook, and Frame
Of all her Body. O me, *Amoret!* [set

Amo. Shepherd, what means this Riddle? Who hath

right, but neglect the Rhimes. Mr. *Theobald*, in his Margin, has left *dares*, and has put *cares* to answer it in the next Line, but *care* in the singular is more poetical; I have therefore preferred what Mr. *Sympson* and I, by Conjecture, concurr'd in.

(54) ——*Virtues* of *so ill Intent*?] Tho' *Virtues* is the same as *Powers*, yet *Virtues of so ill Intent* is too stiff an Expression to be suppos'd genuine. My Reading gives, I think, the natural Sense of the Passage. Why have you lent your Powers, and suffered a Miracle to be wrote, for so ill a Purpose as deceiving me into Murder?

So ſtrong a difference 'twixt my ſelf and me
That I am grown another? Look and ſee
The Ring thou gav'ſt me, and about my Wriſt
That curious Bracelet thou thy ſelf did'ſt twiſt
From thoſe fair Treſſes: Know'ſt thou *Amoret?*
Hath not ſome newer Love forc'd thee forget
Thy ancient Faith?

Per. Still nearer to my Love;
Theſe be the very Words ſhe oft did prove
Upon my Temper, ſo ſhe ſtill wou'd take
Wonder into her Face, and ſilent make
Signs with her Head and Hand, as who wou'd ſay,
Shepherd, remember this another Day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret?* Where was I loſt?
(55) Can there be Heav'n, and Time, and Men, and moſt
Of theſe unconſtant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the Vows and Proteſtations dead,
The Hands held up, the Wiſhes, and the Heart,
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all theſe to be found? Why then I ſee
Men never knew that Virtue, Conſtancy.

Per. Men ever were moſt bleſſed, till croſs Fate
Brought Love and Women forth, Unfortunate
To all that ever taſted of their Smiles,
Whoſe Actions are all double, full of Wiles:

(55) *Can there be Heav'n, and Time, and Men, and moſt Of theſe unconſtant?*——] I ſhall not venture to change the Text here, tho' I cannot conſtrue it into any conſiſtent Senſe. Does *theſe* refer both to Heaven and Time, as well as Men? Surely no, for why muſt Heaven be accuſed of Man's Inconſtancy? The Senſe which I think is aimed at is, "Can Men believe a Heaven and its Juſtice "againſt Inconſtancy, and yet moſt of them be inconſtant?" But then, what has *Time* to do in the Sentence? The only Reading that I can form near the Trace of the Letters which will give this Senſe, is,

Can there be Heav'n and Truth with Men, yet moſt
Of theſe unconſtant?——

What makes it highly probable that the Text is corrupt, is, that the firſt old Quarto, whoſe Authority out-weighs all the latter Editions, as being the only Guide the others followed, is confuſed in this Line. It reads,

Can there be Heaven, and Time, and Men, moſt
Of theſe unconſtant?——

Like

Like to the ſubtile Hare, that 'fore the Hounds
Makes many Turnings, Leaps, and many Rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the Scent
Of her purſuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their ſpeedy coming on, that ſeek her Fall,
The Hands of cruel Men, more beſtial,
And of a Nature more refuſing Good
Than Beaſts themſelves, or Fiſhes of the Flood.

Per. Thou art all theſe, and more than Nature meant.
When ſhe created all, Frowns, Joys, Content;
Extream Fire for an Hour, and preſently
Colder than ſleepy Poiſon, or the Sea,
Upon whoſe Face ſits a continual Froſt:
(56) Your Actions over driven for the moſt,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The riſe or falling of a Woman's Mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or Days, or Time,
Or Tongues of Men, guilty ſo great a Crime
As wronging ſimple Maid? O *Perigot*,
Thou that waſt Yeſterday without a blot,
Thou that waſt ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing
That Men call bleſſed; thou that waſt the Spring
From whence our looſer Grooms drew all their beſt;
Thou that waſt always juſt, and always bleſt
In Faith and Promiſe; thou that hadſt the Name
Of Virtuous given thee, and mad'ſt good the ſame
Ev'n from thy Cradle; thou that waſt that all
That Men delighted in; Oh what a Fall
Is this, to have been ſo, and now to be
The only beſt in Wrong and Infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine Eyes, or that
Which we eſteem'd our Honour, Virgin State;

(56) *Your Actions* ever *driven to the moſt,*
Then down again as low,——] If their Actions were *ever* driven to the moſt or higheſt, how could they ſometimes take the contrary Extreme and fall low again? The Text, I verily believe, is corrupt, and hope my Emendation will be allowed; it keeps very near the Trace of the Letters, and gives this Senſe: Women for the moſt part act the Part of Over-niceneſs and Chaſtity, and yet ſometimes deſcend to the loweſt Depths of Vice.

Dearer

Dearer than Swallows love the early Morn,
Or Dogs of Chase the sound of merry Horn;
Dearer than thou thy new Love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thy self, though all
The Self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy Swain that now is made a Flow'r,
For whose dear sake *Eccho* weeps many a Show'r.
And am I thus rewarded for my Flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a Wanton's Name?
Come, thou forsaken Willow, wind my Head,
And noise it to the World my Love is Dead.
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy Groom to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
When the hot Sun beats on it. Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy *Amoret?*

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed Name;
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton Flame
Upon some lighter Blood, that may be hot
With Words and feigned Passions: *Perigot*
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd Brow.

Amo. (57) Then hear me Heav'n, to whom I call for right,
And you fair twinkling Stars that crown the Night;
And

(57) *Then hear me Heav'n, to whom I call for right,*] I think it is an Observation in one of Mr. *Pope*'s Letters, that the Harmony of *English* Verse consists in the Variation of the Pauses betwixt the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Syllables: And it is a known Rule, that the most natural Pause of the *English* Verse is at the fourth Syllable. The Modern Poets, from *Waller* to Mr. *Pope*, by confining their Pauses almost always to those four Syllables, and oftenest to the fourth, have preserved an Uniformity of Numbers and Cadence which is very rarely found in either *Spenser*, *Shakespear*, *Fletcher* or *Milton*. Most of these have done it occasionally, as *Fletcher* has done here for some Lines together; but they generally vary their Pauses freely through all the Syllables. Let us therefore ask, whether the common Opinion of *Waller*, *Dryden*, and *Pope*'s, being the Refiners and Smoothers of the *English* Metre, be well or ill grounded? Have the softest and smoothest of their Writings more Delicacy and Harmony than several Parts of

Comus

And hear me Woods, and ſilence of this Place,
And ye ſad Hours that move a ſullen pace;
Hear me ye Shadows that delight to dwell
In horrid Darkneſs, and ye pow'rs of Hell,
Whilſt I breathe out my laſt; I am that Maid,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that play'd
The careleſs Prodigal, and gave away
My Soul to this young Man, that now dares ſay
I am a ſtranger, (58) not the ſame, more wild;
And thus with much Belief I was beguil'd.
I am that Maid, that have delay'd, deny'd,
And almoſt ſcorn'd the loves of all that try'd
To win me, but this Swain, and yet confeſs
I have been woo'd by many with no leſs
Soul of Affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels ſent me from the Lad
That feeds his Flocks down Weſtward; Lambs and Doves
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* ſent me Gloves,
All which I gave to thee: Nor theſe, nor they
That ſent them did I ſmile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I reſolve to Grieve, and not to Die?
Happy had been the ſtroak thou gav'ſt, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet Room
Where every Slave is free, and every Breaſt
That living breeds new Care, now lies at reſt;
And thither will poor *Amoret*.

Per. Thou muſt.

Was ever any Man ſo loth to truſt

Comus and the *Faithful Shepherdeſs?* More uniform they are, we allow, like the Gardens which Mr. *Pope* deſcribes, where

Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a Brother,
And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.

But is this a true or a falſe Taſte? We certainly borrow'd it from the *French* in the *Gallic* (not *Auguſtine*) Age of King *Charles* the Second; and if we admire it, let us acknowledge our Benefactors.

(58) ——*not the ſame, more* wild;] As this is Senſe, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the Author's Word was *vilde*, the old way of ſpelling *vile*.

His

His Eyes as I? Or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to *Amoret?*
For whose dear sake, I promise if there be
A living Soul within thee, thus to free
Thy Body from it. [*He hurts her again.*
Amo. So, this Work hath end:
Farewel and live, be constant to thy Friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot *runs off.*

Sat. See the Day begins to break,
And the Light shoots like a streak
Of subtle Fire, the Wind blows cold,
While the Morning doth unfold;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrel from the Boughs
Leaps, to get him Nuts and Fruit;
(59) The early Lark, that earst was mute,
Carols to the rising Day,
Many a Note and many a Lay:
Therefore here I end my Watch,
Left the wandring Swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself. *Amo.* Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, what e'er thou be,
I am ready, speak I say:
By the dawning of the Day,

(59) *The early Lark,*——] I have somewhere heard it observed, that the *English* Poets are much more happy in their Descriptions of the Morning and Evening, than either the *Greeks* or *Romans*; and perhaps the Reason may be, that the Twilight in Summer is longer, and consequently the Mornings and Evenings are more beautiful in the Northern than in the Southern Climates. The Truth of the Observation might be abundantly proved, and *Fletcher*'s Mornings and Evenings in this Play would be very high in the List of *English* Beauties. *Milton*, in his *L. Allegro*, has imitated this Description of the Lark, and, as usual, has exceeded him in Energy and Grandeur, as much as he has fallen short in Sweetness and Prettiness.

To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his Watch-tow'r in the Skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise.

By

By the pow'r of Night and *Pan*,
I inforce thee ſpeak again.
Amo. O I am moſt unhappy.
Sat. Yet more Blood!
Sure theſe wanton Swains are wood.
Can there be a Hand or Heart,
Dare commit ſo vile a part
As this Murder? By the Moon,
That hid her ſelf when this was done,
Never was a ſweeter Face:
I will bear her to the Place
Where my Goddeſs keeps; and crave
Her to give her Life or Grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilſt one Patient takes his Reſt ſecure
I ſteal abroad to do another Cure.
Pardon, thou buried Body of my Love,
That from thy Side I dare ſo ſoon remove;
I will not prove unconſtant, (60) I will leave
Thee for an hour alone. When I deceive
My firſt made Vow, the wildeſt of the Wood
Tear me, (61) and o'er thy Grave let out my Blood;
I go by Wit to cure a Lover's Pain
Which no Herb can; being done, I'll come again.
[*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor Shepherd, in this Shade for ever lie,
And ſeeing thy fair *Clorin*'s Cabin, die:
O hapleſs Love, which being anſwer'd, ends;
And as a little Infant cries and bends

(60) —— *nor will leave*
Thee for an hour alone.—] If this be genuine, the Senſe will be, that I will not leave thee alone, even a full Hour; but this appears ſo ſtifly expreſſed that I have chang'd the Negative to an Affirmative; making her ſay, that ſhe would abſent herſelf for one Hour *only*.

(61) —— *and o'er* my *Grave*——] Mr. *Theobald* has reſtored the true Reading from the firſt Quarto, and Mr. *Sympſon* by Conjecture.

His

His tender Brows, when rowling of his Eye
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
Which he wou'd have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else: Such my Affection, set
On that which I shou'd loath, if I cou'd get.

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lyes; did ever Man but he
Love any Woman for her Constancy
To her dead Lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her Friend,
And he himself must needs the Cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
Thee from thy Pain, and keep my Loyalty.
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy Brightness doth amaze!
So *Phœbus* may at Noon bid Mortals gaze,
Thy glorious Constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the Beams with my weak sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy self for me?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless Constancy?

Clor. Thou holy Shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dares undertake. [*He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
Yet any part of Woman left in thee
To make thee light; think yet before thou speak.

Clor. See what a holy Vow for thee I break.
I, that already have my Fame far spread,
For being constant to my Lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear *Clorin*, of your Love, how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clor. Yet all I'll lose for thee.

The. Think but how blest
A constant Woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my self, here on this Ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound

His

His Heart with Malice againſt Woman more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleaſant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this Change in thee?
Yet, yet, return, let not the Woman ſway.
Clor. Inſult not on her now, nor uſe delay,
Who for thy ſake hath ventur'd all her Fame.
The. Thou haſt not ventur'd, (62) but bought certain Shame.
Your Sex's Curſe, foul Falſhood, muſt and ſhall,
I ſee, once in your Lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now: Yet turn.
Clor. Be juſt to me:
Shall I at once both loſe my Fame and thee?
The. Thou hadſt no Fame, that which thou didſt like good
Was but thy Appetite that ſway'd thy Blood
For that time to the beſt: For as a blaſt
That through a Houſe comes, uſually doth caſt
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow ſome one thing to his proper Room;
So did thy Appetite, and not thy Zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do ſome one thing well.
Yet turn.
Clor. Thou doſt but try me if I would
Forſake thy dear Imbraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: But do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that Grace
Auſterity, which ſate upon that Face
Is gone, and thou like others; falſe Maid, ſee,
This is the gain of foul Inconſtancy. [*Exit.*
Clor. 'Tis done, great *Pan*, I give thee thanks for it;
What Art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by Wit.

Enter Thenot *again.*

The. Will ye be conſtant yet? Will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love?

(62) ——— *but* brought *certain Shame.*] I found my Conjecture here confirmed by the firſt old Quarto, and the ſecond Folio.

Clor.

Clor. No let me die, but by thy Side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy Strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this Tree,
And pine and die for thee with more Delight,
Than I have Sorrow now to know thee light.
Clor. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.
The. Thou art of Womens Race, and full of Guilt.
Farewel all hope of that Sex; whilst I thought
There was one Good, I fear'd to find one Naught:
But since their Minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine Eye.
Clor. Blest be ye Pow'rs that give such quick Redress,
And for my Labours sent so good Success.
I rather chuse, though I a Woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Priest. SHepherds, rise and shake off Sleep,
See the blushing Morn doth peep
Through the Window, while the Sun
To the Mountain Tops is run,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising Flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up ye lazy Grooms, and fill
Bag and Bottle for the Field;
Clasp your Cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east Wind.
Call the Maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a Friend all Day;
Then reward your Dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from Decay:
So unfold and then away.

What,

What, not a Shepherd ſtirring? Sure the Grooms
Have found their Beds too eaſie, or the Rooms
Fill'd with ſuch new Delight, and Heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry Sheep, and Day;
Knock, that they may remember what a ſhame
Sloth and Neglect lays on a Shepherd's Name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpoſe, not a Swain
This Night hath known his Lodging here, or lain
Within theſe Cotes: The Woods, or ſome near Town,
That is a Neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout ſome luſty Sport,
Or ſpiced Waſſel-Boul, to which reſort
All the young Men and Maids of many a Cote,
Whilſt the trim Minſtrel ſtrikes his merry Note.

Prieſt. God pardon Sin, ſhow me the way that leads
To any of their Haunts.

Old Shep. This to the Meads,
And that down to the Woods.

Prieſt. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your Company. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin *in her Cabin*, Alexis *with her.*

Clor. Now your Thoughts are almoſt pure,
And your Wound begins to cure:
Strive to baniſh all that's vain,
Leſt it ſhould break out again.

Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy Maid:
I find my former wandring Thoughts well ſtaid
Through thy wiſe Precepts, and my outward Pain,
By thy choice Herbs, is almoſt gone again:
Thy Sex's Vice and Virtue are reveal'd
At once, for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clor. (63) May thy Griefe more appeaſe,
Relapſes are the worſt Diſeaſe.
Take heed how you in Thought offend,
So Mind and Body both will mend.

(63) *May thy Griefe more appeaſe,*] Here *Grief* is to be ſpoke as two Syllables.

Enter Satyre *with* Amoret.

Amo. Be'ſt thou the wildeſt Creature of the Wood,
That bear'ſt me thus away, drown'd in my Blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a Maid, let that Name fight for me.
Sat. Faireſt Virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy Body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.
See fair Goddeſs, in the Wood
They have let out yet more Blood.
Some Savage Man hath ſtruck her Breaſt,
So ſoft and white, that no wild Beaſt
Durſt 'a touch'd, aſleep, or wake:
So ſweet, that *Adder*, *Newte*, or *Snake*,
Would have lain from Arm to Arm,
On her Boſom to be warm
All a Night, and being hot,
Gone away and ſtung her not.
Quickly clap Herbs to her Breaſt;
A Man ſure is a kind of Beaſt.
Clor. With ſpotleſs Hand, on ſpotleſs Breaſt
I put theſe Herbs, to give thee reſt:
Which till it heal thee, will abide,
If both be pure; if not, off ſlide.
See it falls off from the Wound:
Shepherdeſs thou art not ſound,
Full of Luſt.
Sat. Who would have thought it,
So fair a Face!
Clor. Why that hath brought it.
Amo. For ought I know or think, theſe Words, my laſt:
Yet *Pan* ſo help me as my Thoughts are Chaſte.
Clor. And ſo may *Pan* bleſs this my Cure,
As all my Thoughts are juſt and pure;
Some Uncleanneſs nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my Med'cines work.
Satyre, ſearch if thou canſt find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it,

Stronger

Stronger yet: Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow Tree,
Two fond Mortals have I found.
Clor Bring them out, they are unſound.

Enter Cloe, *and* Daphnis.

Sat. By the Fingers thus I wring ye,
To my Goddeſs thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in,
I ſcented them, they're full of ſin.
Clor. Hold thee, *Satyre*, take this Glaſs,
Sprinkle over all the Place,
Purge the Air from luſtful Breath,
To ſave this Shepherdeſs from Death,
And ſtand you ſtill whilſt I do dreſs
Her Wound, for fear the Pain increaſe.
Sat. From this Glaſs I throw a drop
Of Chriſtal Water on the top
Of every Graſs, on Flow'rs a pair:
Send a Fume, and keep the Air
Pure and wholſome, ſweet and bleſt,
'Till this Virgin's Wound be dreſt.
Clor. Satyre help to bring her in.
Sat. By *Pan*, I think ſhe hath no ſin,
She is ſo light: lye on theſe Leaves.
Sleep that mortal Senſe deceives,
Crown thine Eyes, and eaſe thy Pain,
May'ſt thou ſoon be well again.
Clor. Satyre, bring the Shepherd near,
Try him if his Mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd come.
Daph. My Thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better Trial to endure.
Clor. (64) In this Flame his Finger thruſt,
Which will burn him if he luſt;

But

(64) *In this Flame*——] This is taken Word for Word from *Shakeſpear: Merry Wives of Windſor*, the End of the laſt Act.

With trial Fire touch me his Finger end;
If he be chaſte, the Flame will back deſcend

But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted Flesh to burn.
See it gives back, let him go,
Farewel Mortal, keep thee so.
Sat. Stay fair Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must try if you be chaste:
Here's a Hand that quakes for fear,
Sure she will not prove so clear.
Clor. Hold her Finger to the Flame,
That will yield her Praise or Shame.
Sat. To her Doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender Hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot Beams at her Fingers ends.
O thou art foul within, and hast
A Mind, if nothing else, unchaste.
Alex. Is not that *Cloe?* 'tis my Love, 'tis she:
Cloe, Fair *Cloe*.
Cloe. My *Alexis*. *Alex.* He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
Lest her Sight disturb his Sense.
Alex. Take not her, take my Life first.
Clor. See, his Wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the Wood,
'Till I have stopt these Streams of Blood.
Soon again he Ease shall find,
If I can but still his Mind.
This Curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing Air away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,

And put him to no pain; but if he start
It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.

Mr. *Sympson.*

I take the Trial-fire not to have been an Invention of *Shakespear*, but a commonly believed Legend of the Fairies. In the poetick Part *Fletcher* has as much improved on *Shakespear*, as *Milton* has done on *Fletcher* in any of his Imitations above quoted. The Lines relating to *Cloe*'s Trial are remarkably beautiful.

That

That have a ripe Desire, and forward Will
To fly the Company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now, shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first Desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the Morning's Mist do not beguile
My sight with Shadows, sure I see a Swain;
One of this jolly Troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young Shepherd, to be known,
Thus without care, leaving thy Flocks alone,
And following what Desire and present Blood
Shapes out before thy burning Sense for good,
Having forgot what Tongue hereafter may
Tell to the World thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at Virtue, and a virtuous Name,
(65) And like a glorious desp'rate Man that buys
A Poison of much Price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for Lust, whose only gain
Is foul Disease, (66) with present Age and Pain,
And then a Grave? These be the Fruits that grow
In such hot Veins that only beat to know
Where they may take most Ease, and grow Ambitious
Through their own wanton Fire, and Pride delicious.
The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this Night,
What the smooth Face of Mirth was, or the sight

(65) *And like a* glorious *desp'rate Man that buys*
A Poison of much Price,——] Mr. *Sympson* would read *furious*, desperate Man, but I am afraid this would be turning a Beauty into a Tautology. He is *desperate* or furious, because he buys a Poison; he is *glorious*, because he buys one of great Price.

(66) ——*with present* Age *and Pain*,] Mr. *Sympson* would read *Aches and Pain*. But exactly the same may be said of this Conjecture as the former. The Gain of Lust is Disease, *an early old Age*, Pain and Death: *Present Age* is therefore a remarkably strong Expression.

Of any Looseness; Musick, Joy and Ease
Have been to me as bitter Drugs to please
A Stomach lost with weakness, not a Game
That I am skill'd at throughly: Nor a Dame,
Went her Tongue smoother than the feet of Time,
Her Beauty ever living, like the Rhime
(67) Our blessed *Tityrus* did sing of yore,
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful Summer, when the loaden Tree
Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
'Twere but to me like Thunder 'gainst the Bay,
Whose Lightning may inclose, but never stay
Upon his charmed Branches; such am I
Against the catching Flames of Woman's Eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wandred?

The. 'Twas a Vow
That drew me out last Night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh Pasture to my Sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye Shepherd, if the Heart
In this well sounding Musick bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this Green
To fold our Flocks up, any of that Train;
Yet have I walk'd those Woods round, and have lain
All this same Night under an aged Tree,
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I see,
Or Shepherdess, or drew into mine Ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were

(67) *Our blessed* Tityrus——] Mr. *Sympson* would suppose that *Spenser* is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this likewise; First, because *Spenser* died but a few Years before this Play was wrote, and the Expression of *yore* seems to imply an earlier Date: Secondly, because *Tityrus* is the Name which *Spenser* had in all his Pastorals given to *Chaucer*, and as *Fletcher* frequently imitates those Pastorals, I doubt not but *Chaucer* was here intended; particularly as *Spenser* is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater Honour than *Chaucer* is here.

(68) The Nightingale among the thick-leav'd ſpring
That ſits alone in Sorrow, and doth ſing
Whole Nights away in mourning; or the Owl,
Or our great Enemy that ſtill doth howl
Againſt the Moon's cold Beams.
Prieſt. Go, and beware
Of after falling.
The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit* Thenot.

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another Straggler, ſure I ſee
A ſhame in this young Shepherd. *Daphnis!*
Daph. He. [been,
Prieſt. Where haſt thou left the reſt, that ſhould have
Long before this, grazing upon the Green
Their yet impriſon'd Flocks?
Daph. Thou holy Man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have ſeen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the Ear of Shepherd: Oh my Heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy Tidings! You all know the Bow'r
Where the chaſte *Clorin* lives, by whoſe great Pow'r

(68) *The Nightingale among* &c.] This Deſcription of the Nightingale is taken from *Spenſer*'s *Shepherd's Calendar*, Auguſt.

Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed Bird, that ſpends her time of Sleep
In Songs and plaintive Pleas, the more t'augment
The Memory of his Miſdeed that bred her Woe.

Both *Spenſer*'s and *Fletcher*'s are extremely beautiful, and the Sound in both a perfect Echo to the Senſe; yet are they ſcarce to be named with that noble Simile of the Nightingale at the End of the *Georgicks*, or with the various Deſcriptions of her in *Milton*, who was quite enamoured with this Bird from her near Reſemblance to his own Circumſtances.

Who fed on Thoughts that voluntary mov'd
Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadyeſt Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note.

Sick Men and Cattle have been often cur'd,
There lovely *Amoret*, that was assur'd
To lusty *Perigot*, bleeds out her Life,
Forc'd by some Iron Hand and fatal Knife;
And by her young *Alexis*.

Enter Amarillis, *running from her Sullen Shepherd.*

Amar. If there be
Ever a Neighbour-brook, or hollow Tree,
Receive my Body, close me up from Lust
That follows at my Heels; be ever just,
Thou God of Shepherds, *Pan*, for her dear sake
That loves the Rivers brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick Pursuit:
Let me be made a Reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the Waters fall, while ev'ry Blast
Sings through my slender Leaves that I was chaste.
Priest. This is a Night of wonder: *Amaril'*
Be comforted, the holy Gods are still
Revengers of these Wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessed Man,
Honour'd upon these Plains, and lov'd of *Pan*,
Hear me, and save from endless Infamy,
My yet unblasted Flow'r, Virginity.
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that Head,
By thy chaste Office, and the Marriage Bed
That still is blest by thee, by all the Rites
Due to our God, and by those Virgin Lights
That burn before his Altar, let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purg'd. I am not now
That wanton *Amarillis!* here I vow
To Heav'n, and thee grave Father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy Night to know the Day,
To live a Virgin, never to endure
The Tongues, or Company of Men impure.
I hear him come, save me.
Priest. Retire a while
Behind this Bush, 'till we have known that vile

Abuser

Abuſer of young Maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Stay thy pace,
Moſt loved *Amarillis*, let the Chaſe
Grow calm and milder, fly me not ſo faſt,
I fear the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden Buskins; turn again and ſee
Thy Shepherd follow, that is ſtrong and free,
Able to give thee all Content and Eaſe.
I am not baſhful, Virgin, I can pleaſe
At firſt Encounter, hug thee in mine Arm,
And give thee many Kiſſes, ſoft and warm,
As thoſe the Sun prints on the ſmiling Cheek
Of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am ſleek
And ſmooth as *Neptune*, when ſtern *Eolus*
Locks up his ſurly Winds, and nimbly thus
Can ſhew my active Youth; why doſt thou fly?
Remember, *Amarillis*, it was I
That kill'd *Alexis* for thy ſake, and ſet
An everlaſting Hate 'twixt *Amoret*
And her beloved *Perigot*; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the Well, where ſhe muſt lye
'Till Time ſhall leave to be; then turn again,
Turn with thy open Arms, and clip the Swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I ſay:
I muſt not be deluded.

Prieſt. Monſter, ſtay.
Thou that art like a Canker to the State
Thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt in, eating with debate
Through every honeſt Boſom, forcing ſtill
The Veins of any that may ſerve thy Will,
Thou that haſt offer'd with a ſinful Hand
To ſeize upon this Virgin, that doth ſtand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good Holineſs, declare
What had the Danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
What coming wonders would that ſight impart?

Prieſt.

Priest. Lust, and a branded Soul.
Sull. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother Nature, for her store
And great increase, said it is good and just,
And wills that every living Creature must
Beget his like?
Priest. Ye are better read than I,
I must confess, in Blood and Lechery.
Now to the Bow'r, and bring this Beast along,
Where he may suffer Penance for his wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot *with his Hand bloody.*

Per. Here will I wash it in this Morning's Dew,
Which she on every little Grass doth strew
In Silver drops against the Sun's appear:
'Tis Holy Water, and will make me clear.
My Hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged Love,
If thy chaste Spirit in the Air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of Guilt, thy Blood upon his Hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my Revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a Fault which I intended not,
And let these Dew drops wash away my Spot.
It will not cleanse. O to what sacred Flood
Shall I resort to wash away this Blood?
Amidst these Trees the holy *Clorin* dwells
In a low Cabin of cut Boughs, and heals
All Wounds: To her I will my self address,
And my rash Faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by Art or Pray'r,
To make my Hand, with chaste Blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence, underneath some Tree
I'll have a little Cabin built, since she
Whom I ador'd is dead; there will I give
My self to strictness, and like *Clorin* live. [*Exit.*

The

The Curtain is drawn, Clorin *appears ſitting in the Cabin,* Amoret *ſitting on the one ſide of her,* Alexis *and* Cloe *on the other, the* Satyre *ſtanding by.*

Clor. Shepherd, once more your Blood is ſtaid,
Take example by this Maid,
Who is heal'd e'er you be pure,
So hard it is lewd Luſt to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your Eye
On each other luſtfully:
And Shepherdeſs, take heed leſt you
Move his willing Eye thereto;
Let no Wring, nor Pinch, nor Smile
Of yours, his weaker Senſe beguile.
Is your Love yet True and Chaſte,
And for ever ſo to laſt?

Alex. I have forgot all vain Deſires,
All looſer Thoughts, ill temper'd Fires.
True Love I find a pleaſant Fume,
Whoſe mod'rate Heat can ne'er conſume.

Cloe. And I a new Fire feel in me,
Whoſe chaſte Flame is not quencht to be.

Clor. Join your Hands with modeſt touch,
And for ever keep you ſuch.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her Cabin, thus far off I'll ſtand,
And call her forth: For my unhallow'd Hand
I dare not bring ſo near yon ſacred Place.
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely Grace
To a poor Swain.

Clor. What art thou that doſt call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.

Per. I dare not.

Clor. Satyre, ſee
Who it is that calls on me.

Sat. There at hand ſome Swain doth ſtand,
Stretching out a bloody Hand.

Per.

Per. Come *Clorin*, bring the holy Waters clear,
To wash my Hand.
Clor. What wonders have been here
To Night! Stretch forth thy Hand, young Swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy Water.
Per. Still you pour,
But my Hand will never scour.
Clor. *Satyre*, bring him to the Bower,
We will try the Sovereign Power
Of other Waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure
'Tis the Blood of Maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyre *leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth* Amoret; *kneeling down, she knoweth him.*

Per. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her Spright, or some Divinity,
That in her Shape thinks good to walk this Grove,
Pardon poor *Perigot*.
Amo. I am thy Love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy Love:
Strike once more on my naked Breast, I'll prove
As constant still. O cou'dst thou love me yet;
How soon shou'd I my former Griefs forget!
Per. So over-great with Joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still pow'r to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I to live;
More welcome now than had'st thou never gone
Astray from me.
Per. And when thou lov'st alone
And not I thee, Death or some lingring pain
That's worse, light on me.
Clor. Now your stain
This perhaps will cleanse again;
See the Blood that earst did stay,
With the Water drops away.

All

All the Powers again are pleas'd,
And with this new Knot are appeas'd.
Join your Hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, and Old Shepherd.

Cler. Go back again what e'er thou art, unless
Smooth Maiden Thoughts possess thee; do not press
This hallow'd Ground. Go *Satyre*, take his Hand,
And give him present Trial.

Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by Fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this Place.
Hold thy Hand up; never was
More untainted Flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of Bliss.

Clor. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this Place?

Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy Face
Where all good dwells that is: Next, for to try
The truth of late Report was giv'n to me:
Those Shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the Wounds they have may yet endure
The open Air, or stay a longer Cure.
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty Wretches, through whose spight
All this Confusion fell: For to this Place,
Thou holy Maiden, have I (69) brought a brace
Of these Offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their Lives.

Clor. Fume all the Ground,
And sprinkle holy Water, for unsound
And foul Infection gins to fill the Air,
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of Censors fill'd with Frankincense and Mirrh,
Together with cold Camphyr: Quickly stir

(69) ——*brought* the Race] As he brought but two, I hope I have restored the true Reading.

Thee,

Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the Place begins
To ſweat and labour with th' abhorred Sins
Of thoſe Offenders; let them not come nigh,
For full of itching Flame and Leproſie
Their very Souls are, that the Ground goes back,
And ſhrinks to feel the ſullen weight of Black
And ſo unheard of Venom; hye thee faſt,
Thou holy Man, and baniſh from the chaſte
Theſe manlike Monſters, let them never more
Be known upon theſe Downs, but long before
The next Sun's riſing, put them from the ſight
And Memory of every honeſt Wight.
Be quick in Expedition, leſt the Sores
Of theſe weak Patients break into new Gores. [*Exit Prieſt.*

Per. My dear, dear *Amoret*, how happy are
Thoſe bleſſed Pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlaſting Love, too ſtrong
For Time, or Steel, or Envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your Hurts? Alas poor Heart,
How much I was abus'd; give me the Smart,
For it is juſtly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough dear Friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in deſpight of ill,
Give Hands and Hearts again.

Per. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hotteſt Day
Cool Chriſtal of the Fountain, to allay
My eager thirſt: may this Band never break,
Hear us O Heav'n.

Amo. Be conſtant.

Per. Elſe *Pan* wreak,
With double Vengeance, my Diſloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the Company
Of Men, or any more behold thoſe Eyes.

Amo. Thus Shepherd with a Kiſs all Envy dyes.

Enter

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright Maid, I have perform'd your will; the Swain
In whom such Heat and black Rebellions reign,
Hath undergone your Sentence, and Disgrace:
Only the Maid I have reserv'd, whose Face
Shews much amendment, many a Tear doth fall
In sorrow of her Fault; great Fair recal
Your heavy doom, in hope of better Days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy Spirit, that near drowned lyes
(70) In self-consuming care that never dyes.

Clor. I am content to Pardon, call her in;
The Air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge it self, how bright the Day doth show
After this stormy Cloud? go *Satyre*, go,
And with this Taper boldly try her Hand.
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the Gods themselves. [*Satyre brings* Amarillis *in.*

Sat. Come forward Maiden, do not lurk,
Nor hide your Face with Grief and Shame;
Now or never get a Name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy Life that was impure:
Hold your Hand unto the Flame;
If thou be'st a perfect Dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale Fire will be thy Friend.
See the Taper hurts her not.
Go thy ways, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy Blood.
Thank the Gods, and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdess, now ye are brought again
To Virgin State, be so, and so remain

(70) *In self-confusing care*——] The Reading in the Text I sent Mr. *Theobald*, and found it after his Death quoted before by him from the old Quarto.

To

To thy last Day, unless the faithful Love
Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed Memory to after Time,
Be famous for your Good, not for your Crime.
Now holy Man, I offer up again
These Patients full of Health, and free from Pain:
Keep them from after ills, be ever near
Unto their Actions, teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through, from Suspect,
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of Duty in themselves, correct the Blood
With thrifty Bits and Labour, let the Flood,
(71) Or the next neighbouring Spring give Remedy
To greedy Thirst and Travail, not the Tree
That hangs with wanton Clusters; let not Wine,
Unless in Sacrifice, or Rites Divine,
Be ever known of Shepherds, have a care
Thou Man of holy Life. Now do not spare
Their Faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many Pains and Sweat
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the Downs.
Sort all your Shepherds from (72) the lazy Clowns
That

(71) *Or the next neighbouring Spring give Remedy*
To greedy Thirst and Travel, not the Tree
That hangs with wanton Clusters; ——] A slight Corruption in the Pointing, when it leaves some Shadow of Sense, is often the most difficult to be corrected, however easy it seems after it is done: *Travel not the Tree* may signify, *don't labour*, or *endeavour to get yourselves Wine*. But this so stifly, that I had often hesitated upon it, before I received from Mr. *Sympson* the true Reading, which is in some Degree confirmed by the two first Quartos, which read

To greedy Thirst and travel not, the Tree
That hangs with &c.

Here the Comma having got out of its Place, the subsequent Editions in attempting to correct, only went further from the true Reading.

(72) —— —— *the lazy Clowns*
That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms:] This Instance of Laziness is taken from *Spenser*. *Shepherd's Calendar*, February.

So loytring live, you little Herd-Grooms,
Keeping your Beasts in the budded Brooms.

The

That feed their Heifers in the budded Brooms:
Teach the young Maidens ſtrictneſs, that the Grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing Youth;
Baniſh all Compliments, but ſingle Truth,
From every Tongue, and every Shepherd's Heart,
Let them ſtill uſe Perſuading, but no Art:
Thus, holy *Prieſt*, I wiſh to thee and theſe,
All the beſt Goods and Comforts that may pleaſe.

Alex. And all thoſe Bleſſings Heav'n did ever give,
We pray upon this Bow'r may ever live.

Prieſt. Kneel ev'ry Shepherd, while with pow'rful Hand
I bleſs your After-Labours, and the Land
You feed your Flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
From Misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from thoſe Dangers ſtill,
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye Means to know at length
All your Riches, all your Strength,
Cannot keep your Foot from falling
To lewd Luſt, that ſtill is calling
At your Cottage, till his pow'r
Bring again that Golden Hour
Of Peace and Reſt to every Soul.
May his Care of you controul
All Diſeaſes, Sores or Pain,
That in after Time may reign,
Either in your Flocks or you;
Give ye all Affections new,
New Deſires, and Tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now riſe and go, and as ye paſs away,
Sing to the God of Sheep, that happy Lay,
(73) That honeſt *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
That was the Soul and God of Melody.

The

The Meaning, I believe, is, You that loitring let your Herds run wild among the Broom which grows on the worſt Soil, and don't drive them into the beſt Paſtures.

(73) *That honeſt* Dorus——] This fine Eulogy on ſome Poet beloved and almoſt adored by our Author, I take to have been meant of *Spenſer* for theſe Reaſons. He ſeems to ſpeak of one who lived in the preceding

The SONG.

All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bow'rs,
All ye Virtues and ye Pow'rs
That inhabit in the Lakes,
In the pleaſant Springs or Brakes,
Move your Feet
To our Sound,
Whilſt we greet
All this Ground,
With his Honour and his Name
That defends our Flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is juſt,
He is ever good, and muſt
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roſes, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilſt we ſing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young,
Thus great Pan *is ever ſung.* [*Exeunt.*

Sat. Thou divineſt, faireſt, brighteſt,
Thou moſt pow'rful Maid, and whiteſt,
Thou moſt virtuous and moſt bleſſed,
Eyes of Stars, and Golden treſſed

Age, but was dead before the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* was publiſhed. This anſwers to none ſo well as *Spenſer*, he and *Shakeſpear* being the only very great Poets that immediately preceded our Author; but the latter lived ſome Years after the Publication of this Piece. In the next place, as he had juſt before taken an Expreſſion from *Spenſer*, ſo he greatly imitates his Manner in the following Song, and inſerts one Expreſſion of his in it literally.

——— *Daffadillies,*
Roſes, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us fling, &c.

which *Spenſer* had thus expreſſed. *Shepherd's Calendar,* April.

Strow me the Ground with Daffadowndillies
And Cowſlips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies.

Like

Like *Apollo*, tell me Sweeteſt
What new Service now is meeteſt
For the *Satyre?* (74) ſhall I ſtray
In the middle Air, and ſtay
The ſailing Rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the Moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale Queen of Night
For a Beam to give thee Light?

Shall

(74) ——— *ſhall I ſtray*
In the middle Air, &c.] The Character of the Attendant Spirit in *Comus* is this Satyr under another Shape and Name. The Satyr in the third Act is ſent by *Pan* to guide aright the wandring Shepherds, and to protect Virtue in Diſtreſs.

But to my Charge: here muſt I ſtay
To ſee what Mortals loſe their way,
And by a falſe Fire ſeeming bright,
Train 'em in and leave 'em right.
Then muſt I watch, if any be
Forcing of a Chaſtity;
If I find it, then in haſte
Give my wreathed Horn a Blaſt,
And the Fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the Moon,
And will pinch him to the Bone,
Till his luſtful Thoughts be gone.

The attendant Spirit has much the ſame Office: He is ſent by *Jupiter* to protect the Virtuous againſt the Enchantments of *Comus*.

Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to paſs through this advent'rous Glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
I ſhoot from Heav'n to give him ſafe Convoy.

When they have finiſhed their Office, they both give the ſame Account of their Power and Velocity. In imitation of the Lines now referr'd to, and to the two laſt of the Satyr's firſt Speech:

(I muſt go, and I muſt run,
Swifter than the fiery Sun.)

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the Audience.

But now my Task is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green Earth's End,
Where the bow'd Welkin ſlow doth bend;
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the Corners of the Moon.

Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring thee Coral, making way
Through the riſing Waves that fall
In ſnowy Fleeces? deareſt, ſhall

The two firſt and the two laſt of *Milton*'s Lines are directly taken from *Fletcher: The Sky ſlowly bending to the Horizon*, in the middle Couplet, is a noble Image; but I can ſcarce think that it can alone vie with the Variety of Beauties in *Fletcher*; ſuch as, *making ſuit to the pale Queen of Night for a Moon-beam; darting through the Waves that fall on each Side in ſnowy Fleeces*; and *catching the wanton Fawns, and Flies whoſe woven Wings are dyed by the Summer of many Colours.* But it may perhaps be thought that *Milton* has improved the Meaſure, and made his Sound more an Echo to his Senſe; if he has, he only imitates in this the following Lines, which are a fine Inſtance of this Species of Beauty.

——— ——— *I will dance*
Round about theſe Woods, as quick
As the breaking Light, and prick
Down the Lawns, and down the Vales,
Faſter than the Wind-mill ſails.

I have now finiſhed my Notes on this Play, and the Reader who is inſenſible of its Beauties, muſt be content to be engrafted on that *many-headed Monſter* whom *Ben Johnſon* ſo ſeverely laſhes for condemning the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* at its firſt Appearance; and rank, as *Beaumont* ſays,

——— ——— *with thoſe*
Whoſe very Reading makes Verſe *ſenſeleſs* Proſe.

[See the two Prefatory Poems to *Fletcher*, by *Johnſon* and *Beaumont*.] Of ſuch I ask no pardon for the Length of my Notes, but beg it of thoſe who want no Lamp to diſcover Excellencies beſides that which ſhines in their own Boſoms. Theſe, I believe, will wonder that the *Aminta* and *Paſtor fido* ſhould be ſo well known to, and ſo much talked of by their Countrymen, whilſt very few have ever heard, that we have a Dramatick Paſtoral of our own that yields to neither of the former in *Prettineſs* and *Delicacy*, and in *Energy* and *Sublimity* vaſtly excels them. I would not inſinuate that *Fletcher* was capable of more *Sublimity* than the two *Italians*, particularly than *Taſſo*: But the Paſſion of *Love* being the ſole Aim of the *Aminta* and *Paſtor Fido*, and the Virtue of *Chaſtity* being the chief End of the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *Fletcher's Subject* naturally led him into a greater Sublimity of *Stile* and *Sentiments*. Not that this has ever made him tranſgreſs the Bounds of *Paſtoral Simplicity*, which *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* and *Milton* in his *Mask* have frequently done. The *Italians* have the Honour of being the Introducers of the *Dramatick Paſtoral*, but I cannot upon Examination find that *Fletcher* has borrowed a ſingle *Sentiment* or *Expreſſion* from any of them, except the Name of the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* from the *Paſtor Fido*.

I catch

I catch the wanton Fawns, or Flyes,
Whoſe woven Wings the Summer dyes
Of many Colours? get thee Fruit?
Or ſteal from Heav'n old *Orpheus'* Lute?
All theſe I'll venture for, and more,
To do her ſervice all theſe Woods adore.

Clor. No other Service, *Satyre*, but thy Watch
About theſe Thickets, leſt harmleſs People catch
Miſchief or ſad Miſchance.

Sat. Holy Virgin, I will dance
Round about theſe Woods as quick
As the breaking Light, and prick
Down the Lawns, and down the Vales
Faſter than the Wind-mill ſails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the Comforts of the Day,
Such as *Phœbus* Heat doth ſend
On the Earth, may ſtill befriend
Thee and this Arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
All thy Maſter's Love be free.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

MAD LOVER.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

PROLOGUE.

TO pleaſe all is impoſſible, and to deſpair
Ruins our ſelves, and damps the Writers Care:
Would we knew what to do, or ſay, or when
To find the Minds here equal with the Men:
But we muſt venture; now to Sea we go,
Fair Fortune with us, give us Room, and blow;
Remember you're all Vent'rers; and in this Play
How many Twelve-pences ye have 'ſtow'd this Day:
Remember for return of your Delight,
We launch, and plough through ſtorms of Fear, and Spight,
Give us your Fore-winds fairly, fill our Wings,
And ſteer us right; and as the Saylor ſings,
Loaden with Wealth, on wanton Seas, ſo we
Shall make our Home-bound-voyage cheerfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your Treaſure
Share equally the Fraught, we run for Pleaſure.

THE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Astorax, *King of* Paphos.
Memnon, *the General and the Mad Lover.*
Polydor, *Brother to* Memnon, *beloved of* Calis.
Eumenes, Polybius, } *two eminent Soldiers.*
Chilax, *an old merry Soldier.*
Siphax, *a Soldier in Love with the Princess.*
Stremon, *a Soldier that can sing.*
Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*
Chirurgeon.
Fool.
Page.
Courtiers.

WOMEN.

Calis, *Sister to the King, and Mistress to* Memnon.
Cleanthe, *Sister to* Siphax.
Lucippe, *one of the Princess's Women.*
Priestess of Venus, *an old Wanton.*
A Nun.
Cloe, *A Camp Baggage.*

SCENE *PAPHOS.*

THE

THE MAD LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Flouriſh. Enter Aſtorax *King of* Paphos, *his Siſter* Calis, *Train, and* Cleanthe, Lucippe, *Gentlewomen, at one Door; at the other* Eumenes, *a Soldier.*

EUMENES.

HEALTH to my Soveraign.
King. Eumenes, welcome:
Welcome to *Paphos*, Soldier, to our Love,
And that fair Health ye wiſh us, through the Camp
May it diſperſe it ſelf, and make all happy;
How does the General, the valiant *Memnon*,
And how his Wars, *Eumenes?*

Eum. The Gods have giv'n you (Royal Sir) a Soldier,
Better ne'er ſought a Danger; more approv'd
In way of War, (1) more Maſter of his Fortunes: Expert

(1) —— *more Maſter of his Fortunes,*
Expert in leading 'em; *in doing valiant,*
In following all his Deeds to Victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.] I ſhall now return to meer verbal Criticiſms. By the Reading and Pointing above, the firſt Step of

Expert in leading on; in doing valiant;
In following all his Deeds to Victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.
King. O Soldier,
Thou ſpeak'ſt a Man indeed; a General's General,
A Soul conceiv'd a Soldier.
Eum. Ten ſet Battels,
Againſt the ſtrong Uſurper *Diocles*
(Whom long Experience had begot a Leader,
Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your *Memnon*
Won, and won gloriouſly, diſtreſt and ſhook him
Even from the head of all his Hopes to nothing:
In three, he beat the Thunder-bolt his Brother,
Forc'd him to wall himſelf up: There not ſafe,
Shook him with warlike Engines like an Earthquake,
Till like a Snail he left his Shell, and crawl'd
By Night and hideous Darkneſs to Deſtruction:
Diſarm'd for ever riſing more: Twelve Caſtles,
Some thought impregnable; Towns twice as many;
Countries that like the Wind knew no command
But Savage wildneſs, hath this General [peſts,
With loſs of Blood and Youth, through Storms and Tem-
Call'd to your fair Obedience.
King. O my Soldier,
That thou wert now within my Arms! what Drums
Are thoſe that beat, *Eumenes?* [*Drums within.*
Eum. His, my Soveraign;
Himſelf i'th' Head of Conqueſt drawing home,
An old Man now to offer up his Glories,
And endleſs Conqueſt, at your Shrine.
King. Go all,
And entertain him with all Ceremony;

of a moſt beautiful Climax is taken away and placed to a former Sentence, where it is quite unneceſſary. The four Qualifications of a great General are ſtrongly marked out: *Expert in leading on; valiant in the Combat; Prudent in guiding his Valour to Victory,* and *in making his Victories deciſive.* I make the Pauſe fuller at the End of the firſt Line, and put in the ſecond what to me bids faireſt for having been the Original; though it might have been

Expert in leading, and in doing valiant;

We'll

We'll keep him now a Courtier.

Eum. Sir, a ſtrange one,
Pray God his Language bear it; by my Life, Sir,
He knows no Compliment, nor curious caſting
Of Words into fit Places e'er he ſpeak 'em:
He can ſay Fight well Fellow, and I'll thank thee:
He that muſt eat, muſt fight; bring up the Rear there,
Or charge that Wing of Horſe home. [*Flouriſh.*

King. Go too, go too.

Enter Memnon, *with a train of Courtiers, and Soldiers, two Captains,* Chilax, *&c.*

Valiant and Wiſe are twins, Sir: Welcome, welcome,
Welcome my fortunate and famous General,
High in thy Prince's Favour, as in Fame,
Welcome to Peace, and *Paphos.*

Mem. Thank your Grace,
And wou'd to God my dull Tongue had that Sweetneſs
To thank you as I ſhou'd; but pardon me,
My Sword and I ſpeak roughly, Sir: Your Battels,
I dare well ſay, I have fought well; for I bring ye
That lazy end you wiſh for, Peace, ſo fully,
That no more name of War is: Who now thinks
Sooner or ſafer theſe might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.
Soldier and Soldier's Mate theſe twenty five years,
At length your General, (as one whoſe Merit
Durſt look upon no leſs,) I have waded through
Dangers wou'd damp theſe ſoft Souls, but to hear of.
The Maiden-heads of thouſand Lives hang here, Sir,
Since which time, Prince, I know no Court but Marſhal,
No oylie Language, but the ſhock of Arms,
No dalliance but with Death; No lofty Meaſures
But weary and ſad Marches, Cold and Hunger,
Larums at midnight Valours ſelf would ſhake at,
Yet I ne'er ſhrunk: Balls of conſuming Wildfire,
That lickt Men up like Lightning, have I laught at,
And toſt 'em back again like Childrens trifles.
Upon the edges of my Enemies Swords

I have

I have marcht like Whirl-winds, Fury at this Hand waiting,
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn Hope,
When I have grapled with Deſtruction,
And tug'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, Night and Miſchief,
Frighted to ſee a new Day break in Blood;
(2) And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir;
Mothers have wanted Wombs to make me Famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers; Thoſe that griev'd ye,
I have taken order for i'th' Earth: Thoſe Fools
That ſhall hereafter———

King. No more Wars, my Soldier:
We muſt now treat of Peace, Sir.

[*King takes* Memnon *aſide and talks with him.*

Cle. How he talks,
How glorioufly.

Cal. A goodly timber'd Fellow,
Váliant no doubt.

Cle. If Valour dwell in vaunting;
In what a Phraſe he ſpeaks, as if his Actions
Cou'd be ſet off in nothing but a Noiſe?
Sure h'as a Drum in's Mouth.

Cal. I wonder, Wenches,
How he wou'd ſpeak to us.

Cle. Nothing but Larum,
Tell us whoſe Throat he cut, ſhew us his Sword,
And bleſs it for ſure biting.

Lucip. And 't like your Grace,
I do not think he knows us what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his Followers
Affirm he never ſaw a Woman that exceeded
A Sutler's Wife yet, (3) or in Execution
Old bed-rid Beldames without Teeth or Tongues,
That wou'd not fly his Fury? How he looks.

Cle. This way devoutly.

(2) *And ev'ry where I conquer'd; and for you, Sir,*
Mothers have wanted Wombs to make me Famous,] This was the Pointing of all the former Editions, the Correction is by Mr. *Sympſon.*

(3) ——*or in Execution*] This ſignifies the Sack of a Town, and is uſed by *Johnſon* in that Senſe as well as our Author.

Cal.

Cal. Sure his Lordſhip's viewing
Our Fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his Battery.
Cal. Still his Eye
Keeps quarter this way: *Venus* grant his Valour
Be not in Love.
Cle. If he be, preſently
Expect a Herald and a Trumpet with ye
To bid ye render; we two Perdu's pay for't elſe.
King. I'll leave ye to my Siſter, and theſe Ladies,
To make you welcome fuller. My good Soldier
We muſt now turn your Sternneſs into Courtſhip;
When ye have done there, to your fair Repoſe Sir:
[*Flouriſh.*
I know you need it, *Memnon*; welcome, Gentlemen.
[*Exit* King.
Lucip. Now he begins to march: Madam, the *Van*'s yours,
Keep your Ground ſure; (4) 'tis for your Spurs.
Mem. O *Venus.*
[*He kneels amaz'd, and forgets to ſpeak.*
Cal. How he ſtares on me.
Cle. Knight him Madam, knight him,
He will grow to th' Ground elſe.
Eum. Speak, Sir, 'tis the Princeſs.
1 *Cap.* Ye ſhame your ſelf, ſpeak to her.
Cal. Riſe and ſpeak, Sir.
Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all, Sir.
Lucip. Is he not Deaf?
Cal. The Gentleman's not well.
Eum. Fie, noble General.
Lucip. Give him freſh Air, his Colour goes; how do ye?
The Princeſs will be glad, Sir.
Mem. Peace, and hear me.
Cle. Command a Silence there.

(4) —*'tis for your Spurs.*] This Mr. *Sympſon* obſerves is very dark: The Meaning I take to be, *You are our Leader,* and *for the Honour of your Spurs muſt keep your Ground ſure.*

Mem.

Mem. I love thee, Lady.
Cal. I thank your Lordſhip heartily: Proceed, Sir.
Lucip. Lord how it ſtuck in's Stomach like a Surfeit.
Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine ſpoken Man he is.
Lucip. A choice one, of ſingular variety in Carriage.
Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his diſtance.
Mem. With all my Heart I love thee.
Cal. A hearty Gentleman,
And I were e'en an arrant Beaſt, my Lord,
But I lov'd you again.
Mem. Good Lady kiſs me.
Cle. Ay marry, *Mars*, there thou cam'ſt cloſe up to her.
Cal. Kiſs you at firſt, my Lord? 'Tis no fair Faſhion,
Our Lips are like Roſe buds, blown with Mens Breaths,
They loſe both Sap and Savour; there's my Hand, Sir;
Eum. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.
Mem. Unhand me,
Conſume me if I hurt her; good ſweet Lady
Let me but look upon thee.
Cal. Do.
Mem. Yet——
Cal. Well Sir,
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bleſs your Eyes, Sir.
Cal. Mercy,
Is this the Man they talkt of for a Soldier,
So abſolute and excellent? O the Gods,
If I were given to that Vanity
Of making ſport with Men for Ignorance,
What a moſt precious Subject had I purchas'd?
Speak for him, Gentlemen: Some one that knows
What the Man ails; and can ſpeak Senſe.
Cle. Sure, Madam,
This Fellow has been a rare Hare-finder.
See how his Eyes are ſet.
Cal. Some one go with me,
I'll ſend him ſomething for his Head; poor Gentleman,
He's troubled with the Staggers.

Lucip.

Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run March mad elſe, the fumes of Battels
Aſcend into his Brains.
Cle. Clap to his Feet
An old Drum-head, to draw the Thunder downward.
Cal. Look to him, Gentlemen: Farewel, Lord, I am ſorry
We cannot kiſs at this time, but believe it
We'll find an hour for all. God keep my Children
From being ſuch ſweet Soldiers; ſoftly, Wenches,
Leſt we diſturb his Dream. [*Exeunt* Calis, *and Ladies.*
Eum. Why this is monſtrous.
1 *Capt.* A ſtrange Forgetfulneſs, yet ſtill he holds it.
2 *Capt.* Though he ne'er ſaw a Woman of great Faſhion
Before this Day, yet methinks 'tis poſſible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs to 'em, by meer Report of others. *Eum.* Piſh,
His Head had other Whimſies in't: My Lord,
Death, I think y'are ſtruck dumb; my good Lord General.
1 *Capt.* Sir.
Mem. That I do love ye, Madam; and ſo love ye,
An't like your Grace.
2 *Capt.* He has been ſtudying this Speech.
Eum. Who do ye ſpeak to, Sir?
Mem. Why where's the Lady,
The Woman, the fair Woman?
1 *Capt.* Who?
Mem. The Princeſs,
Give me the Princeſs.
Eum. Give ye Counſel rather
To uſe her like a Princeſs: Fy my Lord,
How have you borne your ſelf, how nakedly
Laid your Soul open, and your Ignorance
To be a ſport to all. Report and Honour
Drew her to do you Favours, and you bluntly,
Without conſid'ring what, or who ſhe was,
Neither collecting Reaſon, nor Diſtinction.
Mem. Why, what did I, my Maſters?
Eum. All that ſhews
A Man unhandſom, undigeſted Dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?
Eum. Dumb and ſenſeleſs,
As though ye had been cut out for your Father's Tomb,
Or ſtuck a Land-mark; when ſhe ſpoke unto you,
Being the Excellence of all our Iſland,
Ye ſtar'd upon her, as ye had ſeen a Monſter.
Mem. Was I ſo fooliſh? I confeſs, *Eumenes*,
I never ſaw before ſo brave an Outſide.
But did I kneel ſo long?
Eum. Till they laught at ye,
And when you ſpoke, I am aſham'd to tell ye
What 'twas, my Lord; how far from Order; bleſs me,
Is't poſſible that the wild noiſe of War,
And what ſhe only teaches ſhou'd poſſeſs ye?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full Diſcretion
Being at flood ſtill in ye: And in Peace,
And manly Converſation, ſmooth and civil,
Where Gracefulneſs and Glory twyn together,
Thruſt your ſelf out an Exile?
Do you know, Sir,
What State ſhe carries? and what great Obedience
Waits at her Beck continually?
Mem. She ne'er commanded
An hundred thouſand Men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won Battel; ſay I wou'd have kiſt her.
Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.
Mem. Why, ſhe's a Woman, is ſhe not?
Eum. She is ſo.
Mem. Why, very well; what was ſhe made for then?
Is ſhe not young, and handſom, bred to breed?
Do not Men kiſs fair Women? if they do,
If Lips be not unlawful ware; why a Princeſs
Is got the ſame way that we get a Beggar,
Or I am cozen'd; and the ſelf-ſame way
She muſt be handled e'er ſhe get another,
That's Rudeneſs, is it not?
2 *Capt.* To her 'tis held ſo,
And Rudeneſs in that high degree——
Mem. 'Tis Reaſon,
But I will be more punctual; pray what thought ſhe?

Eum.

Eum. Her Thoughts were merciful, but ſhe laught at ye,
Pitying the poorneſs of your Compliment,
And ſo ſhe left ye. Good Sir, ſhape your ſelf
To underſtand the Place and noble Perſons
You live with now.

1 *Capt.* Let not thoſe great Deſerts
The King hath laid up of ye, and the People,
Be blaſted with ill bearing.

Eum. The whole Name
Of Soldier then will ſuffer.

Mem. She's a ſweet one,
And good Sirs leave your Exhortations,
They come untimely to me; I have Brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a Princeſs,
That's all; I've kill'd a King, and that is greater.
Come let's to Dinner, if the Wine be good,
You ſhall perceive ſtrange Wiſdom in my Blood.

[*Exeunt all but* Chilax.

Chi. Well, wou'd thou wert i' the Wars again old *Memnon*,
There thou wou'dſt talk to th' purpoſe, and the proudeſt
Of all theſe Court Camelions wou'd be glad
To find it Senſe too: Plague of this dead Peace,
This Baſtard-breeding, lowzy, lazy Idleneſs,
Now we muſt learn to pipe, and pick our Livings
Out of old rotten Ends: Theſe twenty five Years
I've ſerv'd my Country, loſt my Youth and Blood,
Expos'd my Life to Dangers more than Days;
Yet let me tell my Wants, I know their Anſwers,
The King is bound to right me, they good People
Have but from Hand to Mouth. Look to your Wives
Your young trim Wives, your high-day Wives, your Marchpanes,
For if the Soldiers find not Recompence,
As yet there's none a hatching; I believe,
You Men of Wares, the Men of Wars will nick ye,
For ſtarve nor beg they muſt not; my ſmall Means
Are gone *in fumo:* Here to raiſe a better,
(Unleſs it be with lying, or Dog flattering,

At which our Nation's excellent; obſerving Dog-days,
When this good Lady broils and wou'd be baſted
By that good Lord, or ſuch like Moral Learnings,)
Is impoſſible: Well; I'll rub among 'em
If any thing for Honeſty be gotten,
Though't be but Bread and Cheeſe, I can be ſatisfied:
If otherwiſe the Wind blow, ſtiff as I am
Yet I ſhall learn to Shuffle: There's an old Laſs
That ſhall be nameleſs yet alive, my laſt hope,
Has often got my Pocket full of Crowns.
If all fail—Jack-Daws, are you alive ſtill? then
I ſee the Coaſt clear, when Fools and Boys can proſper.

Enter Fool, and Page.

Page. Brave Lieutenant.

Fool. Hail to the Man of Worſhip.

Chi. You are fine Sirs,
Moſt paſſing fine at all Points.

Fool. As ye ſee, Sir,
Home-bred and handſome, we cut not out our Clothes, Sir,
At half ſword as your Taylors do, and pink 'em
With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd, Sir,
Gentleman like, and jealous of our Honours.

Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy, Peace plays with you,
As the Wind plays with Feathers, dances ye,
You grind with all Guſts, Gallants.

Page. (5) We can bound, Sir,
(When you Soldados bend i'th' Hams) and friſk too.

Fool. When twenty of your Trip-coats turn their Tippets,
And your cold Sallets without Salt or Vinegar
(6) Lye wambling in your Stomachs; Hemp and Hobnails
Will bear no price now, Hangings and old Harneſs
Are like to over-run us. *Page.* Whores and hot Houſes.

Fool. Surgeons and Syringes ring out your Saints-bells.

Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.

Fool. Proh Deum.

(5) *We can* bounce,—] The Change is from Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, and it is, I believe, the true Word.

(6) *Be wambling*——] The old Edition reads, *By wambling*—I have probably therefore reſtored the true Word. Mr. *Sympſon.*

How

How our St. *Georges* will beſtride the Dragons,
The red and ramping Dragons.
(7) *Page.* Well advanc'd, Fool.
Fool. But then the Sting i'th' tail, Boy.
Page. Tanto Melior.
For ſo much the more Danger, the more Honour.
Chi. You're very pleaſant with our Occupation, Gentlemen,
Which very like amongſt theſe fiery Serpents
May light upon a Blind-worm of your Blood,
A Mother or a Siſter.
Fool. Mine's paſt ſaddle,
You ſhould be ſure of her elſe: But ſay, Sir *Huon*,
(8) Now the Drum dumb is, and the Sticks turn'd Bedſtaves,
All the old Foxes hunted to their Holes,
The Iron Age return'd to *Erebus*,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thruſt out o'th' Kingdom by the Head and Shoulders,
What Trade do you mean to follow?
Chi. That's a Queſtion.
Fool. Yes, 'tis a learned Queſtion if ye mark it,
Conſider and ſay on.
Chi. Fooling as thou doſt, that's the beſt Trade, I take it.
Fool. Take it ſtraight then,
For fear your Fellows be before ye; hark ye, Lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,
When all's done ye muſt Fool, Sir.
Chi. Well, I muſt then.

(7) Page. *Advance't Fool*——] The Senſe is very obſcure, and the Verſe wants a Syllable, both, I believe, ariſing from the Loſs of a Monoſyllable, which I hope I have reſtored.

(8) *Now the Drums dubbs,*——] Beſides the falſe Concord, the Meaning is directly the Reverſe of the true one, which is, *Now the Drum dubbs no more*, the War being over. The Verſe wants a Syllable; which, with the true Reading, I hope I have retriev'd; tho' it might have been,

Now the Drum's Dubb's o'er,——

or perhaps *Dubb's done*, to make it ſound more oddly. After I had wrote this I receiv'd Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture, which is very near the ſame with what I had put in the Text.

Fool. But do you know what Fooling is? true Fooling,
The Circumſtances that belong unto it?
For every idle Knave that ſhows his Teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a Dog-Face, or can abuſe his Fellow,
Is not a Fool at firſt Daſh; you ſhall find, Sir,
Strange turnings in this Trade; to Fool is nothing
As fooling has been, but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the beſt Men fool their Friends,
For all Men get by fooling, meerly fooling,
Deſert does nothing; valiant, wiſe, and virtuous,
All things that walk by without Bread or Breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool. Fine Wits, fine Wits, Sir.
There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He cou'd not live elſe in his Maſter's abſence;
He tyes a Lady's Garters ſo, ſo prettily,
Say his Hand ſlip, but ſay ſo.

Chi. Why let it ſlip then.

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the Body ſhall come after,
And he that works deſerves his Wages.

Chi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Expounds Dreams like a Prophet, dreams himſelf too,
And wiſhes all Dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum:* He can ſing too
Bawdy enough to pleaſe old Ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a ſute of Clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a Pocket if ye pleaſe, or Casket;
Liſps when he liſt to catch a Chamber-maid,
And calls his Hoſteſs Mother, theſe are things now,
(9) If a Man mean to live; not fight and ſwagger,

(9) *If a Man mean to live: To fight, and ſwagger,*] The Oppoſition between the Page's Life, and the fine Raillery on the Soldiers, is not clearly marked out by any former Edition. The firſt Folio reads,

If a Man mean to live, to fight and ſwagger,

The Addition of a fuller Stop by the two latter Editors, ſhows that they ſaw the Driſt of the Poet; but I believe the Corruption was the Change of the Negative into an Affirmative.

Beaten

Beaten about the Ears with bawling Sheepskins,
(10) Cut to the Soul for Summer: Here an Arm loſt,
And there a Leg; his honourable Head
Seal'd up in Salves and Cereclothes, like a Packet,
And ſo ſent over to an Hoſpital:
Stand there, charge there, ſwear there, whore there, dead there,
And all this ſport for Cheeſe and Chines of Dog-fleſh,
And Mony when two *Wedneſdays* meet together,
Where to be louzy is a Gentleman,
And he that wears a clean Shirt has his Shrowd on.

Chi. I'll be your Scholar, come, if I like Fooling.

Fool. You cannot chuſe but like it, fight you one Day
I'll Fool another; when your Surgeon's paid,
And all your Leaks ſtopt, ſee whoſe Slops are heavieſt,
I'll have a Shilling for a Can of Wine,
When you ſhall have two Sergeants for a Counter.

Boy. Come learn of us Lieutenant, hang your Iron up,
We'll find you cooler Wars.

Chi. Come let's together,
I'll ſee your Tricks, and as I like 'em.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, *and Captains.*

Mem. Why was there not ſuch Women in the Camp then
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place, Sir.

1 *Capt.* Why ſhou'd they live in Tumults? they are Creatures
Soft, and of ſober Natures.

Mem. Cou'd not your Wives,
Your Mothers, or your Siſters, have been ſent for
To exerciſe upon?

Eum. We thank your Lordſhip.

2 *Capt.* But do you mean?

(10) *Cut to the Soul for* Summer:] The Summer being the Seaſon of War, I don't diſcard this, tho' it is a little obſcure, and Mr. *Theobald* conjectures that it might be *Honour*, which would certainly much improve it.

Mem. I do mean.
2 *Capt.* What, Sir?
Mem. To ſee her,
And ſee thee hang'd too an thou anger'ſt me,
And thouſands of your Throats cut; get ye from me,
Ye keep a prating of your points of Manners,
And fill my Head with lowzy Circumſtances,
(Better have Ballads in't) (11) your courtly Worſhip,
How to put off my Hat; you, how to turn me;
And you, forſooth, to blow my Noſe diſcreetly;
Let me alone, for I will love her, ſee her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.
Eum. She's the Princeſs.
Mem. Why let her be the Devil, I have ſpoke
When Thunder durſt not check me, I muſt Love,
I know ſhe was a thing kept for me.
Eum. And I know, Sir;
Though ſhe were born yours, yet your ſtrange Behaviour
And want——
Mem. Thou lieſt.
Eum. I do not.
Mem. Ha!
Eum. I do not lie, Sir,
I ſay you want fair Language, nay 'tis certain
You cannot ſay Good-morrow.
Mem. Ye Dog-whelps,
The proudeſt of your prating Tongues——
Eum. Do, kill us,
Kill us for telling Truth: For my part, General,
I would not live to ſee Men make a May-game
Of him I have made a Maſter, kill us quickly,
Then ye may——
Mem. What?
Eum. Do what you liſt, draw your Sword childiſhly

(11) —— *your courtly Worſhips,*
How to put off my Hat; —] Mr. *Theobald* in his Margin ſuppoſes a whole Line loſt here; but as the Change of the plural Number to the ſingular in *Worſhips* reſtores good Senſe, I cannot doubt but that the Corruption lay there, eſpecially as Mr. *Sympſon* concurred with me in the Emendation.

Upon

Upon your Servants that are bound to tell ye;
I'm weary of my Life.

1 *Capt.* And I.

2 *Capt.* And all, Sir.

Eum. Go to the Princeſs, make her ſport, cry to her I am the glorious Man of War.

Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I'm ſorry I was angry, I'll think better,
Pray no more Words.

Eum. Good Sir.

Mem. Nay then.

2 *Capt.* We're gone, Sir. [*Exeunt* Eum. *and Capt.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, *and* Cleanthe.

Cal. How came he hither? ſee for Heaven's ſake, Wenches,
What Faces, and what Poſtures he puts on,
I do not think he's perfect.

[Memnon *walks aſide, full of ſtrange Geſtures.*

Cle. If your Love
Have not betray'd his little Wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.

Cal. Mark how he muſes.

Lucip. H'as a Battalia now in's Brains, he draws out, now Have at ye Harpers,

Cle. See, ſee, there the (12) Fire falls.

Lucip. Look what an Alphabet of Faces he runs through.

Cle. O Love, O Love, how amorouſly thou look'ſt
In an old ruſty Armour.

Cal. I'll away,
For by my Troth I fear him.

Lucip. Fear the Gods, Madam,
And never care what Man can do; this Fellow,
With all his Frights about him, and his Furies,
His Larums, and his Launces, Swords, and Targets,
Nay caſe him up in Armour Cap-a-pee,

(12) —*Fire fails.*] The Word I have ſubſtituted is, I believe, the true one, for it carries on the Metaphor, which the other does not. Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurred in this Conjecture.

Yet

Yet durſt I undertake within two hours,
If he durſt Charge, to give him ſuch a Shake,
Should ſhake his Valour off, and make his Shanks ake.
Cle. For ſhame no more.
Cal. He muſes ſtill.
Cle. The Devil———
Why ſhou'd this old dry'd Timber chopt with Thunder—
Cal. Old Wood burns quickeſt.
Lucip. Out, you wou'd ſay, Madam,
Give me a green Stick that may hold me Heat,
And ſmoke me ſoundly too; He turns, and ſees ye.
[Memnon *comes to her.*
Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye.
Mem. Lady,
The more I look upon ye——— [*Stays her.*
Cle. The more you may, Sir.
Cal. Let him alone.
Mem. I wou'd deſire your Patience.
The more I ſay I look, the more——— [*Stays her.*
Lucip. My Fortune.
'Tis very apt, Sir.
Mem. Women, let my Fortune
And me alone I wiſh ye, pray come this way,
And ſtand you ſtill there, Lady.
Cal. Leave the Words, Sir,
And leap into the Meaning.
Mem. Then again:
I tell you I do love ye.
(13) *Cle.* Why?
Mem. No Queſtions:
Pray no more Queſtions. I do love you, infinitely:
Why do you ſmile? Am I ridiculous?
Cal. I'm monſtrous fearful; no, I joy you love me.
Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't, I do love you;
Stand ſtill, and do not trouble me you Women;
He loves you Lady, at whoſe Feet have kneel'd

(13) Cal. *Why?*] I have changed the Speaker, as thinking the Anſwer directed to one of the Maids, and not to the Princeſs. Beſides which, it renders the Dialogue much more comick.

Princes

Princes to beg their Freedoms, he whoſe Valour
Has over-run whole Kingdoms.
Cal. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill over-run me too.
Mem. He whoſe Sword.
Cle. Talk not ſo big, Sir, you will fright the Princeſs.
Mem. Ha. *Lucip.* No forſooth.
Cal. I know ye have done Wonders.
Mem. I have and will do more and greater, braver;
And for your Beauty Miracles, name that Kingdom
And take your Choice.
Cal. Sir, I am not Ambitious.
Mem. Ye ſhall be, 'tis the Child of Glory: ſhe that I love,
Whom my Deſires ſhall magnifie, time ſtories,
And all the Empires of the Earth——
Cle. I wou'd fain ask him ———
Lucip. Prithee be quiet, he will beat us both elſe.
Cle. What will ye make me then, Sir?
Mem. I will make thee
Stand ſtill and hold thy peace; I have a Heart, Lady.
Cal. Ye were a Monſter elſe.
Mem. A loving Heart,
A truly loving Heart,
Cal. Alas, how came it?
Mem. I wou'd you had it in your Hand, ſweet Lady,
To ſee the truth it bears you.
Cal. Do you give it.
Lucip. That was well thought upon.
Cle. 'Twill put him to't, Wench.
Cal. And you ſhall ſee I dare accept it, Sir,
Tak't in my Hand and view it: If I find it
A loving and a ſweet Heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.
Mem. No more, I'll ſend it to ye,
As I have Honour in me, you ſhall have it.
Cle. Handſomely done, Sir, and perfum'd by all means,
The Weather's warm, Sir.
Mem. With all Circumſtance.
Lucip. A Napkin wrought moſt curiouſly.

Mem.

Mem. Divinely.
Cle. Put in a Goblet of pure Gold.
Mem. Yes, in *Jacinth*,
That she may see the Spirit through.
Lucip. Ye have greas'd him
For chewing Love again in haste.
Cle. If he should do it.
Cal. If Heav'n should fall we should have Larks; he do it!
Cle. See how he thinks upon't.
Cal. He will think these three Years
E'er he prove such an Ass: I lik'd his Offer,
There was no other way to put him off else.
Mem. I will do it ——
Lady, expect my Heart.
Cal. I do, Sir.
Mem. Love it, for 'tis a Heart that —— and so I leave ye. [*Exit* Memnon.
Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else I think he means it.
Cal. He must be stark mad
Or else he'll never do it, 'tis Vain-Glory
And want of Judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and Society cures all: His Heart?
No, no, good Gentleman, there's more belongs to't,
Hearts are at higher prices; let's go in
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the Doors behind for fear he follow;
I hope I've lost a Lover, and am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Memnon *alone.*

Mem. 'TIS but to die. Dogs do it, Ducks with dabling,
Birds sing away their Souls, and Babies sleep 'em.
Why do I talk of that is treble Vantage?
For in the other World she's bound to have me;

Her

Her Princely Word is paſt: My great Deſert too
Will draw her to come after preſently;
'Tis Juſtice, and the Gods muſt ſee it done too.
Beſides, no Brother, Father, Kindred there
Can hinder us, all Languages are alike too.
There Love is ever laſting, ever young,
Free from (14) Diſeaſes, Ages, Jealouſies,
(15) Bawds, Beldames, Pandars, Purgers. Die? 'tis nothing,
Men drown themſelves for Joy to draw in Juleps
When they are hot with Wine: In Dreams we do it.
And many a handſome Wench that loves the ſport well,
Gives up her Soul ſo in her Lover's Boſom;
But I muſt be incis'd firſt, cut and open'd,
My Heart, and handſomely, ta'en from me; ſtay there,
Dead once, ſtay, let me think again, who do I know there?
For elſe to wander up and down unwaited on
And unregarded in my Place and Project,
Is for a Sowter's Soul, not an old Soldier's.
My brave old Regiments——Ay there it goes,
That have been kill'd before me, right.——

Enter Chilax.

Chi. He's here, and I muſt trouble him.
Mem. Then thoſe I have conquer'd,
To make my Train full.
Chi. Sir.
Mem. My Captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beſeech ye.
Mem. For to meet her there,
Being a Princeſs, and a King's ſole Siſter,
With great Accommodation, muſt be car'd for.
Chi. Weigh but the Soldiers Poverty.

(14) *Diſeaſes*, Ages, *Jealouſies*,] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* both read *Aches*; but I ſee no ſufficient Reaſon for any Change, *Ages* in the Plural may properly ſignify *old Age*.

(15) *Bawds, Beldames*, Painters, *Purgers*.——] I have ventur'd upon a Change here, tho' I allow the former Reading is Senſe; but that *Pandars* are more proper Companions to *Bawds* and *Beldames* than *Painters*, I believe all will allow.

Mem.

Mem. Mine own Troop firſt,
For they ſhall die.
Chi. How, what's this?
Mem. Next——
Chi. Shall I ſpeak louder, Sir?
Mem. A ſquare Battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us.
Mem. Their Armours gilded——
Chi. Good noble Sir.
Mem. And round about ſuch Engines
Shall make Hell ſhake.
Chi. Ye do not mock me.
Mem. For, Sir,
I will be ſtrong, as brave——
Chi. Ye may conſider,
You know we've ſerv'd you long enough.
Mem. No Soldier
That ever landed on the bleſt *Elyzium*
Did or ſhall march, as I will.
Chi. Wou'd you wou'd march, Sir,
Up to the King, and get us——
Mem. (16) King nor *Cæſar*
Shall equal me in that World.
Chi. What a Devil ails he?
Mem. Next, the rare Beauties of thoſe Towns I fir'd.
Chi. I ſpeak of Mony, Sir.
Mem. Ten thouſand Coaches——
Chi. O Pounds, Sir, Pounds, I do beſeech your Lordſhip,
Let Coaches run out of your Remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*, and the Graces
Drawn with the Weſtern Winds, kindling Deſires;
And then our Poets——
Chi. Then our Pay.
Mem. For *Chilax* when the Triumph comes; the Princeſs
Then, for I'll have a Heav'n made——

(16) *King nor* Keiſer] Though this poſſeſſes all the former Editions, I can ſee neither Reaſon nor Humour in the miſtaken Spelling here.

Chi.

(17) *Chi.* Bleſs your Lordſhip!
Mem. Stand ſtill, Sir.
Chi. So I do.
Mem. And in it——
Chi. Death, Sir,
You talk you know not what.
Mem. Such rare Devices:
Make me, I ſay, a Heav'n.
Chi. I ſay ſo too, Sir.
Mem. For here ſhall run a Conſtellation.
Chi. And there a piſſing Conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With Wine, Sir.
Mem. A Sun there in his height, there ſuch a Planet.
Chi. But where's our Mony, where runs that?
Mem. Ha?
Chi. Mony,
Mony, an't like your Lordſhip.
Mem. Why all the Carriages ſhall come behind,
The Stuff, rich Hangings, Treaſure; or ſay we've none.
Chi. I may ſay ſo truly,
For hang me if I have a Groat: I've ſerv'd well
And like an honeſt Man: I ſee no reaſon——
Mem. Thou muſt needs die, good *Chilax*.
Chi. Very well, Sir.
Mem. I will have honeſt, valiant Souls about me,
I cannot miſs thee.
Chi. Die?
Mem. Yes, die, and *Pelius*,
Eumenes and *Polybius*: I ſhall think
Of more within theſe two hours.
Chi. Die, Sir?
Mem. I, Sir,
And ye ſhall die.

(17) Chi. *Bleſs your Lordſhip!*
Stand ſtill, Sir.
Mem. *So I do, and in it*] The Abſurdity of *Chilax* bidding *Memnon ſtand ſtill*, and his anſwering, *So I do*, is I think very obvious, and the Emendation almoſt ſelf-evident.

Chi.

Chi. When, I beſeech your Lordſhip?
Mem. To Morrow ſee ye do die.
Chi. A ſhort warning,
Troth, Sir, I'm ill prepar'd.
Mem. I die my ſelf then,
Beſide there's Reaſon——
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great Dreamer.
Chi. I can dream, Sir.
(18) If I eat well and ſleep ill.
Mem. Was it never
By Dream or Apparition open'd to thee—
Chi. He's Mad.
Mem. What the other World was, or *Elyzium?*
Did'ſt never travel in thy Sleep?
Chi. To Taverns,
When I was drunk o'er Night; or to a Wench,
There's an *Elyzium* for ye, a young Lady
Wrapt round about ye like a Snake: Is that it?
Or if that ſtrange *Elyzium* that you talk of
Be where the Devil is, I have dreamt of him,
And that I have had him by the Horns, and rid him;
He trots the Dagger out o'th' ſheath.
Mem. Elyzium,
The bleſſed Fields, Man.
Chi. I know no Fields bleſſed, but thoſe I have gain'd by;
I have dreamt I have been in Heav'n too.
Mem. There, handle that Place; that's *Elyzium.*
Chi. Brave ſinging, and brave dancing,
And rare things.
Mem. All full of Flow'rs.
Chi. And Pot-herbs.
Mem. Bow'rs for Lovers,
And everlaſting Ages of delight.

(18) *If I eat well and ſleep* well.] Luxurious eating makes unquiet Slumbers, and unquiet Slumbers create frequent Dreams, but they who *ſleep well* dream little: I think therefore I have reſtored the true Reading, which gives new Humour as well as a new Senſe.

Chi.

Chi. I ſlept not ſo far.
Mem. Meet me on thoſe Banks
Some two days hence.
Chi. In Dream, Sir?
Mem. No, in Death, Sir.
And there I muſter all, and pay the Soldier.
Away, no more, no more.
Chi. God keep your Lordſhip:
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Sip. Where's the General?
Chi. There's the old ſign of *Memnon*, where the Soul is
You may go look, as I have.
Sip. What's the matter?
Chi. Why queſtion him and ſee; he talks of Devils,
Hells, Heav'ns, Princes, Pow'rs, and Potentates;
You muſt to th' Pot too.
Sip. How?
Chi. Do you know *Elyzium?* A Tale he talks the Wild-Gooſe chaſe of.
Sip. *Elyzium?* I have read of ſuch a Place.
Chi. Then get ye to him,
Ye are as fine Company as can be fitted.
Your Worſhip's fairly met. [*Exit* Chilax.
Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this Gentleman?
(19) *Mem.* Inciſion——
Sip. How his Head works?
Mem. Between two Ribs,
If he cut ſhort or mangle me; I'll take him
And twirl his Neck about.
Sip. Now Gods defend us.
Mem. In a pure Cup tranſparent, with a writing
To ſignifie——

(19) Mem. *Proviſion*——] As I can ſee no Reaſon why a Word ſhould ſtand here without any Idea connecting with the following Sentence, I have ſubſtituted the natural Word, which I'm confirm'd in by Mr. *Sympſon*'s Concurrence in the ſame Conjecture.

Sip. I never knew him thus :
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poiſon'd.
Mem. Who's there ?
Sip. I, Sir.
Mem. Come hither, *Siphax.*
Sip. Yes, how does your Lordſhip ?
Mem. Well, God a mercy Soldier, very well,
But prithee tell me ——
Sip. Any thing I can, Sir.
Mem. What durſt thou do to gain the rareſt Beauty
The World has ?
Sip. That the World has ? 'tis worth doing.
Mem. Is it ſo ; but what doing bears it ?
Sip. Why, any thing ; all danger it appears to.
Mem. Name ſome of thoſe things ; do.
Sip. I would undertake, Sir,
A Voyage round about the World.
Mem. Short, *Siphax.*
A Merchant does it to ſpice Pots of Ale.
Sip. I wou'd ſwim in Armour.
Mem. Short ſtill ; a poor Jade
Loaden will take a Stream, and ſtem it ſtrongly
To leap a Mare.
Sip. The Plague, I durſt.
Mem. Still ſhorter,
I'll cure it with an Onion.
Sip. Surfeits.
Mem. Short ſtill :
They are often Phyſicks for our Healths, and help us.
Sip. I wou'd ſtand a Breach.
Mem. Thine Honour bids thee, Soldier :
'Tis ſhame to find a ſecond Cauſe.
Sip. I durſt, Sir,
Fight with the felleſt Monſter.
Mem. That's the pooreſt ;
Man was ordain'd their Maſter ; durſt ye die, Sir ?
Sip. How ? die, my Lord !
Mem. Die, *Siphax* ; take thy Sword,
And come by that Door to her ; there's a price
To buy a luſty Love at.

Sip.

Sip. I am content, Sir,
To prove no Purchaſer.
Mem. Away thou World-worm,
Thou win a matchleſs Beauty?
Sip. 'Tis to loſe't, Sir;
For being dead, where's the Reward I reach at?
The Love I labour for?
Mem. There it begins, Fool,
Thou art meerly cozen'd; for the Loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour; (20) and heated
Deſires ſtir'd up by Nature to encreaſe her;
Licking of one another to a Luſt;
Courſe and baſe Appetites, Earths meer Inheritors
And Heirs of Idleneſs and Blood; pure Love,
That that the Soul affects, and cannot purchaſe,
While ſhe is loaden with our Fleſh; that Love, Sir,
Which is the Price of Honour, dwells not here,
Your Ladies Eyes are Lampleſs to that Virtue,
That Beauty ſmiles not on a Cheek waſht over,
Nor ſcents the ſweet of Ambers; below, *Siphax*,
Below us, in the other World *Elyzium*,
Where's no more dying, no deſpairing, mourning,
Where all deſires are full, deſerts down loaden,
There *Siphax*, there, where Loves are ever living.
Sip. (21) Why do we love in this World then?
Mem. To preſerve it,
The Maker loſt his work elſe; but mark, *Siphax*,
What Iſſues that Love bears.
Sip. Why Children, Sir.
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And ſenſible before.
Mem. It does ſo, *Siphax*,
Things like ourſelves, as ſenſual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of Air, got with an itching

(20) ——— *and* hated
Deſires——] Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurred in believing *hated* to be a Corruption, though we allow it to make good Senſe; *heated* ſeems much the moſt natural Word.
(21) *Why do we* live *in this World then?*] I found my Conjecture here confirmed by the two old Folios.

As Blisters are, and bred, as much Corruption
Flows from their Lives, Sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
(22) And oftentimes the Death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the World to curse 'em,
Crying they creep amongst us like young Cats.
Cares and continual Crosses keeping with 'em,
They make Time old to tend them, and Experience
An Ass, they alter so; they grow and goodly,
E'er we can turn our Thoughts, like drops of Water
They fall into the Main, are known no more;
This is the love of this World; I must tell thee,
For thou art understanding. *Sip.* What you please, Sir.
Mem. And as a faithful Man, nay I dare trust thee,
I love the Princess. *Sip.* There 'tis, that has fir'd him,
I knew he had some Inspiration.
But does she know it, Sir.
Mem. Yes marry does she,
I've given my Heart unto her.
Sip. If ye love her.
Mem. Nay, understand me, my Heart taken from me,
Out of my Body, Man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave Offer? There's the Love
I told thee of; (23) and after Death the living;
She must in Justice come Boy, ha?
Sip. Your Heart, Sir?
Mem. Ay, by all means, *Siphax.*
Sip. He loves Roast well
That eats the Spit.
Mem. And since thou'rt come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently and thou shalt carry it,
For thou canst tell a Story, and describe it.

(22) *And oftentimes the Death of those we love most.*] As we want a Verb here, I would divide the *oftentimes*, and read, *And often* times *the Death.* i. e. causes. Mr. *Sympson.*

I do not agree with Mr. *Sympson* here, I don't know that the Verb *to time* ever signifies *to cause*: Besides, I dont find the want of a Verb in the Sentence; *the Death of the Mother oftentimes conceives and shapes the Child*; or, *the Child in its Birth often kills the Mother.*

(23) ——*and after Death, the* living;] I doubt whether *loving* be not the true Word here, but as both are nearly equal, as to Sense, I shall not change the Text.

And

And I conjure thee, *Siphax*, by thy Gentry,
Next by the glorious Battels we have fought in,
By all the Dangers, Wounds, Heats, Colds, Diſtreſſes,
Thy Love next, and Obedience, nay thy Life.
Sip. But one thing, firſt, Sir, if ſhe pleas'd to grant it,
Cou'd ye not love her here and live? Conſider.
Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I cou'd.
Sip. 'Twou'd be far nearer,
Beſides the Sweets here wou'd induce the laſt Love
And link it in.
Mem. Thou ſay'ſt right, but our Ranks here
And Bloods are bars between us; ſhe muſt ſtand off too,
As I perceive ſhe does.
Sip. Deſert and Duty
Makes even all, Sir.
Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as Man can, muſt not let her,
So many Princes covetous of her Beauty;
I wou'd with all my Heart, but 'tis impoſſible.
Sip. Why, ſay ſhe marry after.
Mem. No, ſhe dares not;
The Gods dare not do ill; come.
Sip. Do you mean it?
Mem. Lend me thy Knife, and help me off.
Sip. For Heav'n ſake,
Be not ſo ſtupid mad, dear General.
Mem. Diſpatch, I ſay.
Sip. As ye love that ye look for,
Heav'n and the bleſſed Life.
Mem. Hell take thee, Coxcomb,
Why doſt thou keep me from it? Thy Knife, I ſay.
Sip. Do but this one thing, on my Knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours 'till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your Merits,
Your moſt unvalu'd Love, and laſt your Danger;
If ſhe relent, then live ſtill, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if ſhe frown——
Mem. Shall I be ſure to know it?
Sip. As I live, Sir,
My quick return ſhall either bring ye Fortune,

Or leave you to your own Fate.
Mem. Two hours?
Sip. Yes, Sir.
Mem. Let it be kept.—Away, I will expect it.
[*Exeunt* Mem. *and* Sip.

Enter Chilax, *Fool and Boy.*

Chi. You dainty Wits? Two of ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a Dinner?
Boy. Ten at Court, Sir,
Are few enough, they are as wise as we are.
Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where,
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list—
Fool. Your Patience,
'Tis a hard Day at Court, a fish Day.
Chi. So it seems, Sir,
The Fins grow out of thy Face.
Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear Custard,
Or a Mess of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a main Wit?
Beef we can bear before us lined with Brewes
And tubs of Pork; vociferating Veals,
And Tongues that ne'er told Lie yet.
Chi. Line thy Mouth with 'em.
Fool. Thou'st need, and great need, for these finny Fish-days,
The Officers Understandings are so flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and being apprehended
The whip to boot; Boy, what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch, Boy.

Enter Stremon, *and his Boy.*

Boy. As I am virtuous,
What, Thieves amongst our selves?
Chi. Stremon.
Stre. Lieutenant.
Chi. Welcome ashore, ashore.
Fool. What, *Monsieur Musick?*

Stre.

Stre. My fine Fool.
Boy. Fellow *Crack*, why what a Conſort
Are we now bleſt withal?
Fool. Fooling and fidling,
Nay and we live not now, Boys; what new Songs, Sirrah?
Stre. A thouſand, Man, a thouſand.
Fool. Itching Airs
Alluding to the old ſport.
Stre. Of all ſizes. [on't?
Fool. And how does ſmall *Tim Treble* here; the Heart
2 *Boy.* To do you ſervice.
Fool. O *Tim*, the Times, the Times, *Tim.*
Stre. How does the General,
And next, what Mony's ſtirring?
Chi. For the General [*mon*,
He's here, but ſuch a General! the Time's chang'd, *Stre-*
He was the liberal General, and the loving,
The Feeder of a Soldier, and the Father,
But now become the ſtupid'ſt.
Stre. Why, what ails he?
Chi. Nay, if a Horſe knew, and his Head's big enough,
I'll hang for't; didſt thou e'er ſee a Dog
Run mad o'th' Tooth-ach, ſuch another toy
Is he now, ſo he glotes, and grins, and bites.
Fool. Why hang him quickly, and then he can't hurt Folks.
Chi. One hour raving,
Another ſmiling, not a word the third hour:
I tell thee, *Stremon*, h'as a ſtirring Soul,
Whatever it attempts or labours at
Wou'd wear out twenty Bodies in another.
Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but Buckram,
He wou'd bounce that out in two hours.
Chi. Then he talks
The ſtrangeſt and the maddeſt ſtuff from Reaſon,
Or any thing ye offer; ſtand thou there,
I'll ſhow thee how he is, for I'll play *Memnon*
The ſtrangeſt General that e'er thou heardſt of, *Stremon.*
Stre. My Lord.
Chi. Go preſently and find me

A black Horſe with a blue Tail; bid the blank Cornet
Charge through the Sea, and ſink the Navy; ſoftly,
Our Souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings, for in *Elyzium*,
Stilneſs and Quietneſs, and Sweetneſs, Sirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine Honour,
(24) Such a ſtrong Preparation for my welcome
As all the World ſhall ſay: For in the Forefront
So many on white Unicorns, next them
My Gentlemen, my Cavaliers and Captains,
Ten deep and trapt with Tenter-hooks to take hold
Of all occaſions: For *Friday* cannot fiſh out
The end I aim at; tell me of *Diocles*,
And what he dares do? Dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this Hand? In his left—— Fool——

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' Air, fly ſwiftly
To that place where the Sun ſets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver? What, Sir?

Chi. This Sir, this ye Slave, Sir, [*All laugh.*
Death ye rude Rogues, ye Scarabe's.

Fool. Hold for Heav'n's ſake,
Lieutenant, ſweet Lieutenant. *Chi.* I have done, Sir.

Boy. You've wrung his Neck off. *Chi.* No, Boy, 'tis the nature
Of this ſtrange Paſſion when it hits, to hale People
Along by th' Hair, to kick 'em, break their Heads.

Fool. Do ye call this Acting, was your Part to beat me?

Chi. Yes, I muſt act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act ye,
I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to ſhew Man.

Fool. Then Man
He ſhould have ſhew'd it only, and not done it,
I am ſure he beat me beyond Action,
Gouts o' your heavy Fiſt.

(24) *Such a ſtrong Reputation*——] I have ventur'd to inſert in the Text a Conjecture of Mr. *Sympſon*'s, as believing he has hit upon the true Reading.

Chi.

Chi. I'll have thee to him,
Thou haſt a fine Wit, fine Fool, and canſt play rarely.
He'll hug thee, Boy, and ſtroke thee.
Fool. I'll to the Stocks firſt,
E'er I be ſtrok'd thus.
Stre. But how came he, *Chilax!*
Chi. I know not that.
Stre. I'll to him.
Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee ſing; much taken
He has been with thy battel Songs.
Stre. If Muſick
Can find his Madneſs; I'll ſo fiddle him,
That out it ſhall by th' Shoulders.
Chi. My fine Fidler,
He'll firk you and ye take not heed too: 'Twill be rare ſport
To ſee his own Trade triumph over him; [*Aſide.*
His Lute lac'd to his Head, for creeping Hedges;
For Mony there's none ſtirring.—Try, good *Stremon*,
Now what your Silver ſound can do; our Voices
Are but vain Echoes.
Stre. Something ſhall be done
Shall make him underſtand all; let's to th' Tavern,
I have ſome few Crowns left yet: my whiſtle wet once
I'll pipe him ſuch a (25) Paven———
Chi. Hold thy Head up,
I'll cure it with a quart of Wine; come Coxcomb,
Come Boy take heed of Napkins.
Fool. You'll no more acting?
Chi. No more, Chicken.
Fool. Go then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Siphax *at one Door, and a Gentleman at the other.*

Sip. God ſave you, Sir; pray how might I ſee the Princeſs?
Gent. Why very fitly, Sir, ſhe's even now ready
To walk out this way into th' Park; ſtand there,

(25) *Paven*] Paven is the Name of a *Spaniſh* Dance.

Ye

Ye cannot miſs her ſight, Sir.

Sip. I much thank ye. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, *and* Cleanthe.

Cal. Let's have a care, for I'll aſſure ye, Wenches,
I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
For though I do not fear him, yet his faſhion
I wou'd not be acquainted much with.

Cle. Gentle Lady,
Ye need not fear, the Walks are view'd and empty;
But methinks, Madam, this kind Heart of his———

Lucip. Is ſlow a coming.

Sip. Keep me, ye bleſt Angels,
What killing power is this?

Cal. Why, doſt thou look for't?
Doſt think he ſpoke in earneſt?

Lucip. Methinks, Madam,
A Gentleman ſhou'd keep his Word; and to a Lady,
A Lady of your Excellencies.

Cal. Out Fool!
Send me his Heart? What ſhould we do with't? Dance it?

Lucip. Dry it and drink it for the Worms.

Cal. Who's that?
What Man ſtands there?

Cle. Where?

Cal. There.

Cle. A Gentleman,
Which I beſeech your Grace to honour ſo much,
As know him for your Servant's Brother.

Cal. Siphax?

Cle. The ſame an't pleaſe your Grace; what does he here?
Upon what buſineſs? And I ignorant?

Cal. He's grown a handſome Gentleman: Good *Siphax*
You're welcome from the Wars, wou'd ye with us, Sir?
Pray ſpeak your Will: He bluſhes; be not fearful,
I can aſſure ye for your Siſter's ſake, Sir,
There's my Hand on it.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir?

Cal. Sure theſe Soldiers are all grown ſenſeleſs.

Cle. Do you know where ye are, Sir?

Cal.

Cal. Tongue-tyed,
He looks not well too, by my Life, I think——
Cle. Speak, for ſhame ſpeak.
Lucip. A Man wou'd ſpeak——
Cal. Theſe Soldiers
(26) Are all dull Saints: Conſider and take time, Sir?
Let's forward, Wenches, come, his Palat's down.
Lucip. Dare theſe Men charge i'th' face of Fire and Bullets,
And hang their Heads down at a handſome Woman?
Good Maſter *Mars*, that's a foul fault.
[*Exeunt* Cal. *and* Lucip.
Cle. Fie Beaſt,
No more my Brother.
Sip. Siſter, honour'd Siſter.
Cle. Diſhonour'd Fool.
Sip. I do confeſs.
Cle. Fie on thee.
Sip. But ſtay till I deliver.
Cle. Let me go, I am aſham'd to own thee.
Sip. Fare ye well then, ye muſt ne'er ſee me more.
Cle. Why ſtay, dear *Siphax*.
My Anger's paſt; I will hear ye ſpeak.
Sip. O Siſter!
Cle. Out with it, Man.
Sip. O I have drunk my Miſchief.
Cle. Ha? What?
Sip. My Deſtruction.
(27) In at mine Eyes I have drank it; O the Princeſs,
The rare ſweet Princeſs!
Cle. How Fool? The rare Princeſs?
Was it the Princeſs that thou ſaidſt?
Sip. The Princeſs.
Cle. Thou doſt not love her ſure, thou dar'ſt not.

(26) *Are all* dull Saints: ——] Mr. *Sympſon* doubts whether we ſhou'd not read *dull Sots:* But I think he has miſſed a fine Image here. *Theſe Soldiers are like the dull Statues of Saints, they only ſtand ſtill in ſpeechleſs Adoration.*

(27) *In* all *mine Eyes*——] Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurred in this ſlight Correction, and found it confirmed by the old Folio.

Sip.

Sip. Yes,
By Heav'n. *Cle.* Yes, by Heav'n? I know thou dar'ſt not.
The Princeſs? 'Tis thy Life the Knowledge of it,
Preſumption that will draw into it all thy Kindred,
And leave 'em Slaves and Succourleſs. The Princeſs?
Why ſhe's a ſacred thing to ſee and worſhip,
Fixt from us as the Sun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd, not doted on; deſire things poſſible,
Thou fooliſh young Man, nouriſh not a Hope
Will hale thy Heart out.
Sip. 'Tis my Deſtiny,
And I know both Diſgrace and Death will quit it,
If it be known.
Cle. Purſue it not then, *Siphax*,
Get thee good wholſom Thoughts may nouriſh thee,
Go home and Pray,
Sip. I cannot.
Cle. Sleep then, *Siphax.*
And dream away thy Doting.
Sip. I muſt have her,
Or you no more your Brother; work *Cleanthe*,
Work, and work ſpeedily, or I ſhall die, Wench.
Cle. Die then, I dare forget; farewel.
Sip. Farewel, Siſter.
Farewel for ever, ſee me buried.
Cle. Stay.
Pray ſtay: He's all my Brothers. No way, *Siphax*,
No other Woman?
Sip. None, none, ſhe or ſinking.
Cle. Go and hope well, my Life I'll venture for thee
And all my Art, a Woman may work Miracles;
No more, pray heartily againſt my Fortunes,
For much I fear a main one.
Sip. I ſhall do it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Prieſteſs of Venus, *and a Boy.*

Pri. FInd him by any means; and good Child tell him
He has forgot his old Friend, give him this,
And ſay this Night without excuſe or buſineſs,
As ever he may find a Friend, come to me,
He knows the way, and how; be gone.
Boy. I Gallop. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.
Prieſt. The fair *Cleanthe*,
What may your buſineſs be?
Cle. O holy Mother
Such buſineſs, of ſuch ſtrange weight, now or never.
As ye have lov'd me, as ye do or may do,
When I ſhall find a fit time.
Prieſt. If by my means
Your buſineſs may be fitted; ye know me,
And how I am tied unto you; be bold, Daughter,
To build your beſt Hopes.
Cle. O but 'tis a ſtrange one,
Stuck with as many Dangers——
Prieſt. There's the working,
Small things perform themſelves and give no Pleaſures;
Be confident, through Death I'll ſerve you.
Cle. Here.
Prieſt. Fie, no Corruption. *Cle.* Take it; (28) it is yours,
Be not ſo ſpiced, 'tis good Gold, I'm ſure,
And Goodneſs is no gall to th' Conſcience;

I

(28) ——*'tis yours,*
And Goodneſs is no gall to th' Conſcience;] The two laſt Editions had ſpoil'd this by dropping an intermediate Line. I have reſtored the Original from the firſt Folio, only I've added two Syllables at

I know ye have ways to vent it : Ye may hold it.
Prieſt. I'll keep it for ye ; when ?
Cle. To Morrow Morning
I'll viſit ye again ; and when Occaſion
Offers it ſelf———
Prieſt. Inſtruct me, and have at ye.
Cle. Farewel till then ; be ſure.
Prieſt. As your own Thoughts, Lady.
Cle. 'Tis a main Work, and full of Fear. [*Exit* Cle.
Prieſt. Fools only
(29) Make their effects ſeem fearful ; farewel, Daughter.
This Gold was well got for my old tuff Soldier,
Now I ſhall be his ſweet again ; what buſineſs
Is this ſhe has a-foot ? Some luſty Lover
Beyond her Line, the young Wench wou'd fain piddle,
A little to revive her muſt be thought of,
'Tis e'en ſo, ſhe muſt have it ; but how by my means,
A Devil, can ſhe drive it ? I that wait ſtill
Before the Goddeſs, giving Oracle,
How can I profit her ? 'Tis her own Project,
And if ſhe caſt it falſe, her own fault be it. [*Exit.*

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, *Captains, and* Stremon.

Pol. Why, this is utter Madneſs.
Eum. Thus it is, Sir.
Pol. Only the Princeſs ſight ?
1 *Capt.* All we can judge at.
Pol. This muſt be lookt to timely.
Eum. Yes, and wiſely.
Pol. He does not offer at his Life ?
Eum. Not yet, Sir,
That we can hear of.

at the End, which were probably in the Original, to make it a compleat Verſe. Mr. *Sympſon* thinks that *ſpiced* ſhould be *nice*, but that would ſpoil the Meaſure entirely, and I underſtand *ſpiced* in the ſame Senſe.

(29) *Fools only*
Make their effects *ſeem fearful* ; —] I a little doubt whether this ſhould not be *Affects*, i. e. *Deſires* or *Deſigns* ; but *effects* may ſignify, *the thing which they deſire to effect*. I have not therefore diſturb'd the Text.

Pol.

Pol. Noble Gentlemen,
Let me entreat your Watches over him,
Ye cannot do a worthier Work.
2 *Capt.* We came, Sir,
Provided for that Service.
Pol. Where is *Chilax?*
Stre. A little buſie, Sir.
Pol. Is the Fool and Boy here?
Stre. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Pol. Let 'em be ſtill ſo; and as they find his humours—
Eum. Now ye may behold him.
Pol. Stand cloſe, and make no Noiſe;
By his Eyes now, Gentlemen,
I gueſs him full of Anger.
Eum. Be not ſeen there.
Mem. The hour's paſt long ago, he's falſe, and fearful;
Coward go with thy Caitive Soul, thou Cur Dog,
Thou cold Clod, Wild-fire warm thee, monſtrous fearful,
I know the Slave ſhakes but to think on't.
Pol. Who's that?
Eum. I know not, Sir.
Mem. But I ſhall catch ye, Raſcal,
Your mangy Soul is not immortal here, Sir,
Ye muſt die, and we muſt meet; we muſt, Maggot,
Be ſure we muſt, for not a Nook of Hell,
Not the moſt horrid Pit ſhall harbour thee;
The Devil's Tail ſhan't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll uſe thee? (30) Whips and Firebrands:
Toſting thy Tail againſt a flame of Wild-fire,
And baſting it with Brimſtone, ſhall be nothing,
Nothing at all; I'll teach ye to be treacherous:
Was never Slave ſo ſwing'd ſince Hell was Hell
As I will ſwinge thy Slave's Soul; and be ſure on't.
Pol. Is this Imagination, or ſome Circumſtance?
For 'tis extream ſtrange.

(30) ——*Whips* of *Firebrands:*] The ſlight Emendation here is confirm'd by both Folios.

Eum.

Eum. So is all he does, Sir.

Mem. Till then I'll leave ye; who's there? Where's the Surgeon?

Demagoras? Dem. My Lord. *Mem.* Bring me the Surgeon: And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Pol. What wou'd he with a Surgeon?

Eum. The thing is muſtring in his Head: Pray mark.

Mem. Come hither, ha' you brought your Inſtruments?

Sur. They are within, Sir.

Mem. Put to the Doors a while there; ye can inciſe
To a Hair's breadth without Defacing?

Sur. Yes, Sir.

Mem. And take out fairly from the Fleſh?

Sur. The leaſt thing.

Mem. Well, come hither; and take off my Doublet,
For look ye, Surgeon, I muſt have ye cut
My Heart out here, and handſomly: Nay, ſtare not,
Nor do not ſtart; I'll cut your Throat elſe, Surgeon,
Come ſwear to do it.

Sur. Good Sir——

Mem. Sirrah, hold him,
I'll have but one blow at his Head.

(31) *Sur.* I'll do it.

Dem. Why what ſhould we do living after you, Sir?
We'll die before you, if ye pleaſe.

Mem. No, no.

Sur. Living? Hang living.
Is there ne'er a Cat-hole where I may creep through?
Wou'd I were in the *Indies*. [*Aſide.*

Mem. Swear then, and after my Death preſently
To kill yourſelves and follow, as ye are honeſt,
As ye have Faiths, and Loves to me.

(31) Sur. *I'll do it.*
Why what ſhould we do living after you, Sir?] The latter part of this Sentence ſeems proper to one of the Officers of *Memnon*, not to the Surgeon, and accordingly we find *Memnon* applies to them to ſwear that they'd immediately kill themſelves and follow him, I have therefore reſtored it to *Demagoras*.

Dem.

Dem. We'll do it.
Eum. Pray do not ſtir yet, we are near enough
To run between all Dangers.
Mem. Here I am, Sir;
Come, look upon me, view the beſt way boldly,
Fear nothing, but cut home; if your Hand ſhake, Sirrah,
Or any way deface my Heart i'th' cutting,
Make the leaſt ſcratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, ſhewing at all Points, Surgeon,
The Honour and the Valour of the Owner,
Mixt with the moſt immaculate Love I ſend it,
Look to't, I'll ſlice thee to the Soul.
Sur. Ne'er fear, Sir,
I'll do it daintily. Wou'd I were out once.
Mem. I will not have ye ſmile, Sirrah, when ye do it,
As though ye cut a Lady's Corn; 'tis ſcurvy:
Do me it as thou doſt thy Pray'rs, ſeriouſly.
Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.
Mem. In a Dog, Sir.
I'll have no Dumps, nor Dumplins; fetch your Tools,
And then I'll tell ye more.
Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.
Mem. Quick, quick.
Dem. Yes, Sir,——
With all the Heels we have.
[*Exeunt* Surgeon *and* Demagoras.
Eum. Yet ſtand.
Pol. He'll do it.
Eum. He cannot, and we here.
Mem. Why when ye Raſcals.
Ye dull Slaves: Will ye come, Sir? Surgeon, Syringe,
Dog-leach, ſhall I come fetch ye?
Pol. Now I'll to him.
God ſave ye, honour'd Brother.
Mem. My dear *Polydore*,
Welcome from Travel, welcome; and how do ye?
Pol. Well, Sir; wou'd you were ſo.
Mem. I am, I thank ye.
You are a better'd Man much, I the ſame ſtill,

An old rude Soldier, Sir.
Pol. Pray be plain, Brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this Vision,
For to me it appears no more: So far
From common Course and Reason.
Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I've found the Man, the Man must do it,
The Man in Honour bound. *Pol.* To do what? *Mem.* Hark,
For I will bless ye with the Circumstance
Of that weak Shadow that appear'd.
Pol. Speak on, Sir.
Mem. It is no Story, for all Ears. [*Walks with him.*
Pol. The Princess?
Mem. Peace, and hear all. [*Whispers.*
Pol. How?
Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous, he starts so at it.
Pol. Your Heart? Do you know, Sir?
Mem. Yes, pray thee be softer.
Pol. Me to do it?
Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.
Pol. For shame, Brother,
Know what ye are, a Man.
Mem. None of your *Athens*,
Good sweet Sir, no Philosophy, thou feel'st not
The honourable end, Fool.
Pol. I'm sure I feel [long?
The shame and scorn that follows: (32) have ye serv'd thus
The glory of your Country, in your Conquests?
The envy of your Neighbours, in your Virtues?
Rul'd Armies of your own, giv'n Laws to Nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously
To fling away your Fortune? Where's your Wisdom?

(32) ——*have ye serv'd thus long*
The glory of your Country in your Conquests?] The Omission of a Note of Interrogation at the End of the first Line had greatly flattened the Poetry of this Passage; instead of calling *Memnon*, *the Glory of his Country*, it had only made him, *serve the Glory of his Country*.

Where's

Where's that you govern'd others by, Diſcretion?
Do's your Rule laſtly hold upon your ſelf?
Fie Brother,
How are ye faln? Get up into your Honour,
The top branch of your Bravery, and from thence,
Look and behold how little *Memnon* ſeems now.
Mem. Hum! 'Tis well ſpoken; but (33) doſt thou think, young Scholar,
The Tongues of Angels from my happineſs
Th' end I aim at, could turn me? No, they cannot.
This is no Book-caſe, Brother; will ye do it?
Uſe no more Art, I am reſolv'd.
Pol. Ye may, Sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honeſt,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries——
Mem. Ye ſhall not be ſo honour'd; live an Aſs ſtill,
And learn to ſpell for Profit: Go, go ſtudy.
Eum. Ye muſt not hold him up ſo, he is loſt then.
Mem. Get thee to School again, (34) and talk of Turnips,
And find the natural Cauſe out, why a Dog
Turns thrice about e'er he lies down: There's Learning.
Pol. Come, I will do it now; 'tis brave, I find it,
And now allow the Reaſon.
Mem. O do you ſo, Sir?
Do you find it currant?
Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.
Mem. I told ye.

(33) ——*doſt thou think, young Scholar,*
The Tongues of Angels from my Happineſs
Cou'd turn the end I aim at?] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this an indiſſoluble Difficulty. I think the Meaning intended is eaſy to be ſeen, and by a ſmall tranſpoſition (which does indeed a little roughen the Metre) it will be quite clear.

(34) —— *and talk of Turnips,*] Why *Turnips* ſhould be a Subject for Scholars to talk of, more than any one thing in the World beſide, I can't ſee. I believe it a Corruption, but cannot eaſily gueſs what could have been the Original. The only Conjecture I have is *Turn-ſpits,* which is as low a Subject in the Science of Mechaniſm, as the Reaſon of a Dog's turning round thrice is in another Part of natural Philoſophy.

Pol. I was fooliſh: I have here too
The rareſt way to find the Truth out; hark ye?
Ye ſhall be rul'd by me.
Mem. It will be: But——
Pol. I reach it,
If the worſt fall, have at the worſt; we'll both go.
But two Days, and 'tis thus.
Mem. Ha? 'Twill do well ſo.
Pol. Then is't not excellent, do ye conceive it?
Mem. 'Twill work for certain.
Pol. O 'twill tickle her,
And you ſhall know then by a Line.
Mem. I like it,
But let me not be fool'd again.
Pol. Doubt nothing,
You do me wrong then, get ye in there private
(35) As I have taught ye.
Mem. Baſta, work. [*Exit* Memnon.
Pol. I will do.
Eum. Have ye found the Cauſe?
Pol. Yes, and the ſtrangeſt, Gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of, anon I'll tell ye: *Stremon*,
Be you ſtill near him to affect his Fancy,
And keep his Thoughts off: Let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do ſome pleaſure too. *Eumenes*,
What if he had a Wench, a handſome Whore brought,
Rarely dreſt up, and taught to ſtate it?
Eum. Well Sir.
Pol. His Cauſe is meerly Heat: And made believe
It were the Princeſs mad for him?
Eum. I think
'Twere not amiſs.
1 *Capt.* And let him kiſs her.
Pol. What elſe?
2 *Capt.* I'll be his Bawd an't pleaſe you, Young and Wholeſome

(35) *As I have taught ye.* Baſta.
Mem. *Work.*] *Baſta*, in *Italian*, *ſufficit*, or *it's enough*, from whence our Sailors Term *Avaſt*. But I have given the Word to *Memnon*, and not to *Polydore*, it being plainly his Anſwer.

I can assure ye he shall have.

Eum. Faith let him.

Pol. He shall, I hope 'twill help him; walk a little,
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my Project,
In which you may be Mourners; but by all means
Stir not you from him, *Stremon.*

Stre. On our Lives, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Priestess, *and* Chilax.

Priest. O you're a precious Man? Two days in Town
And never see your old Friend?

Chi. Prithee pardon me.

Priest. And in my Conscience, if I had not sent.

Chi. No more, I wou'd ha' come; I must.

Priest. I find ye,
God-a-mercy want, ye never care for me
But when your Slops are empty.

Chi. Ne'er fear that, Wench;
'Shall find good current Coin still; Is this the old House?

Priest. Have ye forgot it?

Chi. And the Door still standing
That goes into the Temple?

Priest. Still.

Chi. The Robes too,
That I was wont to shift in here?

Priest. All here still.

Chi. O ye tuff Rogue, what Troubles have I trotted through?
What fears and frights? Every poor Mouse a Monster
That I heard stir, and every Stick I trod on
A sharp Sting to my Conscience.

Priest. 'Las poor Conscience,

Chi. And all to liquor thy old Boots, Wench.

Priest. Out Beast: How you talk?

Chi. I am old, Wench,
And talking to an old Man is like a Stomacher,
It keeps his Blood warm.

Priest. But pray tell me?

Chi. Any thing.

Priest. Where did the Boy meet with ye? At a Wench [sure?

At one end of a Wench, a cup of Wine, ſure?
Chi. Thou know'ſt I am too honeſt.
Prieſt. That's your Fault,
And that the Surgeon knows.
Chi. Then farewel,
I will not fail ye ſoon.
Prieſt. Ye ſhall ſtay Supper;
I have ſworn ye ſhall, by this ye ſhall.
Chi. I will, Wench;
But after Supper for an Hour, my buſineſs—
Prieſt. And but an Hour?
Chi. No by this Kiſs, that ended
I will return, and all Night in thine Arms, Wench—
Prieſt. No more, I take your meaning; come, 'tis Supper time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, *and* Lucippe.

Cal. Thou art not well.
Cle. Your Grace ſees more a great deal
Than I feel. (Yet I lie) O Brother!
Cal. Mark her,
Is not the quickneſs of her Eye conſum'd, Wench?
The lively red and white?
Lucip. Nay, ſhe is much alter'd,
That on my underſtanding, all her Sleeps, Lady,
Which were as ſound and ſweet———
Cle. Pray do not force me,
Good Madam, where I am not, to be ill;
Conceit's a double Sickneſs; on my Faith your Highneſs
Is meer miſtaken in me.
[*A Dead March within of Drum and Sagbuts.*
Cal. I am glad on't.
Yet this I've ever noted, when thou waſt thus,
It ſtill forerun ſome ſtrange Event: My Siſter
Died when thou waſt thus laſt: Hark, hark, ho,
What mournful Noiſe is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer, do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, *and Captains*, Eumenes *Mourning.*

Lucip. It ſeems ſome Soldier's Funeral: See, it enters.
Cal. What may it mean?

Pol.

Pol. The Gods keep ye, fair *Calis.*
Cal. This Man can ſpeak, and well; he ſtands and views us;
Wou'd I were ne'er worſe look'd upon: How humbly
His Eyes are caſt now to the Earth! Pray mark him,
And mark how rarely he has rankt his Troubles:
See now he weeps; they all weep; a ſweeter Sorrow
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver
Became his Grief. Your Will with us?
Pol. Great Lady, —— [*Plucks out the Cup.*
Excellent Beauty.
Cal. He ſpeaks handſomely.
What a rare Rhetorician his Grief plays!
That Stop was admirable.
Pol. See, ſee thou Princeſs,
Thou great Commander of all Hearts.
Cal. I have found it, oh how my Soul ſhakes!
Pol. See, ſee the noble Heart
Of him that was the nobleſt: See, and glory
(Like the proud God himſelf) in what thou'ſt purchas'd,
Behold the Heart of *Memnon:* Does it ſtart ye?
Cal. Good Gods, what has his wildneſs done?
Pol. Look boldly,
You boldly ſaid you durſt; look, wretched Woman,
Nay fly not back, fair Folly, 'tis too late now,
Virtue and blooming Honour bleed to Death here,
Take it, the Legacy of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel Love, a cruel Legacy;
What was the will that wrought it then? Can ye weep?
Imbalm it in your trueſt Tears, (if Women
Can weep Truth, or ever Sorrow ſunk yet
Into the Soul of your Sex;) 'tis a Jewel
The World's worth cannot weigh down, take it, Lady;
And with it all (I dare not curſe) my Sorrows,
And may they turn to Serpents.
Eum. How ſhe looks
Still upon him! See, now a Tear ſteals from her.
2 *Capt.* But ſtill ſhe keeps her Eye firm.
Pol. Next read this:
But ſince I ſee your Spirit ſomewhat troubled

I'll do it for ye.

2 *Capt.* Still she eyes him mainly.

Pol. *Go, happy Heart, for thou shalt lie*
Intomb'd in her for whom I Die,
Example of her Cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her Pride,
That it was for her I dy'd.

If a Tear escape her Eye,
'Tis not for my Memory,
But thy Rites of Obsequy.

The Altar was my loving Breast,
My Heart the sacrificed Beast,
And I was my self the Priest.

Your Body was the sacred Shrine,
Your cruel Mind the Power Divine,
Pleas'd with Hearts of Men, not Kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.

Pol. I like it rarely :— Lady.

Eum. How greedily she swallows up his Language?

2 *Capt.* Her Eye inhabits on him.

Pol. Cruel Lady,
Great as your Beauty scornful ; had your Pow'r
But equal poise on all Hearts, all Hearts perish'd ;
But *Cupid* has more Shafts than one, more Flames too,
And now he must be open-ey'd, 'tis Justice :
Live to enjoy your longing ; live and laugh at
The Losses and the Miseries we suffer ;
Live to be spoken when your Cruelty
Has cut off all the Virtue from this Kingdom,
(36) Turn'd Honour into Earth, and faithful Service——

Cal. I swear his Anger's excellent.

(36) *Turn'd Honour into Earth, and faithful Service.*] Every Reader must see the Absurdity of making the Period end here.

Pol.

Pol. Truth, and moſt try'd Love,
(37) Into Diſdain and Downfall.
Cal. Still more pleaſing.
Pol. Live then, I ſay, famous for civil Slaughters,
Live and lay out your Triumphs, gild your Glories,
Live and be ſpoken—this is ſhe, this Lady,
This goodly Lady, yet moſt killing Beauty,
This with the two-edg'd Eyes, the Heart for hardneſs
Outdoing Rocks; and Coldneſs, Rocks of Cryſtal.
This with the ſwelling Soul, more coy of Courtſhip
Than the proud Sea is when the Shores embrace him;
Live till the Mothers find ye, read your Story,
And ſow their barren Curſes on your Beauty,
Till thoſe that have enjoy'd their Loves deſpiſe ye,
Till Virgins pray againſt ye: (38) Old Age fire ye.
And ev'n as waſted Coals glow in their dying,
So may the Gods reward ye in your Aſhes.
But y'are the Siſter of my King; more Prophecies
Elſe I ſhould utter of ye, true Loves and Loyal
Bleſs themſelves ever from ye. So I leave ye.
Cal. Prithee be angry ſtill, young Man: Good fair Sir,
Chide me again. What wou'd this Man do pleas'd,
That in his Paſſion can bewitch Souls? Stay.
Eum. Upon my Life ſhe loves him.
Cal. Pray ſtay. *Pol.* No.
Cal. I do command ye.
Pol. No, ye cannot, Lady,
I have a ſpell againſt ye, Faith and Reaſon.
Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a Heart too,
But not for Hawks Meat, Lady.

(37) *Into* Diſdain *and Downfall.*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *Into Deſpair*, but I ſee no Reaſon for a Change.

(38) ——*Old Age* find ye,] He had a little before ſaid, *Live till the Mothers find ye*, i. e. know and are acquainted with your Character. But here, *Old Age find ye*, if it be genuine, muſt ſignify, *May old Age overtake you, and then may your Aſhes be kindled into unavailing Flames of Love.* It is very unuſual in one Sentence to uſe the ſame Expreſſion in two ſuch very different Senſes, although it will bear both. I think it therefore corrupt, and have ventured to change it for a Word that adds, I think, much Spirit and Strength to the Paſſage, and might therefore probably have been the true one.

Cal.

Cal. Even for Charity
Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach me.
Pol. How can you preach that Charity to others
That in your own Soul are an Atheiſt,
Believing neither Pow'r nor Fear? I trouble ye,
The Gods be good unto ye.
Cal. Amen. [*She Swoons.*
Lucip. Lady.
Cle. O Royal Madam! Gentlemen, for Heav'n-ſake!
[*They come back.*
Pol. Give her freſh Air, ſhe comes again: Away, Sirs,
And here ſtand cloſe till we perceive the working.
Eum. Ye have undone all.
Pol. So I fear.
2 *Capt.* She loves ye.
Eum. And then all Hope's loſt this way.
Pol. Peace, ſhe riſes.
Cle. Now for my purpoſe, Fortune.
Cal. Where's the Gentleman?
Lucip. Gone, Madam.
Cal. Why gone?
Lucip. H'as diſpatch'd his buſineſs.
(39) *Cal.* He came to ſpeak with me.
Lucip. He did.
Cal. He did not.
For I had many Queſtions.
Lucip. On my Faith, Madam,
He talk'd a great while to ye.
Cal. Thou conceiv'ſt not,
He talk'd not as he ſhou'd do; O my Heart.
Away with that ſad Sight; Didſt thou e'er love me?

(39) Cal. *He came to ſpeak with me.*
He did.
Cle. *He did not.*
Cal. *For I had many Queſtions.*] Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, that the Princeſs contradicts both herſelf as well as her Maids ſo ridiculouſly, that ſhe is grown Childiſh of a ſudden; but he happened not to obſerve that this Abſurdity is entirely owing to the Miſtakes of the Preſs. Where the Dialogue is very ſhort, nothing is ſo common as to miſplace the Speakers: This is I believe the fifth time it has already happened in this Play only, and which I hope I have reſtored.

Lucip.

Lucip. Why do you make that Queſtion?
Cal. If thou didſt,
Run, run Wench, run: Nay ſee how thou ſtirſt.
Lucip. Whither?
Cal. If 'twere for any thing to pleaſe thy ſelf
Thou wou'dſt run to th' Devil: But I am grown——
Cle. Fie, Lady.
Cal. I ask none of your Fortunes, nor your Loves,
None of your bent Deſires I ſlack, ye are not
In love with all Men, are ye? one for ſhame
You'll leave your honour'd Miſtreſs? why do ye ſtare ſo?
What is it that ye ſee about me, tell me?
Lord what am I become? I am not wild, ſure,
Heav'n keep that from me: O *Cleanthe* help me,
Or I am ſunk to Death.
Cle. Ye have offended,
And mightily; Love is incenſt againſt ye,
And therefore take my Counſel; to the Temple,
For that's the ſpeedieſt Phyſick: Before the Goddeſs
Give your repentant Prayers: Ask her Will,
And from the Oracle attend your Sentence,
She's mild and merciful.
Cal. I will: O *Venus*
Even as thou lov'ſt thy ſelf!
Cle. Now for my Fortune. [*Exeunt* Calis *and Women.*
Pol. What ſhall I do?
1 *Capt.* Why make your ſelf.
Pol. I dare not,
No, Gentlemen, I dare not be a Villain,
Though her bright Beauty wou'd entice an Angel.
I will to th' King, my laſt hope. Get him a Woman,
As we before concluded; and as ye paſs
Give out the *Spartans* are in Arms; and terrible;
And let ſome Letters to that end be feign'd too
And ſent to you, ſome Poſts too to the General;
And let me work: Be near him ſtill.
Eum. We will, Sir.
Pol. Farewel: And pray for all. What e'er I will ye
Do it, and hope a fair end.
Eum. The Gods ſpeed ye, [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Stremon, *Fool, Boy, and Servants.*

Serv. He lies quiet.
Strem. Let him lie, and as I told ye
Make ready for this Shew: H'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appear
And ſhew the Joys—Now I will be that *Orpheus*,
And as I play and ſing, like Beaſts and Trees
I'd have you ſhap'd and enter: Thou a Dog, Fool,
I have ſent about your Sutes: The Boy a Buſh,
An Aſs you, you a Lion.
Fool. I a Dog?
I'll fit you for a Dog. Bow wow.
Strem. 'Tis excellent,
Steal in and make no noiſe.
Fool. Bow wow.
Strem. Away Rogue. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſteſs, and Chilax.

Prieſt. Good ſweet Friend be not long.
Chi. Thou think'ſt each Hour ten
'Till I be ferreting.
Prieſt. You know I love ye.
Chi. I will not be above an Hour; let thy Robe be ready,
And the Door be kept.
[Cleanthe *knocks within.*
Prieſt. Who knocks there?
Yet more buſineſs?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have ye more Penſioners? the Princeſs Woman?
Nay then I'll ſtay a little; what Game's a-foot now?
Cle. Now is the time.
Chi. A rank Bawd by this Hand too,
She grinds o' both ſides: Hey Boys.
Prieſt. How, your Brother *Siphax?*
Loves he the Princeſs?
Cle. Deadly, and you know
He is a Gentleman deſcended nobly.
Chi. But a rank Knave as ever piſt.

Cle.

Cle. Hold Mother,
Here's more Gold, and ſome Jewels.
(40) *Chi.* Here's more Villany!
I'm glad I came to th' hearing.
Prieſt. Alas, Daughter,
What would ye have me do?
Chi. Hold off, ye old Whore;
There's more Gold coming; all's mine, all.
Cle. Do ye ſhrink now?
Did ye not promiſe faithfully, and told me
Through any Danger?
Prieſt. Any I can wade through.
Cle. Ye ſhall and eaſily, the Sin not ſeen neither,
Here's for a better Stole, and a new Vail, Mother:
(41) Come, ye ſhall be my Friend; if all hit.
Chi. Hang me.
Cle. I'll make ye richer than the Goddeſs.
Prieſt. Say then,
I'm yours, what muſt I do?
Cle. I'th' Morning,
But very early, will the Princeſs viſit
The Temple of the Goddeſs, being troubled
With ſtrange things that diſtract her: From the Oracle
(Being ſtrongly too in love) ſhe will demand
The Goddeſs Pleaſure, and a Man to cure her.
That Oracle you give: Deſcribe my Brother,
You know him perfectly.

(40) Chi. *Here's Villany!*] The old Folio reads, *Here's no Villany*, but that is falſe in fact. My Reading both compleats the Senſe and the Antitheſis to the foregoing Sentence. Mr. *Sympſon.*

(41) *Come, ye ſhall be my Friend:*
Chi. *If all hit, hang me,*
I'll make ye richer than the Goddeſs.] Here again the Speakers are ſtrangely jumbled, and it is the only Place in the Play where all the Editions don't blindly follow one another in the ſame falſe Track. In this the firſt Folio reads,

Come, ye ſhall be my Friend; if all hit.
Chi. *Hang me,*
I'll make you richer than the Goddeſs.

The two following Editions endeavouring to correct the Miſtake only made it greater. Mr. *Sympſon* too ſaw the Miſtake in the laſt Line. *Prieſt.*

Prieſt. I have ſeen him often. [with

Cle. And charge her take the next Man ſhe ſhall meet
When ſhe comes out: You underſtand me.

Prieſt. Well.

Cle. Which ſhall be he attending; this is all,
And eaſily without ſuſpicion ended,
(42) Nor none dare diſobey, 'tis Heav'n that does it,
And who dares croſs it then, or once ſuſpect it?
The Venture is moſt eaſie.

Prieſt. I will do it.

Cle. As ye ſhall proſper?

Prieſt. As I ſhall proſper.

Cle. Take this too, and farewel; but firſt hark hither.

Chi. What a young Whore's this to betray her Miſtreſs?
A thouſand Cuckolds ſhall that Husband be
That marries thee, thou art ſo miſchievous.
I'll put a Spoak among your Wheels.

Cle. Be conſtant.

Prieſt. 'Tis done.

Chi. I'll do no more at drop ſhot then. [*Exit* Chilax.

Prieſt. Farewel, Wench. [*Exeunt Prieſt and* Cleanthe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter a Servant, and Stremon *at the Door.*

Serv. HE ſtirs, he ſtirs.

Strem. Let him, I'm ready for him,
He ſhall not this Day periſh, if his Paſſions
May be but fed with Muſick; are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Serv. All, all: See where he comes.

Strem. I'll be ſtraight for him. [*Exit* Stremon.

(42) *Nor none dare diſobey,*——] The Uſe of two Negatives in this manner (which we now eſteem very incorrect) is ſo common in *Spenſer*, *Shakeſpear*, and our Authors, that it cannot be looked on as an Error of the Preſs, although *Shakeſpear* himſelf mentions the Rule of two Negatives making an Affirmative.

Enter

Enter Eumenes, *and Captains.*

Serv. How ſad he looks and ſullen! [*Stand cloſe.*
Here are the Captains: My Fear's paſt now.
Mem. Put caſe i'th' other World
She do not love me neither? I'm old 'tis certain.
Eum. His Spirit is a little quieter.
Mem. My Blood loſt, and Limbs ſtiff; my Embraces,
Like the cold ſtubborn Bark's hoary, and heatleſs,
My Words worſe: My Fame only and Atchievements,
Which are my Strength, my Blood, my Youth, my Faſhion,
Muſt woo her, win her, wed her; that's but Wind,
And Women are not brought to Bed with Shadows:
I do her wrong, much wrong; ſhe's young and bleſſed,
Sweet as the Spring, and as his Bloſſoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my Head hung
With Hails, and froſty Iſicles: Are the Souls ſo too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveleſs?
No ſure, 'tis ever Youth there; Time and Death
Follow our Fleſh no more: And that forc'd Opinion
That Spirits have no Sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, *like* Orpheus.

There muſt be Love, there is Love: What art thou?

S O N G.

Strem. Orpheus *I am, come from the Deeps below,*
To thee, fond Man, the Plagues of Love to ſhow:
To the fair Fields where Loves Eternal dwell
There's none that come, but firſt they paſs through Hell:
Hark, and beware, unleſs thou haſt lov'd ever
Below'd again, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe Joys never.

Hark how they groan that dy'd deſpairing,
O take heed then:
Hark how they howl for over-daring:
All theſe were Men.

They

They that be Fools, and dye for Fame,
They lose their Name;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.

Now in cold Frosts, now scorching Fires
They sit, and curse their lost Desires:
Nor shall these Souls be free from Pains and Fears,
Till Women waft them over in their Tears.

Mem. (43) How should he know my Passage is deny'd me?
Or which of all the Devils dare?
Eum. This Song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

S O N G.

Orph. Charon, *O* Charon,
Thou Wafter of the Souls to Bliss or Bane.
Cha. *Who calls the Ferryman of Hell?*
Orph. *Come near,*
And say who lives in Joy, and who in Fear.
Cha. *Those that die well, eternal Joy shall follow;*
Those that die ill, their own foul Fate shall swallow.
Orph. *Shall thy black Bark those guilty Spirits stow*
That kill themselves for Love?
Cha. *O no, no, no,*
My Cordage cracks when such great Sins are near,
No Wind blows fair, nor I my self can steer.
Orph. *What Lovers pass and in* Elyzium *reign?*
Cha. *Those gentle Loves that are belov'd again.*
Orph. *This Soldier loves, and fain would die to win;*
Shall he go on?
Cha. *No, 'tis too foul a Sin.*
He must not come aboard; I dare not row;
Storms of Despair and guilty Blood will blow.
Orph. *Shall Time release him, say?*
Cha. *No, no, no, no.*

(43) *How should* I *know*—] Corrected by Mr. *Sympson.*

Nor

Nor Time nor Death can alter us, nor Pray'r;
(44) *My Boat is Deſtiny's, and who then dare*
But thoſe appointed come aboard? Live ſtill,
And Love by Reaſon, Mortal, not by Will.
Orph. *And when thy Miſtreſs ſhall cloſe up thine Eyes,*
Cha. *Then come aboard and paſs;*
Orph. *Till when be wiſe.*
Cha. *Till when be wiſe.*

Eum. How ſtill he ſits: I hope this Song has ſettled him.
1 *Capt.* He bites his Lip, and rowles his fiery Eyes, yet I fear for all this———
2 *Capt. Stremon*, ſtill apply to him.
Strem. Give more room, ſweetly ſtrike, divinely
Such Strains as old Earth moves at.
(45) *Orph.* O'th' Pow'r I have both over Beaſt and Plant,
Thou Man alone feel'ſt miſerable want. [*Muſick.*
Strike you rare Spirits that attend my Will,
And loſe your ſavage wildneſs by my Skill.

Enter a Mask of Beaſts.

This Lion was a Man of War that dy'd,
As thou wou'dſt do, to gild his Lady's Pride:
This Dog a Fool that hung himſelf for Love:
This Ape, with daily hugging of a Glove,
Forgot to eat and died. This goodly Tree,
An Uſher that ſtill grew before his Lady,
Wither'd at Root. This, for he cou'd not woo,
A grumbling Lawyer: This py'd Bird a Page,
That melted out becauſe he wanted Age.
Still theſe lie howling on the *Stygian* Shore,
O love no more, O Mortal, love no more.
[*Exit* Mermon.
Eum. He ſteals off ſilently, as though he'd ſleep.

(44) *My Boat is Deſtiny*—] Mr. *Sympſon* has, I believe, reſtored the Original here.

(45) Orph. *The Pow'r I have both over Beaſt and Plant,*
Thou Man alone feel'ſt miſerable want.] This appeared quite unintelligible to Mr. *Sympſon*. I think there is nothing but an *of* wanting to make it clear, which I have therefore added.

No more, but all be near him, feed his Fancy
Good *Stremon* ſtill; this may lock up his Folly.
Yet Heav'n knows I much fear him. Away ſoftly.
[*Exeunt Captains.*

Fool. Did I not do moſt doggedly?

Stre. Moſt rarely.

Fool. He's a brave Man, when ſhall we dog again?

Boy. Untye me firſt for God's ſake.

Fool. Help the Boy;
He's in a Wood poor Child: Good hony *Stremon*
Let's have a Bear-baiting; ye ſhall ſee me play
The rareſt for a ſingle Dog: At head all;
And if I do not win immortal Glory,
Play Dog play Devil.

Stre. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prithee
Let's ſing him a black Santis, then let's all howl
In our own beaſtly Voices; Tree keep your time,
Untye there; bow, wow, wow.

Stre. Away ye Aſs, away.

Fool. Why, let us do ſomething
To ſatisfie the Gentleman, he's mad;
A Gentleman-like humour, and in faſhion,
And muſt have Men as mad about him.

Stre. Peace,
And come in quickly, 'tis ten to one elſe
He'll find a ſtaff to beat a Dog; no more words,
I'll get ye all employment; ſoft, ſoft, in all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax *and* Cloe.

Chi. When cam'ſt thou over, Wench?

Clo. But now this Evening,
And have been ever ſince looking out *Siphax*,
I'th' Wars he would have look'd me: Sure h'as gotten
Some other Miſtreſs?

Chi. A thouſand, Wench, a thouſand,
They are as common here as Caterpillers
Among the Corn, they eat up all the Soldiers.

Clo. Are they ſo hungry? Yet by their leave, *Philax*,
I'll have a ſnatch too.

Chi.

Chi. Doſt thou love him ſtill, Wench?
Clo. Why ſhou'd I not? He had my Maidenhead
And all my Youth.
Chi. Thou art come the happieſt,
In the moſt bleſſed time, ſweet Wench, the fitteſt,
If thou dar'ſt make thy Fortune: By this Light, *Cloe*,
And ſo I'll kiſs thee: And if thou wilt but let me,
For 'tis well worth a kindneſs.
Clo. What ſhou'd I let ye?
Chi. Enjoy thy Miniken.
Clo. Thou art ſtill old *Chilax*.
Chi. Still, ſtill, and ever ſhall be: If, I ſay,
Thou wo't ſtrike the ſtroke (I cannot do much harm,
Wench.
Clo. Nor much good.)
Chi. *Siphax* ſhall be thy Husband,
Thy very Husband, Woman, thy Fool, thy Cuckold,
Or what thou'lt make him: I am over-joy'd,
Raviſh'd, clean raviſh'd with this Fortune; kiſs me,
Or I ſhall loſe my ſelf.
Clo. My Husband, ſaid ye?
Chi. Said I? And will ſay, *Cloe:* Nay, and do it,
And do it home too; Peg thee as cloſe to him
(46) As Boards are with a Pin to one another;
I have it, I can do it: Thou want'ſt Cloaths too,
And he'll be hang'd unleſs he marry thee
E'er he maintain thee: Now he has Ladies, Courtiers
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We're taken up for Threſhers. Will ye bite?
Clo. Yes.
Chi. And let me——
Clo. Yes, and let ye——
Chi. What!
Clo. Why that ye wot of.
Chi. I cannot ſtay, take your Inſtructions
And ſomething toward Houſhold, come, whatever

(46) *As* Birds *are with a Pin*——] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks it probable that *Boards* is the true Word; and though the other is not Nonſenſe, I have changed it, as thinking his Conjecture a very happy one.

I ſhall adviſe ye, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point ye; for I'll tell ye
A ſtrange way you muſt wade through.
Clo. Fear not me, Sir.
Chi. Come then, and let's diſpatch this modicum,
Come, I have but an hour to ſtay, a ſhort one,
Beſides more Water for another Mill,
An old weak over-ſhot I muſt provide for,
There's an old Nunnery at hand.
Clo. What's that?
Chi. A bawdy Houſe.
Clo. A pox conſume it.
Chi. If the Stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the Fleſh lives in it,
Your Curſe came handſomly: Fear not, there's Ladies,
(47) And other good ſad People: Your pinkt Citizens
Think it no ſhame to ſhake a Sheet there: Come, Wench.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleanthe *and* Siphax.

Cle. A Soldier and ſo fearful?
Sip. Can ye blame me;
When ſuch a weight lies on me?
Cle. Fye upon ye,
I tell ye, ye ſhall have her: Have her ſafely,
And for your Wife; with her own Will.
Sip. Good Siſter——
Cle. What a diſtruſtful Man are you? To morrow,
To morrow Morning——
Sip. Is it poſſible?
Can there be ſuch a Happineſs?
Cle. Why hang me
If then ye be not married: If to morrow Night
Ye do not——
Sip. O dear Siſter——
Cle. What ye wou'd do,
What ye deſire to do; lie with her: Devil,
What a dull Man are you?

(47) *And other good* ſad *People:* ——] *Sad* here ſignifies the ſame with *Jage, wiſe* or *ſober.*

Sip.

Sip. Nay I believe now,
And ſhall ſhe love me?
Cle. As her Life, and ſtroke ye.
Sip. O I will be her Servant.
Cle. 'Tis your Duty.
Sip. And ſhe ſhall have her whole Will.
Cle. Yes 'tis reaſon,
She is a Princeſs, and by that Rule boundleſs.
Sip. What wou'd you be? For I wou'd have ye, Siſter,
Chuſe ſome great Place about us: As her Woman
Is not ſo fit.
Cle. No, no, I ſhall find Places.
Sip. And yet to be a Lady of her Bed-chamber
I hold not ſo fit neither,
Some great Title, believe it, ſhall be look'd out.
Cle. Ye may, a Dutcheſs
Or ſuch a Toy, a ſmall thing pleaſes me, Sir.
Sip. What you will, Siſter: If a neighbour Prince,
When we ſhall come to reign——
Cle. We ſhall think on't,
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the reſt; within this half hour
The Princeſs will be going, 'tis almoſt Morning,
Away and mind your buſineſs.
Sip. Fortune bleſs us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Polydor *and Lords.*

Pol. I do beſeech your Grace to baniſh me.
King. Why, Gentleman, is ſhe not worthy Marriage?
Pol. Moſt worthy, Sir, where Worth again ſhall meet her,
But I like thick Clouds (48) ſailing ſlow and heavy,
Although by her drawn higher, yet ſhall hide her.
I dare not be a Traitor; and 'tis Treaſon,
But to imagine. As you love your Honour——

(48) ——*ſailing* ſlow *and heavy,*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *low,* to make the Antitheſis ſtronger to the next Line. But I rather prefer the old Text, or at leaſt think it too good to need any Change.

King. 'Tis her firſt Maiden doting, and if croſt,
I know it kills her.
1 *Lord.* How knows your Grace ſhe loves him?
King. Her Woman told me all (beſide his ſtory)
Her Maid *Lucippe*, on what reaſon too,
And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.
Pol. Sir,
Ev'n by your Wiſdom; by that great Diſcretion
Ye owe to Rule and Order——
2 *Lord.* This Man's Mad ſure,
To plead againſt his Fortune———
1 *Lord.* And the King too,
Willing to have it ſo?
Pol. By thoſe dead Princes
From whoſe Deſcents ye ſtand a Star admir'd at,
Lay not ſo baſe allay upon your Virtues;
Take heed, for Honour's ſake take heed: The Bramble
No wiſe Man ever planted by the Roſe,
It cankers all her Beauty; nor the Vine,
When her full Bluſhes court the Sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton Ivy. Good my Lords,
Who builds a Monument, the Baſis Jaſper,
And the main Body Brick?
2 *Lord.* Ye wrong your Worth,
Ye are a Gentleman deſcended nobly.
1 *Lord.* In both Bloods truly noble.
King. Say ye were not,
My Will can make ye ſo.
Pol. No, never, never;
'Tis not Deſcent, nor Will of Princes does it,
'Tis Virtue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honeſt Man: Is't fit your Majeſty
Should call my Drunkenneſs, my Raſhneſs, Brother?
Or ſuch a bleſſed Maid my breach of Faith,
(For I am moſt laſcivious) and fell Angers
(In which I am alſo miſchievous) her Husband?
O Gods preſerve her! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devil; out upon me,
I hate my ſelf, Sir; if ye dare beſtow her
Upon a Subject, ye have one deſerves her.

King.

King. But him ſhe does not love: I know your meaning.
This young Man's Love unto his noble Brother
Appears a Mirrour; what muſt now be done, Lords?
For I am gravel'd; if ſhe have not him
She dies for certain, if his Brother miſs her,
Farewel to him, and all our Honours.

1 *Lord.* He is dead, Sir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and ſtrangely.

King. No,
I can aſſure you no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ails the Gentleman?
Hold him; how do ye, Sir? [Polydor *is ſick o'th' ſudden.*

Pol. Sick on the ſudden,
Extremely, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye? [ſake.

Pol. Here in my Head, Sir, and my Heart; for Heav'n

King. Conduct him to his Chamber preſently,
And bid my Doctors——

Pol. No, I ſhall be well, Sir,
I do beſeech your Grace, even for the Gods ſake,
Remember my poor Brother, I ſhall pray then——

King. Away, he grows more weak ſtill: I will do it,
Or Heav'n forget me ever. Now your Counſels,
[*Exit* Pol.
For I am at my wits end; what with you, Sir?

Enter Meſſenger with a Letter.

Meſſ. Letters from warlike *Pelius.*

King. Yet more Troubles?
(49) The *Spartans* are in Arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are ſent for, and the General;
This is more croſs than t'other; come let's to him,
For he muſt have her, 'tis neceſſity,

(49) *The* Spartans *are in Arms,* —] Mr. *Sympſon* would have theſe two Lines ſpoke by the Meſſenger, as thinking that the King had not time to inſpect his Letters: But as a ſmall Pauſe was ſufficient to ſee the general Purport of them, and as Meſſengers who bring Letters ſeldom are to deliver the full Contents of them before-hand, I make no Change here. The two Lines may be even ſuppos'd to be the Beginning of the Letter.

Or we muſt loſe our Honours; let's plead all,
For more than all is needful, ſhew all reaſon
If love can hear o' that ſide, if ſhe yield
We have fought beſt, and won the nobleſt Field. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenes, *Captains and* Stremon.

1 *Capt.* I have brought the Wench, a luſty Wench,
And ſomewhat like the Princeſs.
Eum. 'Tis the better, let's ſee her,
And go you in and tell him, that her Grace
Is come to viſit him: How ſleeps he, *Stremon*?
Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on *Polydor*,
Swears he will not be fool'd; ſometimes he rages,
And ſometimes ſits and muſes. [*Exit* Stremon.

(50) *Enter* Cloe, *and Captain.*

Eum. He's paſt all help ſure:
How do ye like her?
2 *Capt.* By th' Maſs a good round Virgin,
And at firſt ſight reſembling; ſhe's well cloath'd too.
Eum. But is ſhe ſound?
2 *Capt.* Of Wind and Limb, I warrant her.
Eum. You are inſtructed, Lady?
Cloe. Yes, and know, Sir,
How to behave my ſelf, ne'er fear.
Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this Vermin?
1 *Capt.* Hang him Badger, [Mates
There's not a hole free from him, Whores and Whores
Do all pay him Obedience.
Eum. Indeed i'th' War
His quarter was all Whore, Whore upon Whore,
And lin'd with Whore; beſhrew me 'tis a fair Whore.
1 *Capt.* She has ſmockt away her Blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her Leg up,

(50) *Enter* Whore *and Captain.*] When the *Whore* goes out it is ſaid, *Exit* Cloe, and *Cloe* was certainly deſigned by the Author, as the filthy Deſcription of her in this Scene makes the Fate of *Siphax*, in marrying her inſtead of the Princeſs, much more comick.

Comes

Comes not amiſs to him, he rides like a night Mare,
All Ages, all Religions.
Eum. Can ye ſtate it?
Cloe. I'll make a ſhift.
Eum. He muſt lie with ye, Lady.
Cloe. Let him, he's not the firſt Man I have lain with,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt.

Enter Memnon.

2 *Capt.* He comes, no more words,
She has her Leſſon throughly; how he views her?
Eum. Go forward now, ſo, bravely, ſtand!
Mem. Great Lady,
How humbly I am bound——
Cloe. You ſhall not kneel, Sir,
Come, I have done you wrong; ſtand up my Soldier,
And thus I make amends—— [*Kiſſes him.*
Eum. A Plague confound ye,
Is this your State?
2 *Capt.* 'Tis well enough.
Mem. O Lady,
Your Royal Hand, your Hand, my deareſt Beauty,
Is more than I muſt purchaſe: Here divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs. Ha!
1 *Capt.* A damn'd foul one.
Eum. The Lees of Bawdy brewis, mourning Gloves!
All ſpoil'd by Heav'n.
Mem. Ha? who art thou?
2 *Capt.* A ſhame on ye,
Ye clawing ſcabby Whore.
Mem. I ſay, who art thou?
Eum. Why 'tis the Princeſs, Sir.
Mem. The Devil, Sir,
(51) 'Tis ſome rogue thing.
Cloe. If this abuſe be Love, Sir,
Or I that laid aſide my Modeſty——

(51) *'Tis ſome* roguy *thing.*] The badneſs of the Verſe here made me conſult the old Folio, from which I have reſtored the Original. The Uſe of a Subſtantive *adjectively* is very common with the beſt old Poets: but the two laſt Editors do not ſeem to have known of it.

Eum.

Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.
Mem. Do not weep,
For if ye be the Princeſs, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye,
Come, wipe your Eyes; by Heav'n ſhe ſtinks; who art thou?
Stinks like a poyſon'd Rat behind a Hanging;
Woman, who art thou? Like a rotten Cabbage.
2 *Capt.* You're much to blame, Sir, 'tis the Princeſs.
Mem. How?
She the Princeſs?
Eum. And the loving Princeſs.
1 *Capt.* Indeed the doating Princeſs.
Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princeſs ſmells like Morning's breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted *India* in her Spices.
Still a dead Rat by Heaven; thou a Princeſs?
Eum. What a dull Whore is this?
Mem. I'll tell ye preſently,
For if ſhe be a Princeſs, as ſhe may be
And yet ſtink too, and ſtrongly, I ſhall find her.
Fetch the *Numidian* Lyon I brought over,
If ſhe be ſprung from Royal Blood, the Lyon
Will do you Reverence, elſe——
Cloe. I beſeech your Lordſhip——
(52) *Mem.* He'll tear her all to pieces.
Cloe. I am no Princeſs, Sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
2 *Capt.* If ye confeſs, we'll hang ye.
Cloe. Good my Lord——
Mem. Who art thou then?
Cloe. A poor retaining Whore, Sir,
To one of your Lordſhip's Captains.
Mem. Alas poor Whore,
Go, be a Whore ſtill, and ſtink worſe: *Ha, ha, ha.*
[*Exit* Cloe.
What Fools are theſe, and Coxcombs? [*Exit* Memnon.

(52) Eum. *He'll tear her all to pieces.*] This is given to *Eumenes* in all the Editions, when it is evidently the Concluſion of *Memnon*'s Speech.

Eum.

Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with ſuch lightneſs.
1 *Capt.* Methinks his Face too
Is not ſo clouded as it was; how he looks?
Eum. Where's your dead Rat?
2 *Capt.* (53) The Devil dine upon her.
Lyons? Why what a Medicine had he gotten
To try a Whore?

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polydor* ſtays to ſpeak with ye.
Eum. With whom?
Stre. With all; where has the General been?
He's laughing to himſelf extremely.
Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's ſo merry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chilax *and Prieſteſs*, Calis, *Lady and Nun.*

Chi. WHAT Lights are thoſe that enter there, ſtill nearer?
Plague o' your rotten Itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me? Was there no place
To ſatisfie your Sin in—Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward.
Prieſt. Peace ye Fool, I have found it,
'Tis the young Princeſs *Calis*.
Chi. 'Tis the Devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.

(53) *The Devil dine upon her Loins; why what a Medicine had he gotten*] As the firſt Sentence is quite compleat without the Addition of *Loins*, and the ſecond will be much improv'd by the Word *Lyons* introducing it, it immediately occurred to me that that was the true Word, and upon conſulting the firſt Folio I found it ſo. The ſecond Folio was the Introducer of the corrupt Word, and the Octavo generally follows that in all its Errors. I found this Reading alſo in Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin. *Prieſt.*

Prieſt. Retire ſoftly.
I did not look for you theſe two Hours, Lady.
Beſhrew your haſte: That way. [*To* Chilax.
Chi. That goes to the Altar?
Ye old blind Beaſt.
Prieſt. I know not, any way;
Still they come nearer.
I'll in to th' Oracle.
Chi. That's well remembred, I'll in with ye.
Prieſt. Do. [*Exeunt Prieſteſs and* Chilax.

Enter Calis *and her Train with Lights, ſinging:* Lucippe *and* Cleanthe.

SONG.

O fair ſweet Goddeſs Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ruing
Thoſe poor Hearts, their Loves purſuing:
O thou Mother of Delights,
Crowner of all happy Nights,
Star of dear Content, and Pleaſure,
Of mutual Loves the endleſs Treaſure,
Accept this Sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual Youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her Deſires,
And every hour we'll crown thy Fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. *You about her all retire.*
Whilſt the Princeſs feeds the Fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To th' Oracle I will attend ye.
[*Exit* Nun, and draws the Curtain cloſe to *Calis.*

Enter Stremon *and* Eumenes.

Stre. He will abroad.
Eum. How does his humour hold him?
Stre. He's now grown wondrous ſad, weeps often too,
Talks of his Brother to himſelf, ſtarts ſtrangely.

Eum.

Eum. Does he not curſe ?
Stre. No.
Eum. Nor break out in Fury,
Offering ſome new Attempt ?
Stre. Neither ; to th' Temple
Is all we hear of now : What there he will do——
Eum. I hope repent his Folly ; let's be near him.
Stre. Where are the reſt ?
Eum. About a buſineſs
Concerns him mainly ; if Heav'n cure his Madneſs,
He's made for ever, *Stremon.*
Stre. Does the King know it ?
Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To ſeek his Siſter out.
Stre. Come, let's away then. [*Exeunt* Eum. *and* Stre.

Enter Nun, ſhe opens the Curtain to Calis.
Calis *at the Oracle.*

Nun. Peace to your Prayers, Lady, will it pleaſe ye
To paſs on to the Oracle ?
Cal. Moſt humble. [Chilax *and Prieſteſs in the Oracle.*
Chi. Do ye hear that ?
Prieſt. Yes, lie cloſe.
Chi. A Wildfire take ye,
What ſhall become of me ? I ſhall be hang'd now :
Is this a time to ſhake ? a Halter ſhake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.
Prieſt. I'm monſtrous fearful.
Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyſter, up and anſwer ;
A mouldy Mange upon your Chops, ye told me
I was ſafe here till the Bell rung.
Prieſt. I was prevented,
And did not look theſe three hours for the Princeſs.
Chi. Shall we be taken ?
Prieſt. Speak for loves ſake, *Chilax* ;
I cannot, nor I dare not. [that.
Chi. I'll ſpeak Treaſon, for I had as lieve be hang'd for
Prieſt. Good *Chilax.*
Chi. Muſt it be ſung or ſaid ? What ſhall I tell 'em ?
They're here ; here now preparing.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. O my Conſcience! [now?

Chi. Plague o' your ſpurgall'd Conſcience, does it tire
Now when it ſhould be tuffeſt? I cou'd make thee——

Prieſt. Save us, we're both undone elſe.

Chi. Down ye Dog then,
Be quiet, and be ſtanch, no Inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again, and *Venus* grant your Wiſhes.

Calis. (54) *O divineſt Star of Heaven,*
Thou in Pow'r above the ſeven:
Thou ſweet Kindler of Deſires,
'Till they grow to mutual Fires:
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded Heart:
Thou the Fuel, and the Flame;
Thou in Heav'n, and here the ſame:
Thou the Wooer, and the Woo'd:
Thou the Hunger, and the Food:
Thou the Pray'r, and the Pray'd;
Thou what is, or ſhall be ſaid:
Thou ſtill young, and golden treſſed,
Make me by thy Anſwer bleſſed.

Chi. When?

Prieſt. Now ſpeak handſomly, and ſmall by all means,
I have told ye what. [*Thunder.*

Chi. But I'll tell you a new Tale,
Now for my Neck-verſe; I have heard thy Pray'rs,
And mark me well.

Muſick. Venus *deſcends.*

Nun. The Goddeſs is diſpleaſed much,
The Temple ſhakes and totters; ſhe appears,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. *Purge me the Temple round,*
And live by this example henceforth ſound.
Virgin, I have ſeen thy Tears,
Heard thy Wiſhes, and thy Fears;

(54) *O divine Star of Heav'n,*] Former Editions.

Thy

Thy holy Incenſe flew above,
Hark therefore to thy doom in Love;
Had thy Heart been ſoft at firſt,
Now thou had'ſt allay'd thy Thirſt;
Had thy ſtubborn Will but bended,
All thy Sorrows here had ended;
Therefore to be juſt in Love,
A ſtrange Fortune thou muſt prove,
And, for thou'ſt been ſtern and coy,
A dead Love thou ſhalt enjoy.

Cal. O gentle Goddeſs!
Ven. Riſe, thy Doom is ſaid,
And fear not, I will pleaſe thee with the dead. [*Aſcends.*
Nun. Go up into the Temple, and there end
Your holy Rites, the Goddeſs ſmiles upon ye.
[*Exeunt* Cal. *and* Nun.

Enter Chilax *in his Robe.*

Chi. I'll no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church Work, I'll be drawn and hang'd firſt.
Am not I torn a pieces with the Thunder?
Death, I can ſcarce believe I live yet, it gave
Me on the Buttocks, a cruel, a huge bang,
I had as lieve ha' had 'em ſcratcht with Dog-whips:
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I wou'd adviſe ye my old Friends, the good Gentlewoman
Is ſtrucken dumb, and there her Grace ſits mumping
Like an old Ape eating Brawn; ſure the good Goddeſs
Knew my intent was honeſt, to ſave the Princeſs,
And how we young Men are entic'd to Wickedneſs
By theſe lewd Women, I had paid for't elſe too.
I'm monſtrous holy now, and cruel fearful,
O 'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance.

Enter Siphax, *walks ſoftly over the Stage, and goes in.*

Wou'd I were well at home: the beſt is, 'tis not Day:
Who's that? ha? *Siphax!* I'll be with you anon, Sir;
Ye ſhall be Oracled I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your Lordſhip

Enter

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, *and two carrying Torches.*

Muſt needs enjoy the Princeſs, yes: ha! Torches?
And *Memnon* coming this way? He's Dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me. I muſt go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Ask me no further Queſtions. What art thou?
How doſt thou ſtare? Stand off; nay look upon me,
I do not ſhake, nor fear thee——— [*Draws his Sword.*

Chi. He will kill me:
This is for Church Work.

Mem. Why doſt thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly ſlain: I know thee, *Diocles*,
And know thine Envy to mine Honour: But———

Chi. Stay, *Memnon*,
I am a Spirit, and thou canſt not hurt me.

Eum. This is the Voice of *Chilax*.

Stre. What makes him thus?

Chi. 'Tis true, that I was ſlain in Field, but foully,
By Multitudes, not Manhood: Therefore mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine Honour,
And on thee ſingle.

Mem. I accept the Challenge.
Where?

Chi. On the *Stygian* Banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four Days hence.

Mem. Go, noble Ghoſt, I will attend.

Chi. I thank ye.

Stre. Ye've ſav'd your Throat, and handſomely:
Farewel, Sir. [*Exit* Chilax.

Mem. Sing me the Battels of *Peluſium*,
In which this Worthy died.

Eum. This will ſpoil all, and make him worſe
Than e'er he was: Sit down, Sir,
And give yourſelf to reſt.

SONG.

SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close, and now your Honours win.
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,
(55) *Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempest pouring,*
O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring,
The Van-guard marches bravely, hark, the Drums——dub,
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes: dub.
See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Sky;
Hark how the Trumpets sound,
Hark how the Hills rebound——
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.
Hark how the Horses charge: In Boys, Boys in——
The Battel totters; now the Wounds begin;
O how they cry,
O how they Die!
Room for the Valiant Memnon *arm'd with Thunder,*
See how he breaks the Ranks asunder:
They Fly, they Fly, Eumenes *has the Chase,*
And brave Polybius *makes good his Place.*
To the Plains, to the Woods,
To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They fly for Succour: follow, follow, follow;
Hark how the Soldiers hollow. Hey, hey.
Brave Diocles *is Dead,*
And all his Soldiers fled,
The Battel's won, and lost,
That many a Life hath cost.

Mem. Now forward to the Temple. [*Exeunt.*

(55) *Like a dark* Wood *he comes, or Tempest pouring,*] Mr. *Sympson* would read *Cloud* for *Wood*; but I much prefer the old Reading. The closeness and firmness of an Army, the Groves of Spears, and the dark Horror of the Soldiers Looks, are all finely imaged in this Simile of *a dark Wood moving*. One might indeed quote several Authors, *Greek*, *Roman* and *English*, in support of both Readings, but that is not at present my Province.

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone?
How have I 'ſcap'd this Morning! By what Miracle!
Sure I am ordain'd for ſome brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Clo. How is it?
Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.
Clo. But is it poſſible
This ſhou'd be true you tell me?
Chi. 'Tis moſt certain.
Clo. Such a groſs Aſs to love the Princeſs?
Chi. Peace,
Pull your Robe cloſe about ye: You are perfect
In all I taught ye?
Clo. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck.
'Tis ſtrange my Brains ſhould ſtill be beating Knavery
For all theſe Dangers, but they're needful Miſchiefs,
And ſuch are Nuts to me; and I muſt do 'em.
You will remember me———
Clo. By this Kiſs, *Chilax.*
Chi. No more of that, I fear another Thunder.
Clo. We are not i'th' Temple, Man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes,
Now to our buſineſs handſomly; away now.
[*Exeunt* Chilax *and* Cloe.
Sip. 'Twas ſure the Princeſs, for he kneel'd unto her,
And ſhe lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope ſhe lookt for.

Enter Chilax *and* Cloe *at the other Door:*

Fortune, I will ſo honour thee, Love, ſo adore thee.
She's here again, looks round about her, again too,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done, 'tis *Chilax* with her,
And I ſhall know of him. Who's that?

Chi.

Chi. Speak ſoftly,
The Princeſs from the Oracle.
Sip. She views me,
By Heav'n ſhe beckons me.
Chi. Come near, ſhe wou'd have ye.
Sip. O Royal Lady. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Chi. She wills ye read that, for belike ſhe's bound to Silence
For ſuch a time: She's wondrous gracious to ye.
Sip. Heav'n make me thankful.
Chi. She wou'd have ye read it. [*He reads.*
Sip. *Siphax*, the Will of Heav'n hath caſt me on thee
To be thy Wife, whoſe Will muſt be obey'd:
Uſe me with Honour, I ſhall love thee dearly,
And make thee underſtand thy Worths hereafter;
Convey me to a ſecret Ceremony,
That both our Hearts and Loves may be united,
And uſe no Language, till before my Brother
We both appear, where I will ſhew the Oracle,
For till that time I'm bound, I muſt not anſwer.
Sip. O happy I?
Chi. Ye are a made Man.
Sip. But *Chilax*,
Where are her Women!
Chi. None but your Grace's Siſter,
Becauſe ſhe wou'd have it private to the World yet,
Knows of this Buſineſs.
Sip. I ſhall thank thee, *Chilax*,
Thou art a careful Man.
Chi. Your Graces Servant.
Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.
Chi. If you will not,
There's a good Lady will, ſhe points ye forward,
Away and take your Fortune; not a word Sir,
So, you are greas'd, I hope.
[*Exeunt* Siphax *and* Cloe, *manet* Chilax.

Enter Stremon, *Fool, and Boy.*

Chi. *Stremon*, Fool, *Picus*,
Where have you left your Lord?

Stre. I'th' Temple, *Chilax.*
Chi. Why are ye from him?
Stre. Why, the King is with him,
And all the Lords.
Chi. Is not the Princeſs there too?
Stre. Yes.
And the ſtrangeſt Coil amongſt 'em; She weeps bitterly:
The King entreats, and frowns, my Lord like Autumn
Drops off his hopes by handfuls, all the Temple
Sweats with this Agony.
Chi. Where's young *Polydor?*
Stre. Dead, as they ſay, o'th' ſudden.
Chi. Dead?
Stre. For certain,
But not yet known abroad.
Chi. There's a new trouble,
A brave young Man he was; but we muſt all Die.
Stre. Did not the General meet you this Morning
Like a tall Stallion Nun?
Chi. No more o' that, Boy.
Stre. You had been Ferreting.
Chi. That's all one, Fool;
My Maſter Fool, that taught my Wits to Traffick,
What has your Wiſdom done? How have you profited?
Out with your Audit: Come, you are not empty,
Put out mine Eye with twelve Pence? (56) Do you
ſhake? Here,
What think you of this ſhaking? Here's Wit, Coxcomb,
Ha Boys? Ha my fine Raſcals, here's a Ring,
[*Pulls out a Purſe.*
How right they go!
Fool. O let me ring the fore Bell.
Chi. (57) And here are Thumpers, Chequins, golden
Rogues,
Wit, Wit, ye Raſcals.

(56) ——— *Do you* ſhaker?] As I know no ſuch Word as this, I believe it an accidental Corruption from a Junction of two Words which ſhould have been ſeparate.

(57) *And here are Thumpers, Chequins, golden Rogues,*] This was given to the Fool, which belongs to *Chilax.*

Fool.

Fool. I have a Sty here, *Chilax.*

Chi. I have no Gold to cure it, not a Penny,
Not one croſs, Cavalier; we are dull Soldiers,
Groſs heavy-headed Fellows; fight for Victuals?

Fool. Why, ye are the Spirits of the Time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. (58) The valiant Frie.

Chi. Fie, fie, no.

Fool. Be-lee me, Sir.

Chi. I wou'd I cou'd, Sir.

Fool. I will ſatisfie ye.

Chi. But I will not content you; alas poor Boy,
Thou ſhew'ſt an honeſt Nature, weep'ſt for thy Maſter,
There's a red Rogue to buy thee Handkerchiefs.

Fool. He was an honeſt Gentleman, I have loſt too.

Chi. You have indeed your labour, Fool; but *Stremon*,
Doſt thou want Mony too? No Virtue living?
No firking out at Fingers ends?

Stre. It ſeems ſo.

Chi. Will ye all ſerve me?

Stre. Yes, when ye are Lord General,
For leſs I will not go.

Chi. There's Gold for thee then,
Thou haſt a Soldier's Mind. Fool———

Fool. Here, your firſt Man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy Wit, for 'tis a fine Wit,
A dainty diving Wit, hold up, juſt nothing,
Go Graze i' th' Commons, yet I am merciful——
There's ſix-pence: Buy a Saucer, ſteal an old Gown,
And beg i' th' Temple for a Prophet. Come away Boys,
Let's ſee how things are carried; Fool, up Sirrah,
You may chance get a Dinner: Boy, your Preferment
I'll undertake, for your brave Maſter's ſake,
You ſhall not periſh.

Fool. Chilax.

Chi. Pleaſe me well, Fool,
And you ſhall light my Pipes: Away to the Temple.

(58) *The valiant* firie.] I have ventured to change this for what I think the true Word.

But ſtay, the King's here, ſport upon ſport, Boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax *kneeling,* Cloe *with a Vail.*

King. What wou'd you have, Captain?
Speak ſuddenly, for I am wondrous buſie.
Sip. A Pardon, Royal Sir.
King. For what?
Sip. For that
Which was Heav'ns Will, ſhou'd not be mine alone, Sir;
My marrying with this Lady.
King. It needs no Pardon,
For Marriage is no Sin.
Sip. Not in it ſelf, Sir;
But in preſuming too much: Yet Heav'n knows,
So does the Oracle that caſt it on me,
And——— the Princeſs, Royal Sir.
King. What Princeſs?
Sip. O be not angry, my dread King, your Siſter.
King. My Siſter; ſhe's i'th' Temple, Man.
Sip. She is here, Sir.
Lord. The Captain's mad, ſhe's kneeling at the Altar.
King. (I know ſhe is;) with all my Heart, good Captain,
I do forgive ye both: Be unvail'd, Lady. [*Puts off her Vail.*
Will ye have more forgiveneſs? The Man's frantick,
Come, let's go bring her out: God give ye joy, Sir.
Sip. How, *Cloe?* My old *Cloe?* [*Exeunt King, Lords.*
Clo. Ev'n the ſame, Sir.
Chi. Gods give your Manhood much content.
Stre. The Princeſs
Looks ſomething muſty ſince her coming over.
Fool. 'Twere good you'd bruſh her over.
Sip. Fools and Fidlers
Make ſport at my abuſe too?
Fool. O 'tis the Nature
Of us Fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wiſe, brave Sir.
Chi. Cheer up your Princeſs,
Believe it Sir, the King will not be angry;
Or ſay he were; why, 'twas the Oracle.
The Oracle, an't like your Grace, the Oracle.

Stre.

Stre. And who, moſt mighty *Siphax*?
Sip. With mine own Whore.
Clo. With whom elſe ſhou'd ye marry, ſpeak your Conſcience,
Will ye tranſgreſs the Law of Arms, that ever
Rewards the Soldier with his own Sins?
Sip. Devils
Clo. Ye had my Maiden-head, my Youth, my Sweetneſs,
Is it not Juſtice then? — *Sip.* I ſee it muſt be,
But by this Hand, I'll hang a Lock upon thee.
Clo. You ſhall not need, my Honeſty ſhall do it.
Sip. If there be Wars in all the World —
Clo. I'll with ye,
For you know I have been a Soldier.
Sip. (59) Come, curſe on —— When I need another Oracle —
Chi. Send for me *Siphax*, I'll fit ye with a Princeſs,
And ſo to both your Honours — *Fool.* And your Graces —
Sip. The Devil grace you all.
Clo. God-a-mercy *Chilax*.
Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?
Stre. No, the King comes,
And all the Train.
Chi. Away then, our Act's ended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe, *and Lords.*

King. You know he does deſerve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody Violence h'ad us'd
Upon himſelf, but that this Brother croſt it,
You know the ſame Thoughts ſtill inhabit in him
And covet to take birth: Look on him, Lady,
The Wars have not ſo far conſum'd him yet,
Cold Age diſabled him, or Sickneſs ſunk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his Honour, Siſter,
That bears no ſtamp of Time, no Wrinkles on it,
No ſad Demoliſhment, nor Death can reach it:
Look with the Eyes of Heav'n that nightly waken,

(59) *Come, curſe on: When I need another Oracle.*] This Line was miſplaced to *Cloe*. Mr. *Sympſon* concurred with me in reſtoring it, and correcting the Pointing.

(60) To view the Wonders of the Glorious Maker,
And not the Weakneſs: Look with your virtuous Eyes,
And then clad Royalty in all his Conqueſts,
His matchleſs Love hung with a thouſand Merits,
Eternal Youth attending, Fame and Fortune,
Time and Oblivion vexing at his Virtues,
He ſhall appear a Miracle: Look on our Dangers,
Look on the publick Ruin. *Cal.* O, dear Brother.

King. Fie, let us not like proud and greedy Waters,
Gain to give off again: This is our Sea,
And you his *Cynthia*, govern him, take heed,
(61) His Floods have been as high and full as any,
And glorioufly he's now got up to girdle
The Kingdoms he hath purchas'd; noble Siſter,

Take

(60) *To view the Wonders of the Glorious Maker,*
And not the Weakneſs: —] This Paſſage ſeems very abſurd. Does it mean, *to ſee the Beauties of the Creation, and not the Weakneſs of it, though it daily verges towards its Diſſolution?* But according to the Grammatical Conſtruction, the *Weakneſs* is the *Weakneſs of the Glorious Maker*, and not of the Creation. The only tolerable Reading which I can ſuggeſt, to avoid this Abſurdity, is,
And ſee no Weakneſs.
But I don't like this well enough to admit it into the Text.

(61) *His Floods have been as high and full as any,*
And glorioufly now is got up to the Girdle,
The Kingdoms he hath purchas'd;] The Emendation of this Paſſage gave me greater Pleaſure than uſual, as it retrieved a fine Poetical Image, which by the Corruption of the Preſs appeared utter Obſcurity to Mr. *Sympſon*, and was left untouch'd by Mr. *Theobald*. By obſerving the Tendency of the Metaphor, the two following Paſſages occurred. *Cymbeline*, Act III. Scene I. ſpeaking of the Iſland of *Britain*,

——— ——— *which ſtands*
Like Neptune's *Park*, ribbed *and* paled *in*
With Rocks unſkaleable, and roaring Waters.

I thought therefore that Waters *girdling* a Kingdom was a ſimilar Metaphor; and then recollected, that in the *Two Noble Kinſmen* (which was wrote by *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* in Conjunction) Act V. Scene I. Walls are called *The ſtony* Girths *of Cities*. I therefore was fully ſatisfy'd that I had hit upon the true Reading; and long afterwards I met in the *Captain* with the very Expreſſion, Act II. Scene I. ſpeaking of Soldiers,

That whilſt the Wars were, ſerv'd like Walls and Ribs
To girdle *in the Kingdom.*

The

Take not your Virtue from him, O take heed
We ebb not now to nothing, take heed *Calis.*
Cal. The Will of Heav'n not mine, which muſt not alter,
And my eternal Doom, for ought I know,
Is fixt upon me; alas, I muſt love nothing,
Nothing that loves again muſt I be bleſt with:
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oak and clips him,
And when the ſtroke comes, yet they fall together.
Death, Death muſt I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir! *Mem.* Thoſe Tears are ſome reward yet,
(62) Pray let me wed your Sorrows.
Cal. Take 'em Soldier,
They're fruitful ones, lay but a ſigh upon 'em,
And ſtraight they will conceive to infinites;
I told ye what ye'd find 'em.

Enter a Funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this? more drops to th' Ocean?
Whoſe Body's this? *Eum.* The noble *Polydor*,
This ſpeaks his Death. *Mem.* My Brother dead?
Cal. O Goddeſs!
O cruel, cruel *Venus*, here's my Fortune.
King. Read, Captain.
Mem. Read aloud: Farewel my Follies.
[Eumenes *reads*; *to the Excellent Princeſs* Calis.
Eum. Be wiſe, as you are Beauteous, love with Judgment,
And look with clear Eyes on my noble Brother,
Value Deſert and Virtue, they are Jewels,
Fit for your Worth and Wearing: Take heed, La cy

The Line in *Cymbeline*, *With Rocks unskaleable*, in all Editions before Sir *Thomas Hanmer*'s ſtood, *With* Oaks *unskaleable*. This appeared very abſurd, as the *Britons* were not then famed for large Ships; I therefore had the Honour of communicating the Emendation to Sir *Thomas*, and find that the ingenious Mr. *Warburton* concurred with me in it.

(62) *Pray let me* wend *your Sorrows.*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I were both forced to have recourſe to the old Folio to regain the true Word here.

The

The Gods reward Ingratitude moſt grievous;
Remember me no more, or if you muſt,
Seek me in noble *Memnon*'s Love, I dwell there.
I durſt not live, becauſe I durſt not wrong him,
I can no more, make me eternal Happy
With looking down upon your Loves. Farewel.
Mem. And didſt thou die for me?
King. Excellent Virtue!
What will ye now do?
Cal. Dwell for ever here, Sir.
Mem. For me, dear *Polydor?* O worthy young Man!
O Love, Love, Love, Love above Recompence!
Infinite Love, Infinite Honeſty!
Good Lady leave, you muſt have no ſhare here,
Take home your Sorrows: Here's enough to ſtore me,
Brave glorious Griefs! Was ever ſuch a Brother?
Turn all the Stories over in the World yet,
And ſearch through all the Memories of Mankind,
And find me ſuch a Friend. H'as out-done all,
Outſtript 'em ſheerly, all, all, thou haſt *Polydor*,
To die for me; why, as I hope for Happineſs,
'Twas one of the rareſt Thought on Things, the braveſt,
And carried beyond Compaſs of our Actions.
I wonder how he hit it, a young Man too,
In all the bloſſoms of his Youth and Beauty,
In all the fulneſs of his Veins and Wiſhes
Woo'd by that Paradiſe, that wou'd catch Heav'n;
(63) It ſtartles me extreamly, thou bleſt Aſhes,
Thou faithful Monument, where Love and Friendſhip
Shall, while the World is, work new Miracles.
Cal. O! let me ſpeak too.
Mem. No, not yet. Thou Man,
(For we are but Man's Shadows,) only Man,
I have not Words to utter him; ſpeak Lady,
I'll think a while,
Cal. The Goddeſs grants me this yet,
I ſhall enjoy the Dead: No Tomb ſhall hold thee
But theſe two Arms, no Trickments but my Tears:
Over thy Hearſe my Sorrows like ſad Arms

(63) *It* ſtarts *me extreamly,*—] Former Editions.

Shall

Shall hang for ever: On the tuffeſt Marble
Mine Eyes ſhall weep thee out an Epitaph,
Love at thy Feet ſhall kneel, his ſmart Bow broken;
Faith at thy Head, Youth and the Graces Mourners.
O ſweet young Man!

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have ye enough yet, Lady? room for a Gameſter.
To my fond Love, and all thoſe idle Fancies
A long Farewel; thou dieſt for me, dear *Polydor*,
To give me Peace, thou haſt eternal Glory,
I ſtay and talk here; I will kiſs thee firſt,
And now I'll follow thee. [Polydor *riſes.*

Pol. Hold, for Heav'ns ſake! *Mem.* Ha!
Does he live?
Doſt thou deceive me? *Pol.* Thus far,
Yet for your Good and Honour.

King. Now dear Siſter.

Cal. The Oracle is ended, noble Sir,
Diſpoſe me now as you pleaſe.

Pol. You are mine then?

Cal. With all the joys that may be.

Pol. Your conſent, Sir? *King.* Ye have it freely.

Pol. Walk along with me then,
And as you love me, love my will. *Cal.* I will ſo.

Pol. Here, worthy Brother, take this virtuous Princeſs,
Ye have deſerv'd her nobly, ſhe will love ye,
And when my Life ſhall bring ye Peace, as ſhe does,
Command it ye ſhall have it. *Mem.* Sir, I thank ye.

King. I never found ſuch Goodneſs in ſuch Years.

Mem. Thou ſhalt not over-do me, though I die for't,
O how I love thy Goodneſs, my beſt Brother,
You've giv'n me here a Treaſure to enrich me,
Wou'd make the worthieſt King alive a Beggar,
What may I give you back again?

Pol. Your Love, Sir.

Mem. And you ſhall have it, ev'n my deareſt Love,
My firſt, my nobleſt Love, take her again, Sir,
She's yours, your Honeſty has over-run me,

She

(64) She loves ye, lov'ſt her not? Excellent Princeſs,
Enjoy thy Wiſh, and now get Generals.
Pol. As ye love Heav'n, love him, ſhe's only yours, Sir.
Mem. As ye love Heav'n, love him, ſhe's only yours, Sir;
My Lord, the King. *Pol.* He will undo himſelf, Sir,
And muſt without her periſh; who ſhall fight then?
Who ſhall protect your Kingdom?
Mem. Give me Hearing,
And after that, Belief; were ſhe my Soul
(As I do love her equal) all my Victories,
And all the living Names I've gain'd by War,
And loving him that good, that virtuous Man,
That only worthy of the Name of Brother,
I wou'd reſign all freely, 'tis all Love
To me, all Marriage Rites, the joy of Iſſues
To know him Fruitful, that has been ſo Faithful.
King. This is the nobleſt difference; take your choice,
Siſter.
Cal. I ſee they are ſo brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on. *Pol.* Chuſe diſcreetly,
And Virtue guide ye, there all the World, in one Man,
Stands at the mark. *Mem.* There all Man's Honeſty,
The Sweetneſs of all Youth——— *Cal.* O Gods!
Mem. My Armour,
By all the Gods ſhe's yours; my Arms, I ſay,
And I beſeech your Grace, give me Imployment,
That ſhall be now my Miſtreſs, there my Courtſhip.
King. Ye ſhall have any thing.
Mem. Virtuous Lady,
Remember me, your Servant now; Young Man,
You cannot over-reach me in your Goodneſs;
O Love! How ſweet thou look'ſt now? And how gentle?
I ſhould have ſlubber'd thee, and ſtain'd thy Beauty;
Your Hand, your Hand, Sir?
King. Take her, and Heav'n bleſs her.
Mem. So.

(64) *She loves ye, loſe her not.*——] So the two laſt Editions, but I have replaced the Reading of the old Folio, as better Senſe and from better Authority.

Pol.

Pol. 'Tis your Will, Sir, nothing of my Merit;
And as your Royal Gift, I take this Bleſſing. [deſs.
Cal. And I from Heav'n this Gentleman. Thanks God-
Mem. So ye are pleas'd now, Lady?
Cal. Now or never.
Mem. My cold ſtiff Carcaſs wou'd have frozen ye,
Wars, Wars.
King. Ye ſhall have Wars.
Mem. My next brave Battel
I Dedicate to your bright Honour, Siſter,
Give me a Favour, that the World may know
I am your Soldier.
Cal. This, and all fair Fortunes.
Mem. And he that bears this from me, muſt ſtrike boldly.
[Cleanthe *kneeling*.
Cal. I do forgive thee: Be honeſt; no more, Wench.
King. Come now to Revels; this bleſt Day ſhall prove
The happy Crown of noble Faith and Love.
[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

HEre lyes the Doubt now ; let our Plays be good,
Our own Care ſailing equal in this Flood,
Our Preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd ſtill, ſtill i'th' Mire,
Here we ſtick faſt ; Is there no way to clear
This Paſſage of your Judgment, and our Fear,
No mitigation of that Law ? Brave Friends,
Conſider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preſerves it ſelf, (65) each Will
If not perverſe, and crooked, utters ſtill
The beſt of that it ventures in : Have care
Ev'n for your Pleaſures ſake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all ; you may frown ſtill,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the Will.

(65) ——— *each Will*
If not perverſe, and crooked, utter ſtill
The beſt of that it ventures in : —] This ſeems very obſcure, and indeed is Nonſenſe without the Change of *utter* to another Mood, which I found the two laſt Editions only guilty of. The Obſcurity, if any now remains, ariſes from the Metaphor of the Ship and the Sea being ſo long intermitted and here again reſumed : *Each Will that is not very crooked and perverſe ſpeaks well of the Ship in which he ſends any Venture.* The Metaphor is brought ev'n from the Prologue, and will be clearer by reading the Epilogue and that together.

THE

THE

LOYAL SUBJECT,

A

Tragi-Comedy.

PROLOGUE.

WE need not, noble Gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-inſtruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The Mirth join'd with grave Matter, and Intent
To yield the Hearers Profit, with Delight,
Will ſpeak the Maker: And to do him right,
Wou'd ask a Genius like to his; the Age
Mourning his Loſs, and our now widowed Stage
In vain lamenting. I cou'd add, ſo far
Behind him the moſt modern Writers are,
That when they wou'd commend him, their beſt Praiſe
Ruins the Buildings which they ſtrive to raiſe
To his beſt Memory. So much a Friend
Preſumes to write, ſecure 'twill not offend
The living that are modeſt, with the reſt
That may repine he cares not to conteſt.
This Debt to Fletcher *paid; it is profeſs'd*
By us the Actors, we will do our beſt
To ſend ſuch favouring Friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd, and contented home.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Great Duke of Moſcovia.

Archas, *the Loyal Subject, General of the* Moſcovites.

Theodore, *Son to* Archas; *valorous, but impatient.*

Putskie, *alias* Briskie, *a Captain, Brother to* Archas.

Alinda, *alias* Archas, *Son to* Archas.

Burris, *an honeſt Lord, the Duke's Favourite.*

Boroskie, *a malicious ſeducing Councellor to the Duke.*

Enſign to Archas, *a ſtout merry Soldier.*

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

WOMEN.

Olympia, *Siſter to the Duke.*

Honora, Viola, } *Daughters of* Archas.

Poteſca, Ladies, } *Servants to* Olympia.

Bawd, a Court Lady.

SCENE *MOSCO.*

THE

THE

LOYAL SUBJECT:

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theodore, *and* Putskie.

THEODORE.

CAptain, your Friend's prefer'd, the Princeſs has her,
Who, I aſſure my ſelf, will uſe her nobly;
A pretty ſweet one 'tis indeed.
Put. Well bred, Sir,
I do deliver that upon my Credit,
And of an honeſt Stock.
The. It ſeems ſo, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.
Put. Thanks to your Care, Sir;
But tell me, noble Colonel, why this Habit
Of diſcontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The Hand that taught to ſtrike, the Love that led all,
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Soldier,
Why he ſits ſhaking of his Arms, like Autumn,
His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up?

The Tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

The. It muſt be ſo: Captain you are a Stranger,
But of a ſmall time here a Soldier,
Yet that time ſhews ye a right good and great one,
Elſe I cou'd tell ye Hours are ſtrangely alter'd:
The young Duke has too many Eyes upon him,
Too many Fears 'tis thought too, and to nouriſh thoſe,
Maintains too many Inſtruments.

Put. Turn their Hearts,
Or turn their Heels up, Heav'n: 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be:
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

The. He deſerv'd it;
And were he not my Father, I durſt tell ye
The memorable Hazards he has run through
Deſerv'd of this Man too; highly deſerv'd too;
(1) Had they been leſs, they had been ſafer, *Putskie*,
And ſooner reach'd Regard.

Put. There you ſtruck ſure, Sir.

The. Did I never tell thee of a Vow he made,
Some Years before the old Duke dy'd?

Put. I have heard ye
Speak often of that Vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never underſtood yet.

The. I'll tell thee then: And then thou'lt find the Reaſon.
The laſt great Muſter, ('twas before ye ſerv'd here,
Before the laſt Duke's death, whoſe honour'd Bones
Now reſt in Peace) this young Prince had the ordering,
(To Crown his Father's Hopes) of all the Army:
Who, to be ſhort, put all his Pow'r in Practice;
Faſhion'd, and drew 'em up: But alas, ſo poorly,
So raggedly and looſely, ſo unſoldier'd,
The good Duke bluſh'd, and call'd unto my Father,
Who then was General: Go, *Archas*, ſpeedily,
And chide the Boy, before the Soldiers find him,
Stand thou between his Ignorance and them,
Faſhion their Bodies new to thy Direction;

(1) *Had they been leſs, they had been* ſafe, Putskie,] Former Editions.

Then

Then draw thou up, and ſhew the Prince his Errors.
My Sire obey'd, and did ſo; with all Duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all Directions:
This bred Diſtaſte, Diſtaſte grew up to Anger,
And Anger into wild Words broke out thus.
Well, *Archas*, if I live but to command here,
To be but Duke once, I ſhall then remember.
I ſhall remember truly, truſt me, I ſhall,
And by my Father's Hand—— the reſt his Eyes ſpoke.
To which my Father anſwer'd (ſomewhat mov'd too)
And with a Vow he ſeal'd it: Royal Sir,
Since for my Faith and Fights, your Scorn and Anger
Only purſue me; if I live to that Day,
That Day ſo long expected to Reward me,
By his ſo ever noble Hand you ſwore by,
And by the Hand of Juſtice, never Arms more
Shall rib this Body in, nor Sword hang here, Sir.
The Conflicts I will do you ſervice then in,
Shall be repentant Prayers. So they parted.
The time is come; and now ye know the Wonder.

Put. I find a Fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and ſlight Defences,
If his hot Humour reign, and not his Honour:
How ſtand you with him, Sir?

The. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Father's Danger.

Put. He has rais'd a young Man,
They ſay a ſlight young Man, I know him not,
For what Deſert?

The. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
(2) Worthy the Duke's Reſpect, a clear ſweet Gentleman,
And of a noble Soul: come let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour
You'll find an alter'd Man.

Put. I am ſorry for't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

(2) Worth *the Duke's Reſpect,*—] This and the former Change plainly neceſſary to the Metre.

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, *and two Gentlewomen.*

Olym. Is't not a handſome Wench?
2 *Wom.* She is well enough, Madam:
(3) I've ſeen a better Face, and a ſtraighter Body.
Olym. And yet ſhe is a pretty Gentlewoman.
What thinkeſt thou, *Peteſca*?
Pet. 'Las, Madam,
I have no skill, ſhe has a black Eye, which
Is of the leaſt too, and the dulleſt Water:
And when her Mouth was made, for certain, Madam,
Nature intended her a right good Stomach.
Olym. She has a good Hand.
2 *Wom.* 'Tis good enough to hold faſt,
And ſtrong enough to ſtrangle the Neck of a Lute.
Olym. What think ye of her Colour?
Pet. If't be her own
'Tis good black Blood: Right Weather-proof I warrant it.
2 *Wom.* What a ſtrange Pace ſhe's got?
Olym. That's but her Breeding.
Pet. And what a manly Body? methinks ſhe looks
As though ſhe'd pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.
2 *Wom.* Yet her Behaviour's utterly againſt it,
For methinks ſhe's too baſhful.
Olym. Is that hurtful?
2 *Wom.* Ev'n equal to too bold: Either of 'em, Madam,
May do her Injury when time ſhall ſerve her.
Olym. You diſcourſe learnedly; call in the Wench.
[*Exit Gent.*
What envious Fools are you? Is the Rule general,
That Women can ſpeak handſomly of none,
But thoſe they're bred withal?
Pet. Scarce well of thoſe, Madam,

(3) *I've ſeen a better Face, and a ſtraighter Body;*
And yet ſhe is a pretty Gentlewoman.] This laſt Line ſeems candid, and by no means of a Piece with the reſt of what this ſecond Woman utters of *Arinda*; I have therefore given it to *Olympia*, to whom, I believe, it of right belongs.

If

If they believe they may out-ſhine 'em any way:
Our Natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet ſtill we ſtrive to ſwim o' th' top:
Suppoſe there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Moſco*, a ſtranger Princeſs,
Of Blood and Beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many Eyes and Services ſtuck on her;
What wou'd you think?

Olym. I'd think ſhe might deſerve it.

Pet. Your Grace ſhall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a Woman, and ſo humour'd:
I'll tell ye, Madam, I cou'd then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-ſtockings
With rocking you aſleep with nightly Railings
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine Lives
I cou'd wear out. By this Hand ye would ſcratch
Her Eyes out. *Olym.* Thou art deceiv'd, Fool; Now let
Your own Eye mock ye.

Enter Gentlewoman, and Alinda.

Come ye hither Girl:
Hang me and ſhe be not a handſom one. *Pet.* I fear
'Twill prove indeed ſo. *Olym.* Did you ever ſerve yet
In any Place of Worth? *Alin.* No, Royal Lady.

Pet. Hold up your Head; fie.

Olym. Let her alone, ſtand from her.

Alin. It ſhall be now,
Of all the Bleſſings my poor Youth has pray'd for,
The greateſt and the happieſt to ſerve you;
And might my Promiſe carry but that Credit
To be believ'd, becauſe I am yet a Stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from Duty,
From all the Service that my (4) Life can lend ye,
May everlaſting Miſery then find me.

Olym. What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;
And ſure I ſhall not be ſo far forgetful,

(4)——*Life can lend* me.] Former Editions.

To see that honest Faith die unrewarded:
What must I call your Name?
Alin. *Alinda*, Madam.
Olym. Can ye sing?
Alin. A little, when my Grief will give me leave, Lady.
Olym. What Grief canst thou have, Wench? Thour't not in Love?
Alin. If I be Madam, it is only with
Your Goodness; For as yet I never saw
That Man I sighed for. *Olym.* Of what Years are you?
Alin. My Mother oft has told me,
That very Day and Hour this Land was blest
With your most happy Birth, I first saluted
This World's fair Light. Nature was then so busie,
And all the Graces to adorn your Goodness,
I stole into the World poor and neglected.
Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee: now I know it;
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid?
Alin. I hope so too, Madam;
I'm sure for any Man. And were I otherwise,
Of all the Services my Hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, *and Gentlemen.*

Pet. The great Duke, Madam.
Duke. Good Morrow, Sister.
Olym. A good Day to your Highness.
Duke. I'm come to pray you use no more Persuasions
For this old stubborn Man: Nay to command ye:
His Sail is swell'd too full: He's grown too Insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight Services
H'as done my Father, and my self, have blown him
To such a Pitch, he flyes to stoop our Favours.
Olym. I'm sorry, Sir: I ever thought those Services
Both Great and Noble.
Bur. However, may it please ye
But to consider 'em a true Heart's Servants,

Done

Done out of Faith to you, and not ſelf-fame.
Do but conſider, Royal Sir, the Dangers;
When you have ſlept ſecure, the Mid-night Tempeſts,
That, as he marcht, ſung through his aged Locks;
When you have fed at full, the Wants and Famines;
The Fires of Heav'n, when you have found all temperate,
Death with his thouſand Doors——

Duke. I have conſider'd;
No more: And that I will have, ſhall be.

Olym. For the beſt,
I hope all ſtill.

Duke. What handſom Wench is that there?

Olym. My Servant, Sir.

Duke. Prithee obſerve her, *Burris*,
Is ſhe not wondrous handſom? ſpeak thy Freedom.

Bur. Sh' appears no leſs to me, Sir.

Duke. Of whence is ſhe?

Olym. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
But far off dwelling: Her deſire to ſerve me [her.
Brought her to th' Court, and here her Friends have left

Duke. She may find better Friends:
Ye're welcome, fair one,
I have not ſeen a Sweeter: By your Lady's leave:
Nay ſtand up, Sweet; we'll have no Superſtition:
You've got a Servant; you may uſe him kindly,
And he may honour ye: Good Morrow, Siſter.
[*Exeunt Duke, and* Burris.

Olym. Good Morrow to your Grace. How the Wench bluſhes?
How like an Angel now ſhe looks?

1 *Wom.* At firſt Jump.
Jump into the Duke's Arms? We muſt look to you,
Indeed we muſt, the next Jump we are Journeymen.

Pet. I ſee the Ruin of our Hopes already;
Wou'd ſhe were at home again, milking her Father's Cows.

1 *Wom.* I fear ſhe'll milk all the great Courtiers firſt.

Olym. This has not made ye proud?

Alin. No certain, Madam.

Olym. It was the Duke that kiſt ye.

Alin.

Alin. 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but Honour.
Olym. But say he love ye?
Alin. That he may with safety:
A Prince's Love extends to all his Subjects.
Olym. But say in more particular?
Alin. Pray fear not:
For Virtue's sake deliver me from Doubts, Lady.
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his Promises,
His Glories, and his Greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your Service.
You are my Mistress, and my noble Master,
Your Virtues my Ambition, and your Favour
The end of all my Love, and all my Fortune:
And when I fail in that Faith——
Olym. I believe thee,
Come, wipe your Eyes; I do: Take you Example——
Pet. I wou'd her Eyes were out.
1 *Wom.* If the Wind stand in this Door,
We shall have but cold Custom: Some trick or other,
And speedily.
Pet. Let me alone to think on't.
Olym. Come, be you near me still.
Alin. With all my Duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Putskie, *Ancient and Soldiers, carrying his Armour piece-meal, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Cases.*

The. This is the heaviest March we e'er trod, Captain.
Put. This was not wont to be: These honour'd Pieces
The fiery God of War himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that Body, were not wont thus,
Like Relicks to be offer'd to long Rust,
And heavy-ey'd Oblivion brood upon 'em.
Arch. There set 'em down: And glorious War farewel;
Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms Ruins;

Thou

Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers
Through Fires and Famines; for one Title from thee
Prodigal Mankind ſpending all his Fortunes;
A long farewel I give thee. Noble Arms,
You Ribs for mighty Minds, you Iron Houſes,
Made to defie the Thunder-claps of Fortune,
Ruſt and conſuming Time muſt now dwell with ye:
And thou good Sword that knew'ſt the way to Conqueſt,
Upon whoſe fatal edge Deſpair and Death dwelt,
That when I ſhook thee thus, fore-ſhew'd Deſtruction,
Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument.
Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'ſt, whole Armies
Have ſtoopt below: At Paſſage I have ſeen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy Fury;
And bang 'em up together, as a Taſſel,
Upon the ſtretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his Head up,
And rais'd his Waters high, to ſee the Ruins,
The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins,
Then flew this Bird of Honour bravely, Gentlemen.
But theſe muſt be forgotten: So muſt theſe too,
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy Men; my Vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And ſacred Rites of War t' adorn the Temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the World their Maſter
Is now Devotion's Soldier, fit for Pray'r.
Why do ye hang your Heads? Why look you ſad, Friends?
I am not dying yet.

The. Ye are indeed to us, Sir.

Put. Dead to our Fortunes, General.

Arch. You'll find a better,
A greater and a ſtronger Man to lead ye,
And to a ſtronger Fortune. I am old, Friends,
Time and the Wars together make me ſtoop, Gentlemen,
Stoop to my Grave: My Mind unfurniſh'd too,
Empty and weak as I am: My poor Body,
Able for nothing now but Contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a Soldier:

Yet

Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I've done, I think I ſhou'd have ventur'd
For one knock more, I ſhou'd have made a ſhift yet
To've broke one ſtaff more handſomly, and have died
Like a good Fellow, and an honeſt Soldier,
In th' head of ye all, with my Sword in my Hand,
And ſo have made an end of all with Credit.

The. Well, there will come an hour, when all theſe Injuries,
Theſe ſecure ſlights———

Arch. Ha! No more of that, Sirrah,
Not one word more of that, I charge ye.

The. I muſt ſpeak, Sir.
And may that Tongue forget to ſound your Service,
That's dumb to your Abuſes.

Arch. Underſtand, Fool,
That voluntary I ſit down.

The. You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your Safety: I too well remember
The Time and Cauſe, and I may live to curſe 'em:
You made this Vow, and whoſe Unnobleneſs,
Indeed forgetfulneſs of good———

Arch. No more,
As thou art mine, no more.

The. Whoſe Doubt and Envies———
But th'. Devil will have his due.

Put. Good gentle Colonel.

The. And though Diſgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel muſt turn again.

Arch. Peace, Sirrah,
Your Tongue's too ſaucy: Do you ſtare upon me?
Down with that Heart, down ſuddenly, down with it,
Down with that Diſobedience; tie that Tongue up.

The. Tongue?

Arch. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah,
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger.

Put. For Heav'ns ſake, Colonel.

Arch. Do not let me doubt
Whoſe Son thou art, becauſe thou canſt not ſuffer:
Do not play with mine Anger; if thou doſt,

By

By all the Loyalty my Heart holds——
The. I have done, Sir,
Pray pardon me.
Arch. I pray be worthy of it:
Beſhrew your Heart, you've vext me.
The. I am ſorry, Sir.
Arch. Go to, no more of this: Be true and honeſt,
I know ye're Man enough, mold it to juſt Ends,
(5) And let not my Diſgraces.—Then I'm miſerable,
When I have nothing left me but thy Angers.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, *Attend. and Gent.*

Put. And't pleaſe ye, Sir, the Duke.
Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem?
Arch. Your Grace ſhou'd firſt remember——
Bor. There's his Nature.
Duke. I do, and ſhall remember ſtill that Injury,
That at the Muſter; where it pleas'd your Greatneſs
To laugh at my poor Soldierſhip, to ſcorn it;
And more to make me ſeem ridiculous,
Took from my Hands my Charge.
Bur. O think not ſo, Sir.
Duke. And in my Father's ſight.
Arch. Heav'n be my Witneſs,
I did no more, (and that with Modeſty,
With Love and Faith to you) than was my Warrant,
And from your Father ſeal'd, nor durſt that Rudeneſs,
And Impudence of ſcorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew Duty.
Duke. We ſhall teach ye;
I well remember too, upon ſome Words I told ye,
Then at that time, ſome angry Words ye anſwer'd;

(5) *And let not my Diſgraces, then I am miſerable,*
When I have nothing left me but thy Angers.] The firſt Part of this muſt either be a broken Sentence, as I have made it, or *let* muſt be wrong. The Senſe might be, *Do not* increaſe *my Diſgraces, by what will make me moſt miſerable, your lawleſs Angers.* The only Reading that occurs in this Senſe is, *And* whet *not my Diſgraces*; but I don't think it a very natural Word.

If

If ever I were Duke, you were no Soldier.
You've kept your word, and so it shall be to you,
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, Sir.

Arch. I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted Body,
Beaten and bruis'd with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet now, Sir,
And holy Pray'rs; in which, when I forget
My thanks to Heav'n for all your bounteous Favours,
May that be Deaf, and my Petitions perish.

Bor. What a smooth humble Cloak he'as cas'd his Pride in?
And how he 'as pull'd his Claws in? There's no trusting—

Bur. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Duke. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of Valour, and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all shou'd be confin'd within your Excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd: Take, *Boroskie*,
The place he has commanded, lead the Soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his Honour,
Which has been nothing but the World's Opinion,
The Soldiers Fondness, and a little Fortune,
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

The. O that I durst but answer now.

Put. Good Colonel.

The. My Heart will break else. Royal Sir, I know not
What you esteem Mens Lives, whose hourly Labours,
And loss of Blood, Consumptions in your Service,
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more Miseries,
And all to keep you safe, than Slaves or Dogs are.
His Sword the least share gain'd?

Duke. You will not fight with me?

The. No, Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,
And dare speak Truth, which none of their Ambitions
That be Informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet Truth will now but anger ye; I'm sorry for't,
And so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Duke. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Arch.

Arch. Sirrah, ſee me no more.
Duke. And ſo may you too:
You have a Houſe i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you've rul'd your ſelf, teach your Son Manners,
For this time I forgive him.
Arch. Heav'n forgive all;
And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you, Lord General, may your Fights be proſperous.
In all your Courſe may Fame and Fortune court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Prince's Safety;
Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you ſtrike, ſtrike with that killing Virtue,
As if a general Plague had ſeiz'd before ye;
Danger, and Doubt, and Labour caſt behind ye;
And then come home an old and noble Story.
Bur. A little Comfort, Sir.
Duke. As little as may be:
Farewel, you know your Limit. [*Exeunt Duke &c.*
Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.
Arch. I do, and will obſerve it ſuddenly.
My Grave; ay, that's my Limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me ſtart, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Soldier now:
I've ſeen him in his ſowreſt ſhapes, and dreadfull'ſt;
Ay, and I thank my Honeſty, have ſtood him:
That Audit's caſt; farewel my honeſt Soldiers,
Give me your Hands; farewel; farewel good *Ancient*,
A ſtout Man, and a true, (6) thou'rt come in Sorrow.
Bleſſings upon your Swords, may they ne'er fail ye;
You do but change a Man; your Fortune's conſtant;
That by your ancient Valours is ty'd faſt ſtill;
Be valiant ſtill, and good: And when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make one Face of Horror,
When the great Reſt of all your Honour's up,

(6) —— *thou art* come *in Sorrow.*] As this is Senſe, I don't change it; but, as it appears flat, think it probable the Original might have been

—— *thou'rt* drown'd *in Sorrow.*

The Ancient's Speech afterwards plainly ſhews that he was then ſhedding Tears, *I'll cry no more.*

When

When you wou'd think a Spell to ſhake the Enemy,
Remember me; my Prayers ſhall be with ye:
So once again farewel.

Put. Let's wait upon ye.

Arch. No, no, it muſt not be; I have now left me
A ſingle Fortune to my ſelf, no more,
Which needs no Train, nor Compliment; good Captain,
You are an honeſt and a ſober Gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.

Put. I am ſure on't.

Arch. Look to my Boy, he's grown too headſtrong for me.
And if they think him fit to carry Arms ſtill,
His Life is theirs; I have a Houſe i'th' Country,
And when your better hours will give you Liberty,
See me: You ſhall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [*Exit.*

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I've no Mony.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And if I can do that, I care not for Mony. [too
I cou'd have curſt reaſonable well, and I have had the luck
To have 'em ſit ſometimes. Whoſoever thou art,
That like a Devil didſt poſſeſs the Duke
With theſe malicious Thoughts; mark what I ſay to thee,
A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sol. O take the Pox too.

Anc. They'll cure one another:
I muſt have none but kills, and thoſe kill ſtinking.
Or look ye, let the ſingle Pox poſſeſs them,
Or Pox upon Pox.

Put. That's but ill i'th' Arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worſe i'th' Legs, I wou'd not wiſh it elſe:
And may thoſe grow to Scabs as big as Mole-hills,
And twice a Day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
Scratch 'em, and ſcrub 'em: I warrant him he has 'em.

Sol. May he be ever Lowzy.

Anc. That's a pleaſure,
The Beggar's Lechery; ſometimes the Soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, ſtink where he ſtands,
And Maggots breed in's Brains.

2 *Sol.*

2 *Sol.* Ay, marry Sir,
May he fall mad in Love with his Grandmother,
And kiſſing her, may her Teeth drop into his Mouth,
And one fall croſs his Throat, then let him gargle.

Enter a Poſt.

Put. Now, what's the matter?
Poſt. Where's the Duke, pray Gentlemen?
Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miſs.
Poſt. I thank ye. [*Exit.*
Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's Cuckol'd,
And when he wakes believe, and ſwear he ſaw it,
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honeſt:
Then in a pleaſant Pigſty, with his own Garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.
Put. If theſe wou'd do——
Anc. I'll never truſt my Mind more,
If all theſe fail.
1 *Sol.* What ſhall we do now, Captain?
For by this honeſt Hand I'll be torn in pieces;
Unleſs my old General go, or ſome that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a Shoo yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well.
Anc. Fight? 'Tis likely!
No, there will be the ſport Boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other Crown will do, will carry us.
And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro*;
Boroskie! What a noiſe his very Name carries?
'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,
He needs no Soldiers; if he do, for my part [too,
I promiſe ye he's like to ſeek 'em; ſo I think you think
And all the Army; No, honeſt, brave old *Archas*,
We cannot ſo ſoon leave thy Memory,
So ſoon forget thy Goodneſs: He that does,
The ſcandal and the ſcum of Arms be counted.
Put. You much rejoice me now you have hit my meaning.
I durſt not preſs ye till I found your Spirits:
Continue thus.

Anc. I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter second Post.

Put. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes. Another Packet!
From whence, Friend, come you?

2 *Post.* From the Borders, Sir.

Put. What news, Sir, I beseech you?

2 *Post.* Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;
The *Tartar*'s up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a Tempest; all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys, brave News, Boys.

2 *Post.* Either we must have present help——

Anc. Still braver.

2 *Post.* Where lies the Duke?

Sol. He's there.

2 *Post.* 'Save ye, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.
Now the time's come.

Put. Ay, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,
And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a fine marvelous Bonfire:
'Tis old dry Timber, and such Wood has no Fellow.

2 *Sol.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a Storm,
When they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie, *and a Servant.*

Put. Here's one has heard it already;
Room for the General.

Bor. Say I am fain exceeding sick o'th' sudden,
And am not like to live.

Put. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound, take a Suppository;
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and't like your Honour, kill us,
Kill us with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.

What

What ſays your Lordſhip to a Chick in ſorrel Sops?
Put. Go, go thy ways old True-penny?
Thou haſt but one fault: Thou art ev'n too valiant.
Come, t'th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquainted.
Sol. Away, we are for ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alinda, *and two Gentlewomen.*

Alin. Why, whither run ye Fools; will ye leave my Lady?
Pet. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.
Alin. Why, let him,
I thought you had fear'd no Men: Upon my Conſcience
You have try'd their Strengths already; ſtay for ſhame.
Pet. Shift for thy ſelf, *Alinda.* [*Exit.*
Alin. Beauty bleſs ye:
Into what Groom's Feather-bed will you creep now?
And there miſtake the Enemy; ſweet Youths ye are,
And of a conſtant Courage; are you afraid of foining?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. O my good Wench, what ſhall become of us?
The Poſts come hourly in, and bring new Danger;
The Enemy is paſt the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the Blood and Cruelty he carries.
My Brother now will find his Fault.
Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late too, Madam. But pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, ſhake not.
Olym. How cam'ſt thou by this Spirit? our Sex trembles.
Alin. I am not unacquainted with theſe Dangers;
And you ſhall know my Truth; for e'er you periſh,
A hundred Swords ſhall paſs through me: 'Tis but dying,
And Madam we muſt do't: The manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely Thoughts to you,
And take my Counſel too; go preſently,
With all the haſte ye have, (I will attend ye)

With all the poſſible ſpeed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye; with all your Art perſuade him,
('Twill be a diſmal Time elſe) woo him hither,
But hither Madam, make him ſee the Danger;
For your new General looks like an Aſs;
There's nothing in his Face but Loſs.

Olym. I'll do it.
And thank thee, ſweet *Alinda:* O my Jewel,
How much I'm bound to love thee! by this Hand, Wench,
If thou wert a Man———

Alin. I wou'd I were to fight for you.
But haſte, dear Madam.

Olym. I need no Spurs, *Alinda.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, 2 Poſts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The Lord General ſick now? is this a time
For Men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Poſt,
Of my Lieutenant?

Poſt. Beaten, and't pleaſe your Grace,
And all his Forces ſparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold News.
How now, what good News? are the Soldiers ready?

Gen. Yes, Sir, but fight they will not, nor ſtir from that Place
They ſtand in now, unleſs they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
And ſing Songs of him, ſcurvy Songs, to worſe Tunes:
And much they ſpare not you, Sir: Here they ſwear
They'll ſtand and ſee the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unleſs Lord *Archas* come, before they fight for't:
It muſt be ſo, Sir.

Duke. I cou'd wiſh it ſo too;
And to that end I have ſent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I fear will fail, we muſt die, Gentlemen,
And one ſtroke we'll have for't.

Enter

Enter Burris.

What bring'ſt thou, *Burris?*

Bur. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir;
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,
The Enemy ſhall take him, fit for Heav'n:
I urg'd t' him all our Dangers, his own Worths,
The Country's Ruin; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He ſhook his Head, let fall a Tear, and pointed
Thus with his Finger to the Ground; a Grave
I think he meant; and this was all he anſwer'd.
Your Grace was much to blame:
Where's the new General? *Duke.* He is ſick, poor Man.

Bur. He's a poor Man indeed, Sir: Your Grace muſt needs
Go to the Soldier. *Duke.* They have ſent me Word
They will not ſtir, they rail at me,
And all the ſpight they have—[*Shout within.*] What Shout is that there?
Is th' Enemy come ſo near?

Enter Archas, Olympia, *and* Alinda.

Olym. I've brought him, Sir,
At length I've woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy Siſter,
O bleſſed Woman!

Olym. Uſe him nobly, Brother;
You never had more need: And, Gentlemen,
All the beſt Pow'rs ye have to Tongues turn preſently,
To winning and perſuading Tongues: All my Art;
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to Arm him: And, good my Lord,
Though I exceed the Limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happineſs to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther; yet, ſee your Country,
Out of your own ſweet Spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the Miſeries,
On every ſide the Fears; O ſee the Dangers;
We find 'em ſooneſt, therefore hear me firſt, Sir.

Duke. Next hear your Prince: You've ſaid you lov'd him, *Archas*,
And thought your Life too little for his Service;
Think not your Vow too great now, now the Time is,
And now you're brought to th' Teſt, touch right now Soldier,
Now ſhew the manly pureneſs of thy Mettle;
Now if thou beeſt that valued Man, that Virtue,
That great Obedience-teaching all, now ſtand it.
[7] What I have ſaid forgive, my Youth was haſty,
And what you ſaid your ſelf forget, you were angry.
If Men cou'd live without their Faults, they were Gods, *Archas.*
He weeps, and holds his Hands up: To him, *Burris.*
Bur. You've ſhew'd the Prince his Faults;
And like a good Chirurgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em ſmart; he feels it,
Let 'em not feſter now, Sir; your own Honour,
The Bounty of that Mind, and your Allegiance,
'Gainſt which, I take it, Heav'n gives no Command, Sir,
Nor ſeals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye've to do, than I, or this neceſſity;
Only this little's left; wou'd ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph?
Conquer that Mind firſt, and then Men are nothing.
Alin. Laſt, a poor Virgin kneels; for Love's ſake, General,
If ever you have lov'd; for her ſake, Sir,
For your own Honeſty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be Bold and Fortunate,
You are a Knight, a good and noble Soldier,
And when your Spurs were giv'n ye, your Sword buckl'd,

(7) *What I have ſaid* forget, *my Youth was haſty,*
And what you ſaid your ſelf forgive, *you were angry*] I have ventured to tranſpoſe the Words *forget* and *forgive*, and believe I only reſtore them to their true Places, which they had loſt in all the former Editions. The Prince, at ſuch a Time, might well ask forgiveneſs of a Subject; and he deſires *Archas* not to perſevere in the Vow he had made in his Anger; which *forget* expreſſes much better than *forgive*.

Then

Then were you ſworn for Virtue's Cauſe, for Beauty's,
For Chaſtity to ſtrike; ſtrike now, they ſuffer;
Now draw your Sword, or elſe you're Recreant,
Only a Knight i'th' Heels, i'th' Heart a Coward;
Your firſt Vow Honour made, your laſt but Anger.

Arch. How like my virtuous Wife this thing looks, ſpeaks too?
So wou'd ſhe chide my Dulneſs. Fair one, I thank ye.
My gracious, Sir, your Pardon, next your Hand:
Madam, your Favour, and your Prayers; Gentlemen,
Your Wiſhes, and your Loves; and pretty ſweet one,
A favour for your Soldier.

Olym. Give him this, Wench.

Alin. Thus do I tye on Victory.

Arch. My Armour,
My Horſe, my Sword, (8) my tough Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to ſhake thy Glory.

Duke. Go, Brave and Proſperous, our Loves go with thee.

Olym. Full of thy Virtue, and our Pray'rs attend thee.

Bur. &c. Loaden with Victory, and we to honour thee.

Alin. Come home the Son of Honour,—— and I'll ſerve ye. [*Exeunt.*

(8) *My* touch-*ſtaff*] Mr. *Sympſon* conjectured *tough-Staff*, and it is confirmed by the firſt Folio. I therefore admit it; tho' the late Reading ſtill appears Senſe. *Archas*'s Truncheon may be call'd the *Touch-ſtaff* of his Glory and Victories.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, *and two Gentlemen.*

Duke. NO News of *Archas* yet?

Bur. But now, an't pleaſe ye,
A Poſt came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd. He ſaw the Armies join,
The Game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conqueſt,
So bravely fought, he ſaw the *Tartars* ſhaken,
And there he ſaid he left 'em.

Duke. Where's *Boroskie?*

1 *Gent.* He's up again, an't pleaſe ye.

Bur. Sir, methinks
This News ſhould make ye lightſome, bring Joy to ye,
It ſtrikes our Hearts with general Comfort. Gone?
[*Exit Duke.*
What ſhou'd this mean, ſo ſuddenly? He's well?

2 *Gent.* We ſee no other.

1 *Gent.* Wou'd the reſt were well too,
That put theſe Starts into him.

Bur. I'll go after him.

2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir: H'as ſome Secret in him
He would not be diſturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has croſt him ſince the General went?

Bur. Not any:
If there had been, I am ſure I ſhould have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for Mony:
Mony he ſays he wants.

1 *Gent.* It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has ſo many ways to raiſe it,
And thoſe ſo honeſt, it can't be.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur.

Bur. There the Game goes.
I fear ſome new thing hatching.
Duke. Come hither, *Burris.*
Go ſee my Siſter, and commend me to her,
And to my little Miſtreſs give this Token;
Tell her I'll ſee her ſhortly.
Bur. Yes, I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt* Bur. *and Gent.*
Duke. Wait you without. I wou'd yet try him further.
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiſs. Has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i'th' Field?
Duke. A Poſt but now
Came in, who ſaw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The Enemy gave Ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well. [ing,
Duke. Come, ſpeak thy Mind Man. 'Tis not for fight-
A Noiſe of War, I keep thee in my Boſom;
Thy Ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou'ſt brought me up: And like another Nature,
Made good all my Neceſſities. Speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but Envy,
Though I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your Honour,
When vain and empty People ſhall proclaim me———
Good Sir, excuſe me.
Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your Duty.
Bor. Then I muſt, and dare, Sir. [not,
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him
Take heed he meet not with their Loves and Praiſes,
That Glaſs will ſhew him ten times greater, Sir,
(And make him ſtrive to make good that Proportion)
Than e'er his Fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At leaſt I ſtrive to underſtand him ſo,
And of a Nature, if not this way Poiſon'd, [duc'd, Sir;
Perfect enough, eaſie, and ſweet, but thoſe are ſoon ſe-
He's a great Man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general Voices of the People,
Is the end of all my Counſel. Only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he ſtand a while well,

But

But till the Soldier cool, whom, for their Service
You muſt pay now moſt liberally, moſt freely,
And ſhowr your ſelf into 'em; 'tis the Bounty
They follow with their Loves, and not the Bravery.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Duke. But where's the Mony? how now?

2 *Gent.* Sir, the Colonel,
Son to Lord *Archas*, with moſt happy News
Of the *Tartars* Overthrow, without here
Attends your Grace's Pleaſure.

Bor. Be not ſeen, Sir,
He's a bold Fellow, let me ſtand his Thunders,
To th' Court he muſt not come: No Bleſſing here, Sir,
No Face of Favour, if you love your Honour.

Enter Theodore.

Duke. Do what you think is meeteſt; I'll retire, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir,— welcome, noble Colonel.

The. That's too much from your Lordſhip: Pray where's the Duke?

Bor. We hear you've beat the *Tartar*.

The. Is he buſie, Sir?

Bor. Have ye ta'en *Olin* yet?

The. I wou'd fain ſpeak with him.

Bor. How many Men have ye loſt?

The. Do's he lye this way?

Bor. I'm ſure you fought it bravely.

The. I muſt ſee him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye muſt not, what's your Commiſſion?

The. No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here?

Bor. Why, pray ye, Sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your buſineſs?

The. I think you are not, Sir; I'm ſure ye ſhall not.
I bring no Tales nor Flatteries: In my Tongue, Sir,
I carry no fork'd Stings.

Bor. You keep your Bluntneſs.

The. You are deceiv'd: It keeps me: I had felt elſe Some

Some of your Plagues e'er this: But, good Sir, trifle not,
I've buſineſs to the Duke.
Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be ſpoke withal.
The. Not well, Sir?
How wou'd he ha' been, if we had loſt? Not well, Sir?
I bring him News to make him well: His Enemy
That wou'd have burnt his City here, and your Houſe too,
Your brave Gilt-houſe, my Lord, your Honour's hangings,
Where all your Anceſtors, and all their Battels,
Their Silk and Golden Battels are Decipher'd:
That wou'd not only have abus'd your Buildings,
Your goodly Buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your Butteries,
Purloin'd your Lordſhip's Plate, the Duke beſtow'd on you,
For turning handſomly o'th' Toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordſhip,
'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the Curſe is
You'd had no Remedy againſt theſe Raſcals, [too,
No Law, and't like your Honour; wou'd have kill'd you
And roaſted ye, and eaten ye, e'er this Time:
Notable Knaves, my Lord, unruly Raſcals:
Theſe Youths have we ty'd up, put Muzzels on 'em,
And par'd their Nails, that honeſt civil Gentlemen,
And ſuch moſt noble Perſons as your ſelf is,
May live in Peace, and rule the Land with a twine Thread.
Theſe News I bring.
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?
The. My Lord, I am no Pen-man, nor no Orator,
My Tongue was never oyl'd, with—*Here and't like ye, There I beſeech ye*; weigh, I am a Soldier,
And Truth I covet only, no fine Terms, Sir;
I come not to ſtand treating here; my buſineſs
Is with the Duke, and of ſuch general Bleſſing———
Bor. You have overthrown the Enemy, we know it,
And we rejoice in't; ye've done like honeſt Subjects,
You have done handſomely and well.
The. But well, Sir?
But handſomely and well? what, are we Juglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.

But

But handſomely and well? Does your Lordſhip take us
For the Duke's Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our Lives like Men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

The. And for as brave Rewards we look, and Graces,
We've Sweat and Bled for't, Sir.

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will ſtay the giving. Men that thank themſelves firſt
For any good they do, take off the Luſtre,
And blot the Benefit.

The. Are theſe the Welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our Rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, pray ſeriouſly, and ſigh too,
For if there be———

Bor. They muſt be met, and fought with.

The. By whom? by you? they muſt be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a Devil ails ye to do theſe things?
With what aſſurance dare ye mock men thus?
You have but ſingle Lives, and thoſe I take it
A Sword may find too: Why do ye dam the Duke up?
And choak that courſe of Love, that like a River
Should fill our empty Veins again with Comforts?
But if ye uſe theſe knick knacks,
This faſt and looſe, with faithful Men and honeſt,
You'll be the firſt will find it.

Enter Archas, *Soldiers*, Putskie, *Ancient and others.*

Bor. You're too Untemperate.

The. Better be ſo, and Thief too, than unthankful:
Pray uſe this old Man ſo, and then we're paid all.
The Duke thanks ye for your Service, and the Court thanks ye,
And wonderful deſirous they're to ſee ye;
Pray Heav'n we've room enough to march for Maygames,
Pageants, and Bone-fires for your welcome home, Sir.
Here your moſt noble Friend the Lord *Boroskie*,
A Gentleman too tender of your Credit,
And ever in the Duke's Ear, for your good, Sir,
Crazy and Sickly, yet to be your Servant,
Has leapt into the open Air to meet ye.

Bor.

Bor. The beſt is, your Words wound not; you are welcome home, Sir;
Heartily welcome home, and for your Service,
The noble Overthrow you gave the Enemy,
The Duke ſalutes ye too with all his Thanks, Sir.
Anc. Sure they will now regard us.
Put. There's a Reaſon:
But by the changing of the Colonel's Countenance,
The rolling of his Eyes like angry Billows,
I fear the Wind's not down yet, *Ancient.*
Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir?
Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an Ague, [fearful,
Which cannot laſt. He has heard, which makes him
And loth as yet to give your Worth due welcome,
The Sickneſs hath been ſomewhat hot i'th' Army,
Which happily may prove more Doubt than Danger,
(9) And more his Fear than Faith; yet howſoever,
An honeſt Care——
Arch. Ye ſay right, and it ſhall be;
For though upon my Life 'tis but a Rumor,
A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in't;
For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we ne'er ſtood more healthy,
Never more high and luſty; yet to ſatisfie,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his State, we'll draw away, Sir,
And lodge at further Diſtance, and leſs Danger.
Bor. It will be well.
Anc. It will be very ſcurvy:
I ſmell it out, it ſtinks abominably,
Stir it no more.
Bor. The Duke, Sir, wou'd have you too,
For a ſhort Day or two, retire t' your own Houſe,

(9) *And more his Fear than* Fate——] Mr. *Sympſon* calls this abſolute Nonſenſe, and reads *Faith*, which is prov'd by *Archas*'s Anſwer, who ſays it is

A meer Opinion, without Faith *or Fear in it.*

I admit the Conjecture, but cannot think the old Reading abſolute Nonſenſe.

Whither

Whither himſelf will come to viſit ye,
And give ye Thanks.
Arch. I ſhall attend his Pleaſure.
Anc. A Trick, a louſie Trick: So ho, a Trick Boys.
Arch. How now, what's that?
Anc. I thought i had found a Hare, Sir,
But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, ſhall we hunt him?
Arch. No more ſuch Words.
Bor. The Soldier's grown too ſawcy,
You muſt tie him ſtraiter up.
Arch. I do my beſt, Sir;
But Men of free-born Minds ſometimes will flie out.
Anc. May not we ſee the Duke?
Bor. Not at this time, Gentlemen,
Your General knows the Cauſe.
Anc We have no Plague, Sir,
Unleſs it be in our Pay, nor no Pox neither;
Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.
Put. Certain my Lord,
Conſidering what we are, and what we have done;
If not, what need ye may have, 'twou'd be better,
A great deal nobler, and taſte honeſter
To uſe us with more ſweetneſs; Men that dig
And laſh away their Lives at the Cart's tail [too,
Double our Comforts; Meat, and their Maſters Thanks
When they work well, they have; Men of our Quality,
When they do well, and venture for't with Valour,
Fight hard, lye hard, feed hard, when they come home, Sir,
And know theſe are deſerving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their Minds a little
Be ſtir'd with Glory? 'tis a Pride becomes 'em,
A little ſeaſon'd with Ambition,
To be reſpected, reckon'd well, and honour'd
For what they have done: When to come home thus poorly,
And met with ſuch unjointed Joy, ſo looked on,
As if we had done no more but dreſt a Horſe well;
So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,

Take

Take that to drink, had pow'r to pleaſe a Soldier?
Where be the Shouts, the Bells rung out, the People?
The Prince himſelf?

Arch. Peace: I perceive your Eye, Sir,
Is fixt upon this Captain for his Freedom,
And happily you find his Tongue too forward;
As I am Maſter of the Place I carry,
'Tis fit I think ſo too; but were I this Man,
No ſtronger tie upon me, than the Truth
And Tongue to tell it, I ſhou'd ſpeak as he do's,
And think with Modeſty enough, ſuch Saints
That daily thruſt their Loves and Lives through hazards,
And fearleſs for their Country's Peace march hourly
Through all the Doors of Death, and know the darkeſt,
Shou'd better be cononiz'd for their Service:
What labour wou'd theſe Men neglect, what Danger
Where Honour is, though ſeated in a Billow,
Riſing as high as Heav'n, wou'd not theſe Soldiers,
Like to ſo many Sea-gods charge up to it? [Sir;
D' you ſee theſe Swords? Time's Scythe was ne'er ſo ſharp,
Nor ever at one Harveſt mow'd ſuch handfuls:
Thoughts ne'er ſo ſudden, nor Belief ſo ſure
When they are drawn; and were it not ſometimes
I ſwim upon their Angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depreſs their fell Intentions;
They are ſo deadly ſure, nature wou'd ſuffer——
And whoſe are all theſe Glories? why, their Prince's,
Their Country's, and their Friends? Alas, of all theſe,
And all the happy ends they bring, the Bleſſings,
They only ſhare the Labours: A little Joy then,
And out-ſide of a welcome, at an upſhot
Would not have done amiſs, Sir; but howſoever
Between me and my Duty, no crack, Sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope by my Example
No Diſcontent in them: Without doubt, Gentlemen,
The Duke will both look ſuddenly and truly
On your Deſerts: Methinks 'twere good they were paid, Sir.

Bor. They ſhall be immediately; I ſtay for Mony;
And any Favour elſe——

Arch.

Arch. We are all bound to ye ;
And ſo I take my leave, Sir ; when the Duke pleaſes
To make me worthy of his Eyes——
Bor. Which will be ſuddenly,
I know his good Thoughts to ye.
Arch. With all Duty,
And all Humility, I ſhall attend, Sir.
Bor. Once more you're welcome home : Theſe ſhall be ſatisfied.
The. Be ſure we be : And handſomely.
Arch. Wait you on me, Sir.
The. And honeſtly : No jugling.
Arch. Will ye come, Sir ? [*Exit.*
Bor. Pray do not doubt.
The. We are no Boys. [*Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with Mony.

Bor. Well, Sir.
Gent. Here's Mony from the Duke, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Gent. How ſowre the Soldiers look ?
Bor. Is't told ?
Gent. Yes, and for every Company a double Pay,
And the Duke's Love to all.
Anc. That's worth a Duckat.
Bor. You that be Officers, ſee it diſcharg'd then,
Why don't you take it up ?
Anc. 'Tis too heavy :
'Body o' me, I have ſtrain'd mine Arm.
Bor. Do you ſcorn it?
Anc. Has your Lordſhip any Dice about ye ? ſit round Gentlemen,
And come on ſeven for my ſhare.
Put. Do you think, Sir,
This is the end we fight for ? can this Dirt draw us
To ſuch a ſtupid Tameneſs, that our Service
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,
With a few honourable Words, and this, is righted?
Have not we Eyes and Ears, to hear and ſee, Sir,

And

And Minds to underſtand the ſlights we carry?
I come home old, and full of Hurts; Men look on me,
As if I had got 'em from a Whore, and ſhun me;
I tell my Griefs, and fear my Wants, I am anſwer'd,
Alas 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday.
Theſe are the Sores we are ſick of, the Minds Maladies,
And can this cure 'em? You ſhou'd have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
To the World's Eye, have ſhew'd and ſainted us,
Then ye had paid us bravely: Then we had ſhin'd, Sir,
Not in this gilded ſtuff, but in our Glory:
You may take back your Mony.

Gent. This I fear'd ſtill.

Bor. Conſider better, Gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your Lordſhip:
And now I'll put on my conſidering Cap:
My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may gueſs it
By having no ſute to you for this Mony:
For though I want, I want not this, nor ſhall not,
While you want that Civility to rank it
With thoſe Rights we expected; Mony grows, Sir,
And Men muſt gather it, all is not put in one Purſe.
(10) And I'm no Carter, I cou'd ne'er whiſtle yet:
But that I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
And a fine Gentleman, and't like your Honour,
And a moſt pleaſant Companion: *All you that are witty.*
Come liſt to my Ditty: Come ſet in Boys,
With your Lordſhip's Patience. [*Song.*
How do you like my Song, My Lord?

Bor. Ev'n as I like your ſelf; *but 'twould be a great deal better,*
You would prove a great deal wiſer, and take this Mony,
In your own Phraſe I ſpeak now, Sir, and 'tis well
You've learn'd to ſing; for ſince you prove ſo liberal,

(10) *And* that *I am no Carter, I cou'd never whiſtle yet:*] I take the Word *that* to have crept in from the Line beneath, for it ſeems to hurt both Senſe and Meaſure. His ſaying, he was no *Carter*, ſeems to relate to the weight of the Mony, which required a Cart to carry it.

T' refuſe ſuch means as this, maintain your Voice ſtill,
'Twill prove your beſt Friend.

Anc. 'Tis a ſinging Age, Sir,
A merry Moon here now: I'll follow it:
Fidling, and fooling now, gains more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask? Speak freely.

Sol. And ſo we dare. A Triumph for the General.

Put. And then an Honour ſpecial to his Virtue.

Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have ſerv'd for it,
(11) And cram'd up into favour like the worſhipful,
At leaſt upon the City's charge made drunk
For one whole Year; we've done 'em ten Years ſervice;
That we ma' enjoy our Lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may, be proclaim'd: That when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no Law
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controul us.

Bor. Some of theſe may come to paſs; the Duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: The General will find too,
And ſo will you, if you but ſtay with Patience: I have no Pow'r.

Put. Nor Will. Come, Fellow-Soldiers.

Bor. Pray be not ſo diſtruſtful.

Put. There are ways yet,
And honeſt ways; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordſhip
Have any ſilk Stockings, that have holes i'th' Heels,
Or ever an Honourable Caſſock that wants Buttons,
I could have cur'd ſuch Maladies: Your Lordſhip's cuſtom
And my good Lady's, if the Bones want ſetting
In her old Bodice——

Bor. This is Diſobedience.

(11) *And* cram'd *up into favour*——] Mr. *Theobald* has left *crain'd* in his Margin inſtead of *cram'd*; but, I believe, he might have been eaſily perſuaded to have given it up, as the old Metaphor is much more proper and more comick.

Anc.

Anc. Eight Pence a Day, and hard Eggs.
Put. Troop off, Gentlemen,
Some Coin we have, while this lasts, or our Credits,
We'll never sell our General's worth for six Pence.
Ye are beholding to us.
Anc. Fare ye well, Sir,
And buy a Pipe with that: Do you see this Scarf, Sir?
By this Hand I'll cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms, Sir,
Before I eat one bit from your Benevolence.
Now to our old Occupations again.
By your leave, Lord. [*Exeunt.*
Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the Mony.
This Love I must remove, this Fondness to him,
This tenderness of Heart; I have lost my way else.
There is no sending, Man, they will not take it,
They are yet too full of Pillage,
They'll dance for't ere't be long:
Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their Mony?
Bor. Very bravely,
And stand upon such terms 'tis terrible.
Duke. Where's *Archas?*
Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his House,
According to your Pleasure, full of Duty
To outward shew: But what within ——
Duke. Refuse it?
Bor. Most confidently: 'Tis not your Revenues
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a General
That knows no Ebb of Bounty: There they eat, Sir,
And loath your Invitations.
Duke. 'Tis not possible,
He's poor as they.
Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your Journey thither presently,
And as ye go I'll open ye a wonder.
Good Sir, this Morning.
Duke. Follow me, I'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, *and Gentlewomen.*

Olym. But do you think my Brother loves her ?
Bur. Certain, Madam,
He ſpeaks much of her, and ſometimes with wonder,
Oft wiſhes ſhe were nobler born.
Olym. Do you think him honeſt ?
Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his Heart, than I am,
Upon my life I hold him ſo.
Olym. 'Tis a poor Wench,
I wou'd not have her wrong'd : Methinks my Brother——
But I muſt not give Rules to his Affections ;
Yet if he weigh her worth——
Bur. You need not fear, Madam.
Olym. I hope I ſhall not. Lord *Burris*,
I love her well ; I know not, there is ſomething
Makes me beſtow more than a care upon her :
I do not like that Ring from him to her,
I mean to Women of her way ; ſuch Tokens
Rather appear as Baits, than Royal Bounties :
I wou'd not have it ſo.
Bur. You will not find it;
Upon my Troth I think his moſt Ambition
Is but to let the World know h'as a handſome Miſtreſs.
Will your Grace command me any ſervice to him ?
Olym. Remember all my Duty.
Bur. Bleſſings crown ye :
What's your will, Lady ?
Alin. Any thing that's honeſt ;
And if you think it fit, ſo poor a Service,
Clad in a ragged Virtue, may reach him,
I do beſeech your Lordſhip ſpeak it humbly.
Bur. Fair one I will : In the beſt Phraſe I have too,
And ſo I kiſs your Hand. [*Exit.*
Alin. Your Lordſhip's Servant.
Olym. Come hither Wench, what art thou doing with that Ring ?

Alin.

Alin. I am looking on the Poſie, Madam.
Olym. What is't?
Alin. (12) *The Jewel's ſet within.*
Olym. But where the Joy, Wench,
When that inviſible Jewel's loſt? Why doſt thou ſmile ſo?
What unhappy Meaning haſt thou?
Alin. Nothing, Madam,
But only thinking what ſtrange ſpells theſe Rings have,
And how they work with ſome.
Pet. I fear with you too.
Alin. This cou'd not coſt above a Crown.
Pet. 'Twill coſt you
The ſhaving of your Crown, if not the waſhing.
Olym. But he that ſent it, makes the Virtue greater.
Alin. Ay, and the Vice too, Madam. Goodneſs bleſs me:
How fit 'tis for my Finger!
2 *Wom.* No doubt you'll find too
A Finger fit for you.
Alin. Sirrah, *Peteſca*,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou haſt Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh ho, what muſt I do now?
Pet. You'll be taught that,
The eaſieſt part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.
Alin. Ay me, ay me.
Pet. You will divide too, ſhortly,
Your Voice comes finely forward.
Olym. Come hither, Wanton,
Thou art not ſurely as thou ſay'ſt.
Alin. I wou'd not:
But ſure there is a Witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my Heart leaps!
Pet. 'Twill go pit a pat ſhortly.
Alin. And now methinks a thouſand of the Duke's Shapes.

(12) *The Jewel's ſet within.*] This is the Poſie of the Ring, being a Compliment to the Wearer.

2 *Wom.* Will no leſs ſerve ye?
Alin. In ten thouſand Smiles.
Olym. Heav'n bleſs the Wench.
Alin. With Eyes that will not be deny'd to enter;
And ſuch ſoft ſweet Embraces; take it from me,
I am undone elſe, Madam: I'm loſt elſe.
Olym. What ails the Girl?
Alin. How ſuddenly I'm alter'd!
And grown my ſelf again! do not you feel it?
Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this:
I'll try the Strength on't.
Alin. How cold my Blood grows now!
Here's ſacred Virtue.
When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a Kiſs,
When each Morning I ariſe,
(13) I forget a Sacrifice:
When this Figure in my Faith,
And the pureneſs that it hath,
I purſue not with my Will,
Nearer to arrive at ſtill:
When I loſe, or change this Jewel,
Fly me Faith, and Heav'n be cruel.
Olym. You've half confirm'd me, keep but that way ſure,
And what this Charm can do, let me endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Honora *and* Viola.

Arch. Carry your ſelf diſcreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward Paſſions,
Nor no diſtaſts to any. Prithee *Theodore*,
By my life, Boy, 'twill ruin me.
The. I have done, Sir,

(13) Or *I forget a Sacrifice:*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I both ſtruck out the *Or*, as injuring the Meaſure, and utterly ſpoiling the Senſe.

So

(14) So there be no foul Play. He brings along with him——

Arch. What's that to you?
Let him bring what pleaſe him,
And whom, and how.

The. So they mean well——

Arch. Is't fit you be a Judge, Sirrah?

The. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.

Arch. Get a Banquet ready,
And trim yourſelves up handſomly. *The.* To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em Whores? Hang up a Sign then,
And ſet 'em out to Livery.

Arch. Whoſe Son art thou?

The. Yours, Sir, I hope: But not of your Diſgraces.

Arch. Full twenty thouſand Men I have commanded,
And all their Minds, with this calm'd all their Angers;
And ſhall a Boy, of mine own Breed, own Blood too,
One crooked ſtick——.

The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your Houſe; if Taint or black Diſhonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I've no ſhare in't.
Yet if it do fall out ſo, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——

Arch. Haſt thou no Reverence?
No Duty in thee?

The. This ſhall ſhew I obey ye:
I dare not ſtay: I would have ſhew'd my Love too,
And that you ask as Duty, with my Life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your Hazards,
Which Heav'n preſerve ye from, and keep the Duke too:
And there's an end o' my wiſhes, God be with ye. [*Exit.*

Arch. Stubborn, yet full of, that we all love, Honeſty.

(14) *So there be no foul Play he brings along with him.*] *Mr. Sympſon* has corrected the Pointing here, and ſeems much to have improved the Senſe. *Theodore* would ſay, that the Duke brings *Boroſke* along with him, but is interrupted by his Father.

Enter Burris.

Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke?
Bur. In the great Chamber, Sir,
And there ſtays 'till he ſee you. Ye've a fine Houſe here.
Arch. A poor contented Lodge, unfit for his Preſence,
Yet all the joy it hath.
Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.
Arch. I thank ye, Lord:
And now my ſervice to the Duke.
Bur. I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Boroskie, *Gentlemen and Attendants.*

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Diſgrace me elſe,
And never more with Favour look upon me.
Duke. It ſeems impoſſible.
Bor. It cannot chuſe, Sir,
'Till your own Eyes behold it; but that it is ſo,
And that by this means the too haughty Soldier
Has been ſo cram'd and fed, he cares not for ye;
Believe, or let me periſh: Let your Eyes
As you obſerve the Houſe, but where I point it,
Make ſtay, and take a view, and then you've found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, Honora, Viola, *and Servant.*

Duke. I'll follow your Direction. Welcome *Archas*,
You're welcome home, brave Lord, we're come to viſit ye,
And thank ye for your Service.
Arch. 'Twas ſo poor, Sir,
In true reſpect of what I owe your Highneſs,
It merits nothing.
Duke. Are theſe fair ones yours, Lord?
Arch. Their Mother made me think ſo, Sir.
Duke. Stand up, Ladies.
Beſhrew my Heart they're fair ones; methinks fitter
The luſtre of the Court, than thus live darken'd.
I'd ſee your Houſe, Lord *Archas*, it appears to me
A handſome Pile.

Arch.

Arch. 'Tis neat, but no great Structure;
I'll be your Grace's Guide, give me the Keys there.
Duke. Lead on, we'll follow ye: Begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.
Arch. 'Tis ſo, and't pleaſe ye, Sir,
The reſt above are Lodgings all.
Duke. Go on, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, *and* Ancient.

Put. The Duke gone thither, do you ſay?
The. Yes marry do I,
And all the Ducklings too; but what they'll do there —
Put. I hope they'll crown his Service.
The. (15) With a Coſtard;
This is no weather for Rewards: They crown his Service?
Rather they go to ſhave his Crown: I was rated out of Doors,
As if I'd been a Dog had worried Sheep,
For making but a doubt.
Put. They muſt now grace him.
The. Mark but the end.
Anc. I'm ſure they ſhou'd Reward him, they can't want him.
The. They that want Honeſty, want any thing.
Put. The Duke's ſo noble in's own Thoughts —
The. That I grant ye,
If thoſe might only ſway him: But 'tis moſt certain,
So many new born Flies his light gave life to,
Buzze in his Beams, Fleſh-flies, and Butterflies,
Hornets, and humming Scarabs, that not one honey Bee
That's loaden with true Labour, and brings home
Encreaſe and Credit, can 'ſcape rifling,
And what ſhe ſucks for ſweet, they turn to bitterneſs.
Anc. Shall we go ſee what they do, and talk our mind to 'em?

(15) *With a* Cuſtard] So the former Editions, inſtead of *Coſtard*. *To crown a Man with a Coſtard*, is to break his Head: *Coſtard* in this Phraſe meaning a Crab-tree Stick.

Put.

Put. That we have done too much, and to no purpoſe.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now
For doing ſome brave thing for him; a worſe end will take me,
And for an action of no worth; not honour him?
Upon my Conſcience, ev'n the Devil, the very Devil
(Not to bely him) thinks him an honeſt Man; [years,
I am ſure he has ſent him Souls any time theſe twenty
Able to furniſh all his Fiſh-markets.
The. Leave thy talking,
And come, let's go to Dinner and drink to him;
We ſhall hear more ere Supper time. If he be honour'd,
He has deſerv'd it well, and we ſhall fight for't.
If he be ruin'd, ſo, we know the worſt then,
And for my ſelf, I'll meet it.
Put. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskie, Burris, *Gentlemen and Attendants.*

Duke. They're handſome Rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted,
Full of convenience; the Proſpect's excellent.
Arch. Now will your Grace paſs down, and do me but the honour
To taſte a Country Banquet?
Duke. What Room's that?
I wou'd ſee all now; what Conveyance has it?
I ſee you've kept the beſt part yet; pray open it.
Arch. Ha! I miſdoubted this: 'Tis of no receipt, Sir,
For your Eyes moſt unfit ——
Duke. I long to ſee it, [Painting,
Becauſe I'd judge of the whole piece: Some excellent
Or ſome rare Spoils you'd keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.
Arch. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your ſight; below I have

Some

Some Fountains, and ſome Ponds.
Duke. I wou'd ſee this now.
Arch. Boroskie, thou'rt a Knave. It contains nothing
But Rubbiſh from the other Rooms, Unneceſſaries:
Will't pleaſe you ſee a ſtrange Clock?
Duke. This or nothing:
Why ſhou'd you bar it up thus with Defences
Above the reſt, unleſs it contained ſomething
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will ſee it.
Arch. The Keys are loſt, Sir:
Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,
I cou'd be ſo unmannerly?
Duke. I will ſee it, and either ſhew it———
Arch. Good Sir——— [dantly,
Duke. Thank ye, *Archas*, you ſhew your Love abun-
Do I uſe to intreat thus? Force it open.
Bur. That were inhoſpitable; you are his Gueſt, Sir,
(16) And 'tis his greateſt Joy to entertain ye.
Duke. Hold thy peace, Fool; will ye open it?
Arch. Sir, I cannot. I muſt not, if I could.
Duke. Go, break it open.
Arch. I muſt withſtand that force. Be not too raſh, Gentlemen.
Duke. Unarm him firſt, then if he be not obſtinate
Preſerve his Life.
Arch. I thank your Grace, I take it;
And now take you the Keys, go in, and ſee, Sir; [tor,
There feed your Eyes with wonder, and thank that Tray-
That thing that ſells his Faith for Favour. [*Exit Duke.*
Bur. Sir, what moves ye?
Arch. I have kept mine pure. Lord *Burris*, there's a *Judas*,
That for a Smile will ſell ye all. A Gentleman?
The Devil has more Truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whore's Heart more belief in't.

(16) *And* with *its greateſt joy*——] Former Editions, corrected by Mr. *Sympſon*.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, *Archas?*
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable Treasure. *Arch.* Yours, Sir.
Duke. Nor do I wonder now the Soldier slights me.
Arch. Be not deceiv'd; he has no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
That lost Man in his Faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little Honey has betray'd it.
(I swear he smiles upon me) thou forsworn too,
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord. I'll tell ye all, Sir:
Your Sire, before his Death, knowing your Temper
To be as bounteous as the Air, and open,
As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great Mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily
Like a great Husband, to preserve your Actions,
Collected all this Treasure; to our Trusts,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lord's there,
He gave the Knowledge and the Charge of all this,
Upon his Death-bed too: And on the Sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure
Part from our secret keepings, 'till no hope
Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd ye cou'd supply ye,
And then some great Exploit afoot; my honesty
I wou'd have kept 'till I had made this useful,
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the Tempest,)
And useful to the end 'twas left: I'm cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly;
This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
Abus'd your Father's care, abus'd his Faith too:
Nor can this mass of Mony make him Man more,
A flea'd Dog has more Soul, an Ape more Honesty;
All mine ye have amongst it, farewel that,
I cannot part with't nobler; my Heart's clear,
My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.
But O thy Hell!
Bor. I seek no Heav'n from you, Sir.

Arch.

Arch. Thy gnawing Hell, *Boroskie*, it will find thee:
Wou'd ye heap Coals upon his Head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your Eſtate? Give him this Mony,
Melt it into his Mouth.

Duke. What little Trunk's that?
That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir, richer I think than all.

Arch. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your Thoughts with ſuch a courſeneſs;
Pray rack not Honeſty.

Bor. Be ſure you ſee it. *Duke.* Bring out the Trunk.

Enter with the Trunk.

Arch. You'll find that Treaſure too, all I have left me now.

Duke. What's this, a poor Gown?
And this a piece of *Seneca?*

Arch. Yes ſure, Sir,
More worth than all your Gold, yet ye've enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious;
This ſells no Friends, nor ſearches into Counſels,
And yet all counſel, and all Friends live here, Sir;
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's truſty:
Will't pleaſe you leave me this?

Duke. With all my Heart, Sir.

Arch. What ſays your Lordſhip to't?

Bor. I dare not rob ye.

Arch. Poor miſerable Men, you've robb'd your ſelves both;
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treaſure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his progreſs.
Where ſuch a love he took to ſome few anſwers,
Unhappy Boyiſh Toys hit in my Head then,
That ſuddenly I made him, thus as I was,
(For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highneſs)
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Beſtow'd his Favours on me, taught me Arms firſt,
With thoſe an honeſt Mind; I ſerv'd him truly,
And where he gave me truſt, I think I fail'd not;
Let the world ſpeak: I humbly thank your Highneſs,

You

You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine Age, Sir;
And to this care a fair *Quietus* giv'n. Now to my Book again.

Duke. You have your wish, Sir,
Let some bring off the Treasure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Arch. None, none, a poor unworthy Reaper,
The Harvest is his Grace's.

Duke. Thank you, *Archas.*

Arch. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone,
Where will your Lordship?———

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Arch. Does your Grace like my House?

Duke. Wondrous well, *Archas,*
You've made me richly welcome.

Arch. I did my best, Sir.
Is there ought else may please your Grace. *Duke.* Your Daughters
I had forgot, send them to Court. *Arch.* How's that, Sir?

Duke. I said your Daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archas.*

Arch. Thank your Highness.

Duke. And suddenly. [*Exit.*

Arch. Through all the ways I dare
I'll serve your Temper, though you try me far. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, *Ancient, and Servant.*

The. I Wonder we hear no News.

Put. Here's your Father's Servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your Father
Intreats you presently make haste unto him.

The. What News?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I'm asham'd to tell it,
Pray ask no more.

The.

The. Did not I tell ye, Gentlemen?
Did not I Prophecy? He's undone then.
Ser. Not ſo, Sir, but as near it———
Put. There's no help now;
The Army's ſcatter'd all, through Diſcontent,
Not to be rallied up in haſte to help this.
Anc. Plague of the Devil; have ye watch'd your Seaſons?
We ſhall watch you e'er long.
The. Farewel, there's no cure,
We muſt endure all now: I know what I'll do.
[*Exeunt* Theodore, *and Servant.*
Put. Nay, there's no ſtriving, they've a hand upon us.
A heavy and a hard one.
Anc. Now I have it,
We've yet ſome Gentlemen, ſome Boys of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus ſtill, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to ſhame theſe Vipers?
Shall I bleſs 'em?
Put. Farewel; I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*
Anc. Were never ſuch rare Cries in Chriſtendom,
As *Moſco* ſhall afford: We'll live by fooling
Now fighting's gone, and they ſhall find and feel it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Archas, Honora, *and* Viola.

Arch. No more, it muſt be ſo; do you think I'd ſend ye,
Your Father and your Friend———
Viol. Pray Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor ſeek that Knowledge;
(17) We are content, like harmleſs things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourſelves, to ſeek a Wiſdom

From

(17) *We are content* with *harmleſs things at home,*
Children of your Content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourſelves,—] It was very evident to me from the whole turn of the Sentence that *with* in the firſt Line was a Corruption,

From that we underſtand, eaſie and honeſt;
To make our Actions worthy of your Honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em;
What ſhall we look for, Sir, what ſhall we learn there,
That this more private ſweetneſs cannot teach us?
Virtue was never built upon Ambition,
Nor the Souls Beauties bred out of Bravery:
What a terrible Father wou'd you ſeem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our Tempers
To eaſie and obedient Ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair Mind can never loſe nor loiter,
Now to divert our Natures, now to ſtem us
Roughly againſt the tide of all this Treaſure?
Wou'd y' have us proud? 'Tis ſooner bred than buried;
Wickedly proud? For ſuch things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Wou'd y' have your Children learn t' forget their Father?

And when he dies dance on his Monument?
Shall we ſeek Virtue in a Satin Gown;
Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather
And ſet our Credits to the tune of Green-ſleeves?
This may be done; and if you like, it ſhall be.
You ſhou'd have ſent us thither when we were younger,
Our Maiden-heads at a higher rate; our Innocence
Able to make a Mart indeed: We're now too old, Sir,
Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and ſlight us;
Beſides, we're altogether unprovided,
Unfurniſht utterly of the Rules ſhould guide us:
This Lord comes, licks his Hand and proteſts to me;
Compares my Beauty to a thouſand fine things;
Mountains, and Fountains, (18) Trees, and Stars, and Goblins; Now

tion, and that *Viola* calls herſelf and Siſter *harmleſs things at home*, not the things they were content *with*. I therefore propoſed to read,

We are content, (being *harmleſs things at home*,
Children of your Content, bred up in Quiet,)
Only to know ourſelves. ———

But turning to the firſt Folio, I found my Conjecture ſo far confirmed, that I had hit upon the Author's Senſe, tho' not upon the true Word, which I have now inſerted in the Text.

(18) ——*Trees, and Stars, and* Goblins;] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks *Goblins* ſo odd a thing for a Courtier to compare a lady's Beauty to, and ſo

Now have not I the Faith for to believe him;
He offers me the honourable courteſie,
To lye with me all Night; what a miſery is this?
I am bred up ſo fooliſhly, alas, I dare not,
And how madly theſe things will ſhew there.
Arch. I ſend ye not,
Like Parts infected, to draw more Corruption;
Like Spiders to grow great, with growing Evil:
With your own Virtues ſeaſon'd, and my Pray'rs,
The Card of Goodneſs in your Minds, that ſhows ye
When ye ſail falſe; the Needle toucht with Honour,
That through the blackeſt Storms ſtill points at Happineſs;
Your Bodies the tall Barks rib'd round with Goodneſs,
Your Heav'nly Souls the Pilots, thus I ſend you;
Thus I prepare your Voyage; ſound before ye,
And ever as you ſail through this World's Vanity,
Diſcover Sholes, Rocks, Quickſands, cry out to ye,
Like a good Maſter, Tack about for Honour.
The Court is Virtue's School, at leaſt it ſhould be;
Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the Metal's purer:
Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
Thoſe Branches that flow from him muſt run muddy;
Say you find ſome Sins there, and thoſe no ſmall ones,
And they like lazy Fits begin to ſhake ye:
Say they affect your Strengths, my happy Children
Great things through greateſt hazards are atchiev'd ſtill,
And then they ſhine, then Goodneſs has his Glory,
His Crown faſt rivetted, then time moves under,

ſo unfit to be joined to *Fountains*, *Stars* and the reſt, that he would ſtrike it out as corrupt, and read *Godlins*, or *little Gods*. The Conjecture is ingenious, if any Inſtance could be produced of our Poets or any of their Contemporaries uſing the word *Godlins*, or if there was any neceſſity of a Change. *Goblins* is ſometimes uſed for *Fairies*, and may not improperly ſtand for ſuch *Angels* as the lewd Courtier often compares his Miſtreſs to: but it more often ſtands for Bugbears, or frightful Apparitions, which Courtiers often make their Miſtreſſes like, when they talk of the *Flames*, *Darts*, and killing Qualities of their Eyes. Whatever the Poet's Deſign was, it was certainly to convey a ludicrous Idea.

(19) Where, through the miſt of Errors, like the Sun,
Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon. I thank you Sir, you have made me half a Soldier,
I will to Court moſt willingly, moſt fondly.
And if there be ſuch ſtirring things amongſt 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*
As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a cloſe Ward, and a ſure one;
An honeſt Mind I hope, 'tis Petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis Gold-porof,
A Coach and four Horſes cannot draw me from it:
As for your handſome Faces and fil'd Tongues,
Curl'd Millers Heads, (20) I have another Ward for them,
And yet I'll flatter too, as faſt as they do,
And lye, but not as Lewdly. Come, be valiant, Siſter,
She that dare n't ſtand the puſh o' th' Court dares nothing,
(21) And yet come off unras'd: like you, we both, Sir,
Affect

(19) *Where, through the* midſt *of Errors,*—] This is the ſecond time that this unmeaning Expletive *midſt* had intruded into the Place of a very ſenſible Metaphor. In *Wit without Money*, *Valentine* tells his Brother the *Collegian* that he had been brought up *Amongſt the midſt of Small-beer Brew-houſes.* Where the true word was evidently *Miſt.* Mr. *Sympſon* concurred with me in the Correction of it in this Play.

(20) *I have another* Word *for them,*—] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurred in the Emendation.

(21) *And yet come off* ungrac'd: *Sir, like you,*
We both affect great dangers now, and the World ſhall ſee] The Meaſure is here confuſed, the firſt Line wants a Syllable, and the ſecond has two redundant ones. In the next place, *ungrac'd* is the very Reverſe of what the Context evidently requires. I have three Conjectures, and Mr. *Sympſon* has ſent me a fourth. My firſt is,

And yet come off unras'd: *like you, we both, Sir,*
Affect great Dangers now, and th' World ſhall ſee.

Unras'd ſignifies *uncut, unſcratch'd,* from the *Latin, rado,* or the *French, raſer.* It is often ſpelt *unraz'd,* and pronounc'd as ſuch. My ſecond Conjecture is ſtill nearer the Trace of the Letters, *ungraz'd,* i. e. *untouch'd, unhurt*; from *grazing,* as a Bullet does. My laſt conjecture is to leave out the *And* at the beginning.

Yet come off undiſgrac'd———————

And to this ſenſe is Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture with leſs Change in the Poſition of the Words than I make.

And yet come off grac'd: *Sir, like you, we both*
Affect great Dangers now &c.

It

Affect great dangers now, and th' World ſhall ſee
All Glory lies not in Man's Victory.
Arch. Mine own *Honora.*
Vio. I am very fearful,
Would I were ſtronger built. You'd have me honeſt?
Arch. Or not at all my *Viola.*
Vio. I'll think on't,
For 'tis no eaſie Promiſe, and live there.
D'you think we ſhall do well?
Hon. Why, what ſhou'd ail us?
Vio. Certain they'll tempt us ſtrongly; beſides the Glory
Which Women may affect, they're handſome Gentlemen,
Every part ſpeaks: Nor is it one denial,
Nor two, not ten; from every look we give 'em
They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our Pray'rs Promiſes.
Hon. Let 'em feed ſo, and be fat; there is no fear, Wench,
If thou be'ſt faſt t' thy ſelf.
Vio. I hope I ſhall be; ——
And your example will work more.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou ſhalt not want it.
The. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a Man an Angel?
I hear you let out Money.
Arch. Very well, Sir,
You're pleaſantly diſpos'd: I am glad to ſee it.
Can you lend me your Patience, and be rul'd by me?
The. Is't come to Patience now?
Arch. Is't not a Virtue?
The. I know not: I ne'er found it ſo.
Arch. That is becauſe
Thy Anger ever knows, and not thy Judgment.
The. I know you have been rifl'd.

It is uncertain which of theſe or whether any of them is the Original; But it is, I think, a Duty an Editor owes both to his Author and his Reader not knowingly to leave Nonſenſe in the Text; I have therefore inſerted my firſt Conjecture, as it appears to me the beſt of the four.

Arch. Nothing leſs, Boy;
Lord, what opinions theſe vain People publiſh!
Rifl'd of what?
The. Study your Virtue, Patience,
It may get Muſtard to your Meat. Why in ſuch haſte, Sir,
Sent ye for me?
Arch. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Siſters to the Court;
I am commanded they live there.
The. To th' Court, Sir?
Arch. To th' Court, I ſay.
The. And muſt I wait upon 'em?
Arch. Yes, 'tis moſt fit you ſhou'd, you are their Brother.
The. Is this the buſineſs? I had thought your Mind, Sir,
Had been ſet forward on ſome noble Action,
Something had truly ſtir'd ye. To th' Court with theſe?
Why, they're your Daughters, Sir.
Arch. All this I know, Sir.
The. *The good old Woman on a Bed he threw.*
To th' Court?
Arch. Thou art not mad?
The. Nor Drunk as you are:
Drunk with your Duty, Sir: Do you call it Duty?
A pox of Duty—what can theſe do there?
What ſhould they do? Can ye look Babies, Siſters,
In the young Gallants Eyes, and twirl their Band-ſtrings?
Can ye ride out to air your ſelves? Pray Sir,
Be ſerious with me, do you ſpeak this truly?
Arch. Why, didſt thou never hear of Women yet
At Court, Boy?
The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women,
Excellent honeſt Women: But are ye ſure, Sir,
That theſe will prove ſo?
Hon. There's the danger, Brother.
The. God-a-mercy Wench, thou haſt a grudging of it.
Arch. Now be you ſerious, Sir, and obſerve what I ſay,
Do it, and do it handſomely; go with 'em.
The. With all my Heart, Sir; I am in no fault now;
If they be thought Whores for being in my Company;
Pray write upon their Backs, they are my Siſters;

And

And where I ſhall deliver 'em.
Arch. Ye're wondrous jocund,
But prithee tell me, art thou ſo lewd a Fellow?
I never knew thee fail a Truth.
The. I am a Soldier,
And ſpell you what that means.
Arch. A Soldier?
What doſt thou make of me?
The. Your Palat's down, Sir.
Arch. I thank ye, Sir.
The. Come, ſhall we to this matter?
You will to Court?
Hon. If you will pleaſe to honour us.
The. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll ſet ye off
With ſuch a luſtre, Wenches. Alas poor *Viola*,
Thou art a Fool, thou crieſt for eating white Bread:
Be a good Huſwife of thy Tears, and ſave 'em
Thou wilt have time enough to ſhed 'em; Siſter,
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come worthy Siſters, ſince it muſt be ſo,
And ſince he thinks it fit to try your Virtues,
Be you as ſtrong to Truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman ſhall have joy of ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. Burris take you ten thouſand of thoſe Crowns,
And thoſe two Chains of Pearl they hold the richeſt,
I give 'em ye.
Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great Example work in me
That noble Charity to Men more worthy,
And of more wants.
Duke. You bear a good Mind, *Burris*;
Take twenty thouſand now: Be not ſo modeſt,
It ſhall be ſo, I give 'em: Go, there's my Ring for't.
Bur. Heav'n bleſs your Highneſs ever. [*Exit.*
Duke. You are honeſt.

Enter Alinda, *and* Putskie *at Door.*

(22) They're coming now to Court, as fair as Virtue:
Two brighter Stars ne'er roſe here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my Art can do; the Duke——

Putſ. I am gone; remember. [*Exit.*

Alin. I'm counſell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty Miſtreſs, whither lies your buſineſs?
How kindly I ſhou'd take this, were't to me now?

Alin. I muſt confeſs immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no addreſs, I do believe ye,
I wou'd ye had.

Alin. 'Twere too much boldneſs, Sir,
Upon ſo little Knowledge, leſs deſerving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect Courtier.

Alin. A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, Sweet; come hither to me.
What killing Eyes this Wench has? In his Glory
Not the bright Sun, when the hot *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half ſo fiery.

Alin. Why does your Grace ſo view me?
Nothing but common handſomeneſs dwells here, Sir,
Scarce that: Your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanneſs.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not go: I do not lie unto thee,
In my Eye thou appear'ſt——

Alin. Dim not the ſight, Sir,
I am too dull an Object.

Duke. Canſt thou love me?

(22) Put. *They're coming now to Court, as fair as Virtue*
Two brighter Stars ne'er roſe here.

Alin. *Peace, I have it,*] *Putskie* is directing *Alinda* to make uſe of the Influence her Beauty has gain'd over the Duke in favour of *Archas*, and ſhe tells him that ſhe is ſufficiently inſtructed. But how is this an Anſwer to what *Putskie* is made to ſay in the former Editions? or what has the two Ladies Introduction to Court to do with the Scheme that *Putskie* has plann'd? It is to me evidently a Soliloquy of the Duke's, whoſe thoughts are all bent on his Pleaſures. And it is very artful in our Poets to make him in the very height of his Wickedneſs acknowledge the Beauty of Virtue. For *Luſt* is fired by the Oppoſition of *Virtue*, as much as by the Attractions of *Beauty*.

Canſt

Canſt thou love him will honour thee?
Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too: But 'twill not ſhew well:
Or if it do (23) ſhew here, where all light Luſtres
Tinſel affections make a glorious gliſt'ring,
'Twill halt i'th' handſom way.
Duke. Are ye ſo cunning?
Doſt think I love not truly?
Alin. No, ye cannot,
Ye never travell'd that way yet: Pray pardon me,
I prate ſo boldly to you.
Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reaſon, Sweet?
Alin. I'd tell your Grace,
But happily——
Duke. It ſhall be pleaſing to me. [me.
Alin. I ſhou'd love you again, and then you wou'd hate
With all my ſervice I ſhou'd follow ye,
And through all dangers.
Duke. This wou'd more provoke me,
More make me ſee thy Worths,
More make me meet 'em.
Alin. You ſhou'd do ſo, if ye did well and truly:
But though ye be a Prince, and have pow'r in ye,
Pow'r of Example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.
Duke. Give me Example where?
Alin. You had a Miſtreſs,
Oh Heav'n, ſo bright, ſo brave a Dame, ſo lovely,
In all her Life ſo true!
Duke. A Miſtreſs?
Alin. That ſerv'd you with that Conſtancy, that Care,

(23) —*ſhew here, where all Light luſtres,*] Mr. *Theobald* was very exact in giving great Letters to all Subſtantives and little ones to Adjectives and Verbs. It is an Accuracy that Mr. *Sympſon* and I could not ſubmit to the Trouble of, unleſs where the want of it gave a falſe turn to the Senſe, and might lead the Reader aſtray, as it might here have done, tho' not into a very bad Track: As it was before printed the Senſe would be, At Court every Species of Light gives a Luſtre, every Tinſel Affection gliſters glorioufly. But the true Senſe is that, *There all Light and trifling Luſtres, all tinſel Affections make a glorious Gliſtering.*

That lov'd your Will, and woo'd it too.

Duke. What Miſtreſs?

Alin. That nurs'd your Honour up, held faſt your Virtue,
And when ſhe kiſt encreas'd, not ſtole your Goodneſs.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Alin. Loſt her, forſook her, wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her Name?

Alin. Her Name as Lovely as her ſelf, as Noble,
And in it all that's excellent.

Duke. What was it?

Alin. Her Name was *Beau-deſert*: D' you know her now, Sir?

Duke. Beau-deſert? I don't remember——

Alin. I know you do not;
Yet ſhe'as a plainer Name; Lord *Archas* ſervice;
D' you yet remember her? There was a Miſtreſs
Fairer than Woman, and far fonder to you, Sir,
Than Mothers to their firſt-born Joys: Can you Love?
Dare you profeſs that truth to me a Stranger,
A thing of no Regard, no Name, no Luſtre,
When your moſt noble Love you have neglected,
A Beauty all the World wou'd Woo and Honour?
Wou'd you've me credit this? Think you can love me,
And hold ye conſtant, when I've read this Story?
Is't poſſible you ſhould e'er favour me,
To a ſlight Pleaſure prove a Friend, and faſt too,
When, where you were moſt ty'd, moſt bound to benefit,
Bound by the Chains of Honeſty and Honour,
(24) You've broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my Fears: I beſeech your Grace
Tempt me no further.

Duke. Who taught you this Leſſon?

Alin. Woful Experience, Sir: If you ſeek a fair one,
Worthy your Love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd Virtue now

(24) *You've broke, and* boldly *too?*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *ſoully*, which is certainly a proper Word, but I think the old reading not leſs ſo. *You have broke your Faith* boldly, *i. e.* in the Face of all the World, without fear or ſhame.

Arrive

Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir.
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honeſt.

Enter Olympia *and* Peteſca *privately.*

Duke. I love thy Face.
Alin. Upon my Life ye cannot:
(25) I do not love it my ſelf, Sir, 'tis a foul one,
So truly ill Art cannot mend it; but if 'twere handſome,
At leaſt if I thought ſo, you ſhou'd hear me talk, Sir,
In a new ſtrain; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye petition to me too, and wait my Anſwers;
Yet o' my Conſcience I ſhou'd pity ye,
After ſome ten years Siege.
Duke. Prithee do now.
Alin. What wou'd ye do?
Duke. Why I wou'd lye with ye.
Alin. I do not think ye wou'd.
Duke. In troth I wou'd Wench.
Here, take this Jewel.
Alin. Out upon't, that's ſcurvy.
Nay, if we do, ſure we'll do for good Fellowſhip,
For pure Love, or nothing: Thus you ſhall be ſure, Sir,
You ſhall not pay too dear for't.
Duke. Sure I cannot.

(25) *I do not love it my ſelf, Sir, 'tis a* lewd *one,*] That *Alinda*'s Face was a *lewd* one, is neither true to the Character, nor proper for her to ſay; but it may be frequently proper for the handſomeſt Perſons to deny their being ſo, and the whole turn of the Sentence plainly requires the Epithet that is a direct Contraſt to *handſome*. I believe, therefore, that the true Word, inſtead of *lewd*, is *foul*: *Foul*, when apply'd to the *Face*, ſignifies *ugly*; it is conſtantly ſo uſed in the North of *England* to this Day, and in almoſt all old *Engliſh* Authors, particularly in our Poets: Thus in *Fletcher*'s Maſter-piece, *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *Amoret* tells *Perigot*,

> ——'*Tis as hard for me*
> *To think thee falſe, and harder, than for thee*
> *To hold me* foul. Peri. *O you are fairer far*
> *Than the chaſte bluſhing Morn.*——

Where *Perigot*'s Anſwer aſcertains the Meaning of *foul* to be the Contraſt of fair. But if any one thinks that *foul* is too far from the Trace of the Letters, *rude*. i. e. unform'd, unfaſhioned, will give an Idea proper to the Context.

Alin.

Alin. By'r Lady but ye may: When ye have found me able
To do your Work well, ye may pay my Wages.
Pet. Why does your Grace ſtart back?
Olym. I ha' ſeen that ſhakes me:
Chills all my Blood: O where is Faith or Goodneſs?
Alinda, thou art falſe, falſe, falſe thou fair one,
(26) Wickedly falſe; and, wo is me, I ſee it.
For ever falſe.
Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exeunt.*
Alin. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir.
Duke. What?
Alin. Whether I ſhall lye with ye, or no: If I find her willing———
For look ye Sir, I've ſworn, while in her ſervice———
('Twas a raſh Oath I muſt confeſs)
Duke. Thou mock'ſt me.
Alin. Why, wou'd ye lye with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuſe my weakneſs?
Duke. I would piece it,
And make it ſtronger.
Alin. I humbly thank your Highneſs,
When you piece me, you muſt piece me to my Coffin:
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
'Tis not an Inch of Apes Tail will reſtore it,
I Love ye, and I Honour ye, but this way
I'll neither love nor ſerve ye.
Heav'n change your Mind, Sir. [*Exit.*
Duke. And thine too:
For it muſt be chang'd, it ſhall be. [*Exit.*

(26) *Wickedneſs falſe*——] Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurr'd in reſtoring the Adverb here, not only as the natural Expreſſion, but as it is our Author's own; In the Beginning of this Act, Scene II. *Viola* ſays

——— *Would ye have us proud,*
Wickedly *proud?*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, *and* Honora.

Bor. They're goodly Gentlewomen.
Bur. They are,
Wondrous ſweet Women both.
The. Does your Lordſhip like 'em?
They are my Siſters, Sir; good luſty Laſſes,
They'll do their Labour well, I warrant ye.
You'll find no Bed-ſtraw here, Sir.
Hon. Thank ye, Brother.
The. This is n't ſo ſtrongly built: But ſhe's good mettle,
Of a good ſtirring ſtrain too: She goes tith, Sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, Gentlemen, muſt make ye merry,
The toys you wot of: D' you like their Complexions?
They be no Moors: What think ye of this Hand, Gentlemen?
Here's a white Altar for your Sacrifice:
A thouſand Kiſſes here. Nay, keep off yet, Gentlemen,
Let's ſtart firſt, and have fair play: What wou'd ye give now
To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas?*
To paſs the Straits? Here (do ye itch) by St. *Nicholas*,
Here's that will make ye ſcratch and claw, claw, my
Fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers ſorts:
Pray ye let me requeſt ye, to forget
To ſay your Prayers, whilſt theſe are Courtiers;
Or if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be no higher
Than their Eyes.
Bor. How will ye have 'em beſtow'd, Sir?
The. Ev'n how your Lordſhip pleaſe,
So you don't bake 'em.
Bor. Bake 'em? *The.* They are too high a Meat that way,
They run to gelly. But if you will have 'em
For your own Diet, take my Counſel, ſtew 'em
Between two Feather-Beds. *Bur.* So pleaſe you, Colonel,

To

To let them wait upon the Princeſs? *The.* Yes, Sir,
And thank your Honour too: But happily then,
Theſe noble Gentlemen ſhall have no acceſs to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, ſtudy new Faces,
And keep a ſtinking ſtir wi' themſelves for nothing,
'Twill not be well i'faith: They've kept their Bodies,
And been at charge for Baths: D' you ſee that Shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning; —'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight theſe Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholſome,
Wholſome, and young, my Lord, and two ſuch Bleſſings
They will not light upon again in ten Years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait on her.

The. They're fit for any thing:
They'll wait upon a Man, they are not Baſhful,
Carry his Cloak, unty his Points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'ſt Fools—
This Wench will leap o'er Stools too, ſound a Trumpet,
Wraſtle, and pitch the Bar; they're finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your Brother,
And have much cauſe to thank him:
I'll eaſe ye of this Charge, and to the Princeſs,
So pleaſe you, I'll attend 'em.

The. Thank your Lordſhip:
If there be e'er a private Corner as ye go, Sir,
A fooliſh Lobby out o'th' way, make Danger,
Try what they are, try———

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I wou'd fain be your Honour's Kinſman.

Bor. Ye are too curſt, Sir.

The. Farewel Wenches, keep cloſe your Ports, y'are waſht elſe.

Hon. Brother, beſtow your Fears where they are needful.

[*Exeunt* Boroſ. Honor. Viol.

The. *Honor* thy Name is, and I hope thy Nature.
Go after Gentlemen, go, get a ſnatch if you can,
Yonder old *Erra Pater* will ne'er pleaſe 'em.
Alas I brought 'em for you, but ſee the luck on't,
I ſwear I meant as honeſtly toward ye——

Nay,

Nay, do not cry, good Gentlemen: A little Counsel
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i'th' Evenings,
Ye may surprize 'em easily, they wear no Pistols.
Set down your Minds in Metre, flowing Metre, and
Get some good old Linnen-Woman to deliver it,
That has the Trick on't: You can't fail: Farewel Gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Bur. You've frighted off these Flesh-flies.

The. Flesh-flies indeed, my Lord.

Enter Servant.

And't must be very stinking Flesh they will not seize on.

Serv. Your Lordship bid me bring this Casket.

Bur. Yes: Good Colonel,
Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a pledge
He ever holds my Love, and Service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty Token,
And where I may be his———

The. Ye are too Noble;
A Wonder here my Lord, that dare be honest,
When all Men hold it vitious: I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble Love. Your Servant.
[*Exit* Burris.
Were there but two more such at Court, 'twere Sainted;
This will buy Brawn this *Christmas* yet, and Muscadine.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally, four Soldiers, crying other Things. Boroskie *and Gentlemen over the Stage, observing them.*

I. SONG.

Anc. *Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,*
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
I'th' Wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom,

For

For a Kiſs take two ;
If thoſe will not do,
For a little, little Pleaſure,
Take all my whole Treaſure :
If all theſe will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

II. SONG.

1 Sol. *The Wars are done and gone,*
And Soldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
Come Maidens, come along,
For I can ſhow you handſome, handſome Ware ;
Powders for the Head,
And drinks for your Bed,
To make ye Blith and Bonny,
As well in the Night we Soldiers can fight,
And pleaſe a young Wench as any.

2 Sol. *I have fine Potato's,*
Ripe Potato's.

III. SONG.

3 Sol. *Will ye buy any Honeſty, come away,*
I ſell it openly by Day,
I bring no forc'd Light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye ; come buy and handle :
This will ſhew the great Man good,
The Tradeſman where he ſwears and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble Blood,
The City Dame to rule her Eyes :
Ye're rich Men now : come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honeſt Men.

IV. SONG.

4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt Maiden-heads, to new Leach or Mend ?*
Have ye any old Maiden-heads to ſell or to change ?

Bring

Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a Pin,
Shall make 'em as good Maids again,
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this, why do y' ſell Brooms *Ancient?*
Is it in wantonneſs, or want?

Anc. The only Reaſon is, [nonce.
To ſweep your Lordſhip's Conſcience: Here's one for the
Gape Sir, you have ſwallow'd many a goodlier Matter----
The only caſting for a crazie Conſcience.

3 *Sol.* Will your Lordſhip buy any Honeſty? 'twill be worth your Mony.

Bor. How is this?

3 *Sol.* Honeſty my Lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis ſo ſubtle,
The leaſt puff of Wind will blow it out o'th' Kingdom.

2 *Sol.* Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to taſte a fine Potato? 'Twill advance your wither'd State.

Anc. Fill your Honour full of noble Itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordſhip's Breeches.

1 Sol. *If your Daughters on their Beds,*
Have bow'd, or crackt their Maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with too much Tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what Fumbling;
If her Foot ſlip, and down fall ſhe,
And break her Leg above the Knee,
The one and thirtieth of February *let this be ta'en,*
And they ſhall be arrant Maids again.

Bor. Ye are brave Soldiers; keep your wantonneſs.
A Winter will come on to ſhake this wilfulneſs.
Diſport your ſelves, and when you want your Mony—
[*Exit.*

Anc. Broom, Broom, &c. [*Exeunt ſinging.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, *and* Viola.

Alin. You muſt not be ſo fearful, little one,
Nor Lady you ſo ſad, you'll ne'er make Courtiers
With theſe dull ſullen Thoughts; this Place is Pleaſure,
Preſerv'd to that uſe, ſo inhabited;
And thoſe that live here, live delightful, joyful:
Theſe are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all Sweets to their free and noble uſes,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. Bleſs me Heav'n,
Can things of her Years arrive at theſe Rudiments?
By your leave, fair Gentlewoman, how long have you been here?
Alin. Faith much about a Week.
Hon. You've ſtudied hard,
And by my Faith arriv'd at a great Knowledge.
Vio. Were not you Baſhful at firſt?
Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two:
But when I ſaw People laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull Breeding——
Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the Mens Opinions.
Alin. Ever, Lady.
Hon. And what they think is Honourable.——
Alin. Moſt preciſely.
We follow with all Faith.
Hon. A goodly Catechiſm.
Vio. But baſhful for an Hour or two?
Alin. Faith to ſay true,
I do not think I was ſo long: For look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what ſhape ye will,
And ſour your ſelf with ne'er ſo much Auſterity,
You ſhall be courted in the ſame and won too,
'Tis but ſome two hours more; and ſo much time loſt,
Which we hold precious here: In ſo much time now
As I have told you this, you may loſe a Servant,

Your

Your Age, nor all your Art can e'er recover.
Catch me Occaſion as ſhe comes, hold faſt there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to ye.
Has the Duke ſeen ye yet? *Hon.* What if he have not?
Alin. You do your Beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of Sweetneſs, Newneſs; ſet ſo richly,
As if a Counſel beyond Nature fram'd ye.
Hon. If we were thus, ſay Heav'n had given theſe Bleſſings,
Muſt we turn theſe to ſin Oblations?
Alin. How fooliſhly this Country way ſhews in ye?
How full of flegm? Do you come here to pray, Ladies?
You'd beſt cry, *Stand away, let me alone Gentlemen, I'll tell my Father elſe.*
Vio. This Woman's naught ſure,
A very naughty Woman.
Hon. Come, ſay on Friend,
I'll be inſtructed by ye.
Alin. You'll thank me for't.
Hon. Either I or th' Devil ſhall—— [*Aſide.*
The Duke you were ſpeaking of.
Alin. 'Tis well remembred: Yes, let him firſt ſee you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.
Hon. He's a very noble Prince, they ſay.
Alin. O wondrous Gracious;
And as you may deliver your ſelf at the firſt Viewing.
For look ye, you muſt bear your ſelf; but take heed
It be ſo ſeaſon'd with a ſweet Humility,
And grac'd with ſuch a Bounty in your Beauty——
Hon. But I hope he'll offer me no ill?
Alin. No, no:
'Tis like he'll kiſs ye, and play with ye.
Hon. Play with me, how?
Alin. Why, good Lord, that you are ſuch a Fool now!
No harm, aſſure your ſelf.
Vio. Will he play with me too?
Alin. Look Babies in your Eyes, my pretty ſweet one:
There's a fine ſport: Do you know your Lodgings yet?
Hon. I hear of none.
Alin. I do then, they are handſome,

Convenient for Acceſs.
Vio. Acceſs?
Alin. Yes, little one,
For Viſitation of thoſe Friends and Servants,
Your Beauties ſhall make choice of: Friends and Viſits:
Do not you know thoſe uſes? Alas poor Novice?
There's a cloſe Couch or two, handſomely placed too.
Vio. What are thoſe, I pray you?
Alin. Who would be troubled
With ſuch raw things? they are to lie upon,
And your Love by ye; and diſcourſe, and toy in.
Vio. Alas I have no Love.
Alin. You muſt by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.
Vio. Honeſty keep me:
What ſhall I do with all thoſe?
Alin. You'll find uſes:
Ye are ignorant yet, let time work; you muſt learn too,
To lye handſomly in your Bed a Mornings, neatly dreſt
In a moſt curious Waſtecoat, to ſet ye off well,
Play with your Bracelets, ſing: You muſt learn to rhime too,
And riddle neatly; ſtudy the hardeſt Language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be ſenſe, or no,
So it go ſeemly off. Be ſure ye profit
In kiſſing, kiſſing ſweetly: There lies a main Point,
A Key that opens to all practick Pleaſure;
I'll help ye to a Friend of mine ſhall teach ye,
And ſuddenly: Your Country way is fulſome.
Hon. Have ye Schools for all theſe Myſteries?
Alin. O yes,
And ſeveral hours prefix'd to ſtudy in:
Ye may have Kalenders to know the good hour,
And when to take a Jewel: For the ill too,
When to refuſe, with Obſervations on 'em;
Under what Sign 'tis beſt meeting in an Arbor.
(27) And in what Bow'r, and hour it works; a thouſand---
When

(27) *And in what Bow'r, and Hour it works; a thouſand,*] The meaning here is obſcure; but by making a *thouſand* only a broken Sentence, and to ſtand for *a thouſand ſuch Myſteries*, it will be tolerably plain.

When in a Coach, when in a private Lodging,
With all their Virtues.

Hon. Have ye ſtudied theſe ?
How beaſtly they become your Youth ? how bawdily ?
A Woman of your Tenderneſs, a Teacher,
Teacher of theſe lewd Arts ? of your full Beauty ?
A Man made up in Luſt wou'd loath this in ye :
The rankeſt Leacher, hate ſuch Impudence,
They ſay the Devil can aſſume Heav'n's Brightneſs,
And ſo appear to tempt us: Sure thou art no Woman.

Alin. I Joy to find ye thus.

Hon. Thou haſt no tenderneſs,
No reluctation in thy Heart : 'Tis miſchief.

Alin. All's one for that ; read theſe and then be ſatisfy'd,
A few more private Rules I've gather'd for ye,
Read 'em, and well obſerve 'em : ſo I leave ye. [*Exit.*

Vio. A wondrous wicked Woman : Shame go with thee.

Hon. What new *Pandora*'s Box is this ? I'll ſee it,
Though preſently I tear it. Read thine, *Viola*,
'Tis in our own Wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, *as you have begun*
In Virtue's ſpotleſs School, ſo forward run :
Purſue that Nobleneſs, and chaſte Deſire
You ever had, burn in that holy Fire ;
And a white Martyr to fair Memory
Give up your Name, unſoil'd of Infamy.

How's this ? Read yours out Siſter : this amazes me.

Vio. *Fear not, thou yet unblaſted* Violet,
Nor let my wanton Words a Doubt beget,
Live in that Peace and Sweetneſs of thy Bud,
Remember whoſe thou art, and grow ſtill good.
Remember what thou art, and ſtand a Story
(28) *Fit for thy noble Sire, and thine own Glory.*
Hon.

plain. *Under what Sign it is beſt meeting in an Arbor, and in what particular Arbor, and the preciſe Hour when it is predominant, with a thouſand of the like Nature.*

(28) *Fit for thy noble* Sex, *and thine own Glory.*] I have often had occaſion to obſerve that Corruptions that don't render a Paſſage abſolute Nonſenſe, are more difficult to be obſerved than more glaring Abſurdities.

Hon. I know not what to think.
Vio. Sure a good Woman,
An excellent Woman, Sister.
Hon. It confounds me;
Let 'em use all their Arts, if these be their Ends,
The Court I say breeds the best Foes and Friends.
Come let's be honest Wench, and do our best Service.
Vio. A most excellent Woman, I will love her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Olympia *with a Casket, and* Alinda.

Alin. MAdam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies.
Olym. I prithee go: I know thy Thoughts are with him.
Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more.
I've found thy Heart, Wench, do not wrong thy Mistress,
Thy too much loving Mistress: Do not abuse her.
Alin. By y'r own fair Hands I understand ye not.
Olym. By thy own fair Eyes I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a Faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy Wish, thy Youth, thy Pleasure,
Enjoy the Greatness no doubt he has promis'd,
Enjoy the Service of all Eyes that see thee,
The Glory thou hast aim'd at, and the Triumph:
Only this last Love I ask, forget thy Mistress.
Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?

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surdities. I am sensible how many of the former must have escaped us in this Edition, since several have occurred but to one of us, and that too very late. This happened to me here: It was at my last Reading of this Favourite Play, that the Epithet *noble*, given to the Female Sex, seem'd a very unusual one, and then the whole turn of the Sentence plainly shew'd, that this last Verse is a Recapitulation of the two former. *Remember thy Father's Glory, Remember thy own Modesty, and act worthy of him, worthy of thy self.* When this appeared to be the Sense required, the Word *Sire*, which gives it, soon occurr'd instead of *Sex*, and it is very near the Trace of the Letters, for the *re* when plac'd too close [*re*] almost form an *x*.

Poor

Poor wretched Girl, what Poiſon is flung on thee?
Excellent Virtue, from whence flows this Anger?
Olym. Go, ask my Brother, ask the Faith thou gav'ſt me,
Ask all my Favours to thee, ask my Love,
Laſt, thy forgetfulneſs of good: Then fly me,
For we muſt part, *Alinda.*
Alin. You are weary of me;
I muſt confeſs, I was ne'er worth your Service,
Your bounteous Favours leſs; but that my Duty,
My ready Will, and all I had to ſerve ye———
O Heav'n thou know'ſt my Honeſty.
Olym. No more:
Take heed, Heav'n has a Juſtice: Take this Ring with ye,
This doting Spell you gave me: Too well, *Alinda*,
Thou knew'ſt the Virtue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay keep that too, it may ſometimes remember ye,
When you are willing to forget who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.
Alin. Muſt I go from ye?
Of all the Sorrows Sorrow has—muſt I part with ye?
Part with my noble Miſtreſs?
Olym. Or I with thee, Wench.
Alin. And part ſtain'd with Opinion? Farewel Lady,
Happy and bleſſed Lady, Goodneſs keep ye.
Thus your poor Servant, full of Grief, turns from ye,
For ever full of Grief, for ever from ye.
I have no Being now, no Friends, no Country,
I wander Heav'n knows whither, Heav'n knows how.
No Life, now you are loſt: Only mine Innocence,
That little left me of my ſelf, goes with me,
That's all my Bread and Comfort. I confeſs, Madam,
The Duke has often courted me.
Olym. And pour'd his ſoul into thee, won thee.
Alin. Do you think ſo?
Well, Time that told this Tale, will tell my Truth too,
And ſay ye had a faithful, honeſt Servant:
The buſineſs of my Life is now to pray for ye,
Pray for your virtuous Loves; Pray for your Children,
When Heav'n ſhall make ye happy.
Olym. How She wounds me!

Either I am undone, or ſhe muſt go: Take theſe with ye,
Some Toys may do ye Service; and this Mony;
And when ye want, I love ye not ſo poorly,
Not yet *Alinda*, that I'd ſee ye periſh.
Prithee be good, and let me hear: Look on me,
I love theſe Eyes yet dearly; I have kiſs'd thee,
And now I'll do't again: Farewel *Alinda*,
I am too full to ſpeak more, and too wretched. [*Exit.*

Alin. You have my Faith, and all the World my Fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodore.

The. I'd fain hear what becomes of theſe two Wenches;
And if I can, I'll do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman paſſing over the Stage.

Do you hear,
My honeſt Friend? he knows no ſuch Name:——
What a world of Buſineſſes,
Which by Interpretation are meer Nothings,
Theſe things have here? 'Maſs, now I think on't better,
I wiſh he be not ſent for one of them
To ſome of theſe By-lodgings: Methought I ſaw
A kind of reference in his Face to Bawd'ry.

Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, paſſing over the Stage.

He has her, but 'tis none of them: Hold faſt Thief:
An excellent touzing Knave. Miſtreſs you are
To ſuffer your Penance ſome half hour hence now.
How far a fine Court Cuſtard with Plums in it
Will prevail with one of theſe waiting Gentlewomen,
They are taken with theſe ſoluble things exceedingly;
This is ſome Yeoman o'th' Bottles now that has ſent for her,
That ſhe calls Father: Now wo to this Ale Incenſe.
By your leave Sir.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir; what's your pleaſure with me?
The. You do not know the way to the Maids Lodgings?
Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir. *The.* But you'll not tell me?
Ser. No indeed will not I, becauſe you doubt it. [*Exit.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

The. Theſe are fine Gim-cracks: Hey here comes another.
A Flagon full of Wine in's Hand, I take it.
Well met my Friend, is that Wine?
2 *Ser.* Yes indeed is it.
The. Faith I'll drink on't then.
2 *Ser.* Ye may, becauſe ye have ſworn, Sir.
The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.
2 *Ser.* I cannot help it, Sir.
The. I'll drink more yet.
2 *Ser.* 'Tis in your own Hands.
The. There's your Pot, I thank ye.
Pray let me drink again.
2 *Ser.* Faith but ye ſhall not.
Now have I ſworn, I take it. Fare ye well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

The. This is the fineſt place to live in I e'er enter'd.
Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my Lord, my Maſter.
Lady. Who's your Lord, Sir?
The. The Lord *Boroskie*, Lady.
Lady. Pray excuſe me:
Here's ſomething for your pains: Within this hour, Sir,
One of theſe choice young Ladies ſhall attend him:
Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the Water;
'Tis private and convenient: Do my humble Service
To my honourable good Lord, I beſeech ye Sir;
If it pleaſe you to viſit a poor Lady———
You carry the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman.
The. I ſhall be bold.
Lady. 'Tis a good aptneſs in ye.
I lie here in the Wood-yard, the blue Lodgings, Sir;

They call me merrily the Lady of the——— Sir;
A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,
And if you pleaſe take the pains. [*Exit.*

The. Dear Lady——— take the pains?
Why a Horſe wou'd not take the pains that thou requir'ſt,
To cleave old Crab-tree. One of the choice young Ladies?
I wou'd I'd let this Bawd go, ſhe has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;
But if they'll do, the Devil cannot ſtop 'em.
Why ſhou'd he have a young Lady? Are Women now
O' th' Nature of Bottles, to be ſtopt with Corks?
O the thouſand little furies that fly here now?
How now Captain?

Enter Putskie.

Putſ. I come to ſeek you out, Sir,
And all the Town I've travell'd.

The. What's the News, Man?

Putſ. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.
The Duke this Night holds a great Feaſt at Court,
To which he bids for Gueſts all his old Counſellors,
And all his Favourites: Your Father's ſent for.

The. Why he is neither in Council, nor in Favour.

Putſ. That's it: Have an Eye now, or never, and a quick one,
An Eye that muſt not wink from good Intelligence.
I heard a Bird ſing, they mean him no good Office.

Enter Ancient.

The. Art ſure he ſups here?

Putſ. Sure as 'tis Day.

The. 'Tis like then——
How now, where haſt thou been, *Ancient?*

Anc. Meaſuring the City:
I've left my Brooms at Gate here;
By this time the Porter has ſtole 'em to ſweep out Raſcals.

The. Brooms?

Anc. I have been crying Brooms all the Town over,
And ſuch a Mart I've made, there's no Trade near it.
O the young handſome Wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but ſaw me ſhake my Ware and ſing too;

Come

Come hither Maſter Broom-man I beſeech ye:
Good Maſter Broom-man hither, cries another.
The. Thou'rt a mad Fellow.
Anc. They're all as mad as I: They all have Trades now,
And roar about the Streets like Bull-Beggars.
The. What Company of Soldiers are they?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thouſand tall and hardy Soldiers,
If need be, Colonel.
The. That need's come, *Ancient*,
And 'twas diſcreetly done. Go, draw 'em preſently, but
Without ſuſpicion: This Night we ſhall need 'em;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em;
And wait me for occaſion: Here I'll ſtay ſtill.
Putſ. If it fall out, we're ready; if not, ſcatter'd:
I'll wait ye at an Inch.
The. Do, Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

Duke. Are th' Soldiers ſtill ſo mutinous?
Bor. More than ever;
No Law nor Juſtice frights 'em: All the Town over
They play new Pranks and Gambols: No Man's Perſon,
Of what degree ſoe'er, free from Abuſes:
And durſt they do this, (let your Grace conſider)
Theſe monſtrous, moſt offenſive things, theſe Villanies,
If not ſet on, and fed? If not by one
They honour more than you? And more aw'd by him?
Duke. Happ'ly their own Wants.
Bor. I offer to ſupply 'em,
And ev'ry hour make tender of their Monies.
They ſcorn it, laugh at me that offer it:
I fear the next Device will be my Life, Sir;
And willingly I'll give it, ſo they ſtay there.
Duke. D'you think Lord *Archas* privy?
Bor. More than Thought,
I know it Sir, I know they durſt not do
Theſe violent rude things, abuſe the State thus,
But that they have a hope by his Ambitions——

Duke.

Duke. No more: He's ſent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here ſure.
Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.
Bor. I'll wait, Sir.
Duke. Did you ſpeak to the Ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your Grace preſently.
Duke. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My Eyes are too dull Judges. They wait here, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Honora, *and* Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then. Come in, Ladies, [ſhines,
Welcome to th' Court ſweet Beauties; now the Court
When ſuch true beams of Beauty ſtrike amongſt us:
O welcome, welcome, ev'n as your own Joys welcome.
How do you like the Court? How ſeems it to you?
Is't not a Place created for all Sweetneſs?
Why were you made ſuch Strangers to this Happineſs?
Barr'd the Delights this holds? The richeſt Jewels
Set ne'er ſo well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging Eyes not ſet off, loſe their Luſtre:
Your Country Shades are faint; blaſters of Beauty:
The Manners, like the Place, obſcure and heavy;
The Roſe-buds of the Beauties turn to Cankers,
Eaten with inward Thoughts; while there ye wander.
Here Ladies, here, (you were not made for Cloiſters)
Here is the Sphere you move in: Here ſhine nobly,
And by your powerful Influence command all.
What a ſweet Modeſty dwells round about 'em,
And like a nipping Morn pulls in their Bloſſoms?
Hon. Your Grace ſpeaks cunningly; you do not this,
I hope, Sir, to betray us; we're poor Triumphs;
Nor can our loſs of Honour add to you, Sir:
Great Men, and great Thoughts, ſeek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to loſe 'em;
Conqueſts ſo nobly won, can never periſh;
We are two ſimple Maids, untutor'd here, Sir;
Two honeſt Maids, is that a ſin at Court, Sir?
Our breeding is Obedience, but to good things,

To

To virtuous and to fair: What wou'd you win on us?
Why do I ask that Queſtion, when I've found ye?
Your Preamble has pour'd your Heart out to us;
You would diſhonour us; which in your Tranſlation
Here at the Court reads thus, your Grace wou'd love us,
Moſt dearly love us: Stick us up for Miſtreſſes:
Moſt certain, there are thouſands of our Sex, Sir,
That wou'd be glad of this, and handſome Women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young Women,
Excellent Beauties, Sir: When ye have enjoy'd 'em,
And ſuckt thoſe Sweets they have, what Saints are theſe then?
What worſhip have they won? what Name? you gueſs Sir;
What Story added to their Time, a ſweet one?

Duke. A brave ſpirited Wench.

Hon. I'll tell your Grace,
And tell ye true: Ye are deceiv'd in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet in my Eye
You are the handſom'ſt Man I ever look'd on,
The goodlieſt Gentleman; take that hope with ye;
And were I fit to be your Wife (ſo much I honour ye)
Truſt me I would ſcratch for ye but I'd have ye.
I wou'd woo you then.

Duke. She amazes me: But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honeſt,
Believe it, Sir, too honeſt, far too honeſt,
The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us; for we're Fools too,
Obſtinate, peeviſh Fools: If I wou'd be ill,
And had a Wanton's itch, to kick my Heels up,
I wou'd not leap into th' Sun, and do't there,
That all the World might ſee me: An obſcure Shade, Sir,
Dark as the Deed, there's no truſting Light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious Greatneſs.

Duke. You'll love me as your Friend?

Hon. I'll honour ye,
As your poor humble Handmaid ſerve, and pray for ye.

Duke. What ſays my little one; you're not ſo obſtinate?
Lord how ſhe bluſhes: Here are truly fair Souls.
Come, you will be my Love?

Vio.

Vio. Good Sir be good to me,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe ye;
I do beſeech your Grace: Alas I fear ye.
Duke. What ſhoud'ſt thou fear?
Hon. Fie Sir, this is not noble.
Duke. Why do I ſtand intreating, where my Pow'r——
Hon. You have no Pow'r, at leaſt you ought to have none
In bad and beaſtly things: Arm'd thus, I'll dye here,
Before ſhe ſuffer wrong.
Duke. Another *Archas?*
Hon. His Child, Sir, and his Spirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you then,
For here's the Honour to be won: Sit down, Sweet,
Prithee *Honora* ſit.
Hon. Now ye intreat, I will, Sir.
Duke. I do, and will deſerve it.
Hon. That's too much Kindneſs.
Duke. Prithee look on me.
Hon. Yes: I love to ſee ye,
And cou'd look on an Age thus, and admire ye:
While ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye,
Kiſs your white Hand.
Duke. Why not my Lips?
Hon. I dare, Sir.
Duke. I do not think ye dare.
Hon. I am no Coward.
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir?
You make me bluſh: But ſure I mean no ill, Sir:
It had been fitter you'd kiſs'd me.
Duke. That I'll do too.
What haſt thou wrought into me? *Hon.* I hope all Goodneſs:
While ye are thus, thus honeſt, I dare do any thing;
Thus hang about your Neck, and thus doat on ye;
Bleſs thoſe fair Lights: Hell take me if I durſt not——
But good Sir pardon me. Sifter come hither,
Come hither, fear not, Wench: Come hither, bluſh not,
Come kiſs the Prince, the virtuous Prince, the good Prince:
Certain he's excellent honeſt.

Duke.

Duke. Thou wilt make me——
Hon. Sit down, and hug him ſoftly.
Duke. Fie, *Honora*,
Wanton *Honora*; is this the Modeſty,
The noble Chaſtity your Onſet ſhew'd me,
At firſt Charge beaten back? Away.
Hon. Thank ye:
Upon my Knees I pray, Heav'n too may thank ye;
Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;
(29) Ye've cozen'd me: in all your hopeful Life yet
A Scene of greater Honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a Liar, too long, and loud Tongu'd,
And now I have found it. O my virtuous Maſter.
Vio. My virtuous Maſter too.
Hon. Now you are thus,
What ſhall become of me let Fortune caſt for't.

Enter Alinda.

Duke. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Honora*,
Thou'ſt done a cure upon me, Counſel cou'd not.
Alin. Here take your Ring, Sir, and whom ye mean to ruin,
Give't to her next; I've paid for't dearly.
Hon. A Ring to her?
Duke. Why frowns my fair *Alinda?*
I have forgot both theſe again. *Alin.* Stand ſtill, Sir,
Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
Conſumes all Honour, Credit, Faith. *Hon.* How's this?
Alin. My Royal Miſtreſs favour towards me,
Woe-worth ye, Sir, ye have poyſon'd, blaſted.
Duke. I, Sweet?
Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worſe Man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my Truth.
Duke. Upon my Life 'tis falſe, Wench.
Alin. Ladies, take heed, ye have a cunning Gameſter,
A handſome, and a high; come ſtor'd with Antidotes,
He has Infections elſe will fire your Bloods.

(29) *Ye've cozen'd me: in all your hopeful Life yet*] Mr. *Sympſon* retriev'd this Line from the Old Folio.

Duke.

Duke. Prithee *Alinda* hear me.
Alin. Words ſteept in Honey,
That will ſo melt into your Minds, buy Chaſtity
A thouſand ways, a thouſand knots to tye ye;
And when he's bound ye his, a thouſand Ruins.
A poor loſt Woman ye have made me. *Duke.* I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too. *Alin.* That Gin's too weak to take me.
Take heed, take heed, young Ladies: Still take heed,
Take heed of Promiſes, take heed of Gifts,
Of forced, feigned Sorrows, Sighs, take heed.
Duke. By all that's mine, *Alinda*———
Alin. Swear by your miſchiefs.
O whither ſhall I go?
Duke. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.
Alin. Fare ye well, Sir,
I will not curſe ye; only this dwell with ye;
Whene'er ye love, a falſe Belief light on ye. [*Exit.*
Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.
Duke. Part all the World now,
Since ſhe is gone.
Hon. You're crooked yet, dear Maſter,
And ſtill I fear——— [*Exeunt.*
Duke. I'm vext, and ſome ſhall find it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas, *and a Servant.*

Arch. 'Tis ſtrange to me to ſee the Court; and welcome
O Royal Place; how have I lov'd and ſerv'd thee?
Who lies on this ſide, know'ſt thou?
Ser. The Lord *Burris.*
Arch. Thou'ſt nam'd a Gentleman
I ſtand much bound to:
I think he ſent the Casket, Sir?
Ser. The ſame, Sir.
Arch. An honeſt-minded Man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect Choice when he took him.

Go

Go you home, I ſhall hit the way without
A Guide now.
Ser. You may want ſomething, Sir.
Arch. Only my Horſes,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.
Ser. Your Will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

The. You're well met here, Sir. *Arch.* How now, Boy,
How doſt thou?
The. I ſhould ask you that Queſtion: How do you,
Sir?
How do you feel your ſelf? *Arch.* Why well, and luſty.
The. What do you here then? *Arch.* Why, I am
ſent for
To Supper with the Duke. *The.* Have you no Meat
at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In doubt and fear? *Arch.* I have an excellent Stomach,
And can I uſe it better than 'mong my Friends, Boy?
How do the Wenches? *The.* They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worſt by this time: Pray be rul'd, Sir,
Go home again, and if ye have a Supper,
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for ye,
Eſpecially at this time, take my word for't.
Arch. May be they'll drink hard; I could have drunk
my ſhare, Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out. *The.* I hope you will.
Hark in your Ear: The Court's too quick of hearing.
Arch. Not mean me well? thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away. *The.* To that end, Sir, I tell ye.
Away, if yo' love your ſelf. *Arch.* Who dare do theſe
things,
That ever heard of Honeſty? *The.* Old Gentleman,
Take a Fool's Counſel. *Arch.* 'Tis a Fool's indeed;
A very Fool's: Thou'ſt more of theſe flams in thee,
Theſe muſty doubts—Is't fit the Duke ſend for me,
And honour me to eat within his Preſence,

And

And I, like a tall Fellow, play at bo-peep
W' his Pleaſure?

The. Take heed of bo-peep with your Pate, with your Pate, Sir,
I ſpeak plain Language now. *Arch.* If 'twere not here,
Where Reverence bids me hold, I wou'd ſo ſwinge thee,
Thou rude, unmanner'd Knave. Take from his Bounty,
His Honour that he gives me, to beget ſawcy, and ſullen fears? *The.* You are not mad ſure:
By this fair Light, I ſpeak but what is whiſper'd,
And whiſper'd for a Truth. *Arch.* (30) A Dog is't? Drunken People,
That in their Pot ſee Viſions, and turn Statiſts;
Mad-men and Children: Prithee do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry: Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry as you for your Heart,
Ay and as wilful too: Go, like a Woodcock,
And thruſt your Neck i'th' Nooſe. *Arch.* I'll kill thee and
Thou ſpeak'ſt but three words more. Do not follow me. [*Exit.*

The. A ſtrange old fooliſh Fellow: I ſhall hear yet,
And if I do not my part, hiſs at me. [*Exit.*

(30) *A Dog: Drunken People*
That in their Pots ſee Viſions,
And turn States, Madmen and Children:] This whole Scene has been turn'd into a Set of unmuſical Hemiſtichs. I have reſtored it to its Meaſure, without any Change of the Words, except in theſe Lines, in the firſt of which, as it wants a Syllable to compleat the Verſe, I have added what makes the Senſe much clearer; and I'm pretty well aſſured that the very Expreſſion (*A Dog is't?*) occurs in ſome other Place of our Poet's Works, as a contemptuous Anſwer to ſome Aſſertion, but I cannot recollect where. My next Change I think full as probable *to turn States*, tho' it may poſſibly be underſtood, *viz. to overthrow or new-model States*, yet it does not look like a genuine Expreſſion, but to *turn* or *become Statiſts*, (the Word our Authors commonly uſe for *Stateſmen*) is the exact Idea which the Context requires.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants, preparing a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* Believe me, Fellow, here'll be lusty drinking.
Many a washed Pate in Wine I warrant thee.
2 *Ser.* I'm glad th' old General's come: Upon my Conscience
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark th' Trumpets,
They're coming on; away.
1 *Ser.* We'll have a rowse too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, *Attendants and Gentlemen.*

Duke. Come seat your selves: Lord *Archas* sit you there.
Arch. 'Tis far above my Worth.
Duke. I'll have it so:
Are all things ready?
Bor. All the Guards are set,
The Court Gates shut.
Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd ye.
Be sure no further.
Bor. I shall well observe ye.
Duke. Come bring some Wine; here's to my Sister, Gentlemen.
A Health, and Mirth to all.
Arch. Pray fill it full, Sir.
'Tis a high Health to Virtue: Here Lord *Burris*,
A Maiden Health: You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a Maiden Soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, ye are sad, Man.
Duke. How now, *Burris?*
Go to, no more of this.
Arch. Take the rowse freely,
'Twill warm your Blood, and make ye fit for jollity.
Your Grace's Pardon: When we get a Cup, Sir,
We old Men prate apace.
Duke Mirth makes a Banquet;
As you love me no more.

Bur. I thank your Grace.
Give me it; Lord *Boroskie.*
Bor. I have ill Brains, Sir.
Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.
Bor. But I'll pledge, Sir,
This virtuous Health.
Bur. The more unfit for thy Mouth.

Enter two Servants with Cloaks.

Duke: Come, bring out Robes, and let my Guests look nobly,
Fit for my Love and Presence. Begin downward.
Off with your Cloaks, take new.
Arch. Your Grace deals truly,
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor Subjects.
Who wou'd not fight for you? What cold dull Coward
Durst seek to save his Life when you wou'd ask it?
Begin a new Health in your new Adornments,
The Duke's, the Royal Duke's: Ha! what have I got, Sir? ha! the Robe of Death?
Duke. You have deserv'd it.
Arch. The Liv'ry of the Grave? Do you start all from me?
Do I smell of Earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a Man; is this your Entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest Guests to bloody Banquets?

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too? This is too foul play
Boy to thy good, thine Honour; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of Fools and Flatterers, Heir of Hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse, that sav'd ye all?
Are ye Men or Devils? Do ye gape upon me,
Wider and swallow all my Services?
Entomb them first, my Faith next, then my Integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy Minds,
Your fear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till they burst.
Bor. These words are Death.
Arch. No, those Deeds that want Rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battels I have fought, those horrid Dangers

(Leaner

(Leaner than Death, and wilder than Deſtruction)
I've march'd upon, theſe honour'd Wounds, times Story,
The Blood I've loſt, the Youth; the Sorrows ſuffer'd;
Theſe are my Death, theſe that can ne'er be recompenc'd,
Theſe that ye ſit a brooding on like Toads,
Sucking from my deſerts the Sweets and Savours,
And render me no pay again but Poiſons.

Bor. The proud vain Soldier thou haſt ſet———

Arch. Thou lieſt.
Now by my little time of Life lieſt baſely,
Maliciouſly and loudly: How I ſcorn thee!
If I had ſwell'd the Soldier, or intended
An act in Perſon, leaning to Diſhonour,
As ye wou'd fain have forc'd me, witneſs Heav'n,
Where cleareſt underſtanding of all Truth is,
(For theſe are ſpightful Men, and know no Piety)
When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his Marches,
His laſt Incurſions, made the City ſweat,
And drove before him, as a Storm drives Hail,
Such ſhow'rs of froſted Fears, ſhook all your Heart-ſtrings;
Then, when the *Volga* trembled at his Terrour,
And hid his ſeven curl'd Heads, afraid of bruiſing,
By his arm'd Horſes Hoofs; had I been falſe then,
Or blown a treach'rous fire into the Soldier,
Had but one ſpark of Villany liv'd in me,
Ye'ad had ſome ſhadow for this black about me.
Where was your Soldierſhip? Why went not you out?
And all your right honourable Valour with ye?
Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and defy'd him?
Drew your dead-doing Sword, and buckl'd with him?
Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
And as we ſee a dreadful clap of Thunder
Rend the ſtiff-hearted Oaks, and toſs their Roots up:
Why did not you ſo charge him? You were ſick then,
You that dare taint my Credit ſlipt to Bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the Fears ye had,
A Whoreſon ſhaking fit oppreſt your Lordſhip.
Bluſh Coward, Knave, and all the World hiſs at thee.

Duke. Exceed not my Command. [*Exit.*

Bor. I ſhall obſerve it.

Arch. Are you gone too? Come, weep not, honeſt *Burris*,
Good loving Lord, no more Tears: 'Tis not his Malice,
This Fellow's Malice, nor the Duke's Diſpleaſure,
By bold bad Men crowded into his Nature,
Can ſtartle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this Fort yet,
I am the ſame, the ſame Man, Living, Dying,
The ſame Mind to 'em both, I poize them equal;
Only the Jugling way that toll'd me to it,
The *Judas* way, to kiſs me, bid me welcome,
And cut my Throat, a little ſticks upon me.
Farewel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
The World is full of Servants, he may have many;
And ſome I wiſh him honeſt: He's undone elſe:
But ſuch another doating *Archas* never,
So try'd and touch'd a Faith: Farewel for ever.

Bur. Be ſtrong my Lord: You muſt not go thus lightly.

Arch. Now what's to do? What ſays the Law unto me?
Give me my great Offence that ſpeaks me Guilty.

Bor. Laying aſide a thouſand petty matters,
As Scorns, and Inſolencies both from your ſelf and Follow'rs,
Which you put firſt fire to, and theſe are deadly.
I come to one main Cauſe, which though it carries
A ſtrangeneſs in the Circumſtance, carries Death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither. Ye have done a Sacrilege.

Arch. High Heav'n defend me Man: How, how *Boroskie?*

Bor. Ye have took from the Temple thoſe vow'd Arms,
The holy Ornament you hung up there,
No abſolution of your Vow, no Order
From holy Church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from War, and reſted
From Blood made clean by Ceremony: From the Altar
You ſnatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
Again you ſtain'd 'em, ſtain'd your Vow, the Church too,
And rob'd it of that right was none of yours, Sir,
For which the Law requires your Head, ye know it.

Arch. Thoſe Arms I fought in laſt?

Bor. The ſame.

Arch. God-a-mercy,
Thou haſt hunted out a notable cauſe to kill me:
A ſubtle one: I die, for ſaving all you;

Good

Good Sir, remember, if you can, the neceſſity,
The ſuddenneſs of time, the State all ſtood in;
I was intreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The Duke himſelf, the Princes, all the Nobles,
The cries of Infants, Bed-rid Fathers, Virgins;
Prithee find out a better Cauſe, a handſomer,
This will undo thee too: People will ſpit at thee,
The Devil himſelf would be aſham'd of this Cauſe;
Becauſe my haſte made me forget the Ceremony,
The preſent Danger ev'ry where, muſt my Life ſatisfie?

Bor. It muſt, and ſhall.

Arch. O baſe ungrateful People,
Have ye no other Swords to cut my Throat with
But mine own Nobleneſs? I confeſs, I took 'em,
The Vow not yet abſolv'd I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce *Tartars* Bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar Safety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Country's health, that groan'd then:
Took from the Temple, to preſerve the Temple;
That holy Place, and all the ſacred Monuments,
The reverend Shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been conſum'd to Aſhes, their own Sacrifice;
Had I been ſlack; or ſtaid that Abſolution,
No Prieſt had liv'd to give it. My own Honour,
Cure of my Country, murder me?

Bor. No, no, Sir,
I ſhall force that from ye, will make this Cauſe light too.
Away with him: I ſhall pluck down that Heart, Sir.

Arch. Break it thou may'ſt; but if it bend for Pity,
Dogs and Kites eat it. Come, I am Honour's Martyr.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. Exceed my Warrant?

Bur. You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well eat Death, as do it, eat Wild-fire.
Through a few Fears I mean to try his Goodneſs,

That I may find him fit to wear here, *Burris*;
I know *Boroskie* hates him, to Death hates him,
I know he is a Serpent too, a ſwoln one, [*Noiſe within.*
But I have pull'd his Sting out. What Noiſe is that?

The. within. Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the Gates.

Sol. within. Stand, ſtand, ſtand.

Putſ. within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my Life the Soldier, Sir, the Soldier,
A miſerable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh ſave him,
Upon my Knees, my Heart's Knees, ſave Lord *Archas*,
We are undone elſe.

Duke. Dares he touch his Body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, moſt fearfully.

Duke. Away *Burris*,
Take Men, and take him from him, clap him up,
And if I live, I'll find a ſtrange Death for him. [*Ex.* Bur.
Are the Soldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time ſure they are, Sir,
They beat the Gates extreamly, beat the People.

Duke. Get me a Guard about me; make ſure the Lodgings,
And ſpeak the Soldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Putskie, *Ancient, and Soldiers, with Torches.*

Putſ. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court elſe,
Render him ſafe and well.

Anc. Don't fire the Cellar, [cold Weather,
There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be
I do not love it mull'd; bring out the General,
We'll light ye ſuch a Bon-fire elſe: Where are ye?
(31) Speak, or we'll toſs your Turrets; peep out of your Hives,

We'll

(31) *Speak, or we'll* toſs *your Turrets*——] Mr. *Sympſon* ſays that a Turret is not ſo light a thing as to be *toſs'd* at every Soldier's Pleaſure, and would therefore read *torch* your Turrets, becauſe *Theodore* ſays in the

We'll ſmoke ye elſe : Is not that a Noſe there?
Put out that Noſe again, and if thou dar'ſt
But blow it before us : Now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Enter Gentleman.

Putſ. Give us the General.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen ; or any thing ye can deſire.

Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevant-skin, we will not take your Anſwer.

Putſ. Where is the Duke? Speak ſuddenly, and ſend him hither.

Anc. Or we'll ſo fry your Buttocks.

Gent. Good ſweet Gentlemen——

Anc. We're neither good nor ſweet, we are Soldiers,
And you are Miſcreants that abuſe the General.
Give fire my Boys, 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their Lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, *and Women.*

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce. *The.* I will not hurt her ;
Fear not, ſweet Lady.

Olym. Nay, do what you pleaſe, Sir,
I have a Sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all Danger.

Enter Duke, above.

The. Where's the Duke ?

Duke. He's here ; what wou'd ye Soldiers? Wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous Mad-men thus ?

The. Give me my Father.

Putſ. Anc. Give us our General.

the next Page, *Ye ſee the Torches ; all ſhall to aſhes*—This he ſeems to think makes his Conjecture almoſt demonſtrable ; and as he does ſo I mention it, tho' I can by no means admit it ; Cannons and Mines will *toſs* Turrets heavy as they are, and the *Ancient* might threaten this, tho' that was not perhaps immediately in their Power. *Archas* in the foregoing Scene ſays,

And as we ſee a dreadful Clap of Thunder
Rend the ſtiff-hearted Oaks and toſs *their roots up:*

I believe, no ſuch Authority can be produced for the uſe of *torch* as a Verb.

The. Set him here before us,
Ye ſee the Pledge we've got; ye ſee the Torches;
All ſhall to Aſhes, as I live, immediately,
A thouſand Lives for one.
Duke. But hear me?
Putſ. No, we come not to Diſpute.

Enter Archas, *and* Burris.

The. By Heav'n I ſwear he's rackt and whipt.
Hon. Oh my poor Father!
Putſ. Burn, kill and burn.
Arch. Hold, hold, I ſay: Hold Soldiers,
On your Allegiance hold.
The. We muſt not.
Arch. Hold:
(32) I ſwear by Heav'n he's a baſe Traitor ſtirs firſt,
A Villain, and a Stranger to Obedience,
Never my Soldier more, nor Friend to Honour.
Why did you uſe your old Man thus? Thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd ye.
Duke. Forget me in theſe wrongs, moſt noble *Archas.*
Arch. I've Balm enough for all my hurts: Weep no more, Sir,
A ſatisfaction for a thouſand Sorrows.
I do believe you innocent, a good Man,
And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.
Why look ye wild, my Friends? Why ſtare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye're Men, my Men, my Lovers,
As ye are honeſt faithful Men, fair Soldiers,
Let down your Anger: Is not this our Soveraign?
The head of Mercy, and of Law? Who dares then,
But Rebels, ſcorning Law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for Swords? For threatning Fires?
The Rev'rence of this Houſe dares any touch,
But with obedient Knees, and pious Duties?

(32) *I ſwear by Heav'n he is a* barbarous *Traytor ſtirs firſt*] The Epithet *barbarous* is certainly not the propereſt in the Place, and makes ſtill much worſe Meaſure; I have therefore ſubſtituted *baſe*, as a Monoſyllable ſeems certainly required, and *baſe* is the beſt and the neareſt the Trace of the Letters of any that has occurr'd to me.

Are

Are we not all his Subjects? All sworn to him?
Has not he pow'r to punish our Offences?
And don't we daily fall into them? Assure your selves
I did offend, and highly, grievously,
This good, sweet Prince I offended, my Life forfeited,
Which yet his Mercy, and his old Love met with,
And only let me feel his light Rod this way:
Ye are to thank him for your General,
Pray for his Life and Fortune; (33) sweat your Bloods for him.
Ye are Offenders too, daily Offenders,
Proud Insolencies dwell in your Hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person;
Ye see he only Sorrows for your Sins,
And where his Pow'r might persecute, forgives ye:
For shame put up your Swords, for Honesty,
For Orders sake, and whose ye are, my Soldiers
Be not so rude.

The. They've drawn Blood from you, Sir.

Arch. That was the Blood rebell'd, the naughty Blood,
The proud provoking Blood; 'tis well 'tis out, Boy;
Give you Example first, draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good Brother, do.

Arch. Honest and high Example,
As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine Honours: Thank ye *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self, Sir,
I must obey ye. [*Exit.*

Arch. Captain, you know the way now:
A good Man, and a Valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things; I thank ye Captain. [*Ex. Sol.*
Soldiers, I thank ye all: And love me still,
But do not love me so you lose Allegiance,
Love that above your Lives: Once more I thank ye.

33 —— swear *your Bloods for him.*] The beautiful Emendation here was one of those favourite ones that poor Mr. *Theobald* sent me upon my first Correspondence with him. Mr. *Sympson* has since sent me the same without knowing that Mr. *Theobald* had prevented him; and the first Folio confirms its certainty.

Duke.

Duke. Bring him to Reſt, and let our Cares wait on him;
Thou excellent old Man, thou top of Honour,
Where Juſtice and Obedience only build,
Thou ſtock of Virtue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!
Bur. Remember him that vext him, Sir.
Duke. Remember?
When I forget that Villain, and to pay him
For all his Miſchiefs, may all good Thoughts forget me.
Arch. I'm very ſore.
Duke. Bring him to Bed with eaſe, Gentlemen,
For every Stripe I'll drop a Tear to waſh 'em,
And in my ſad Repentance——
Arch. 'Tis too much,
I have a Life yet left to gain that Love, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, *and Gentlemen.*

Duke. HOW does Lord *Archas?*
Bur. But weak, and't pleaſe ye;
Yet all the helps that Art can, are applied to him;
His Heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His Mind being ſound, his Body ſoon will follow.
Duke. O that baſe Knave that wrong'd him, without leave too;
But I ſhall find an hour to give him Thanks for't;
He's faſt, I hope.
Bur. As faſt as Irons can keep him:
But the moſt fearful Wretch——
Duke. He has a Conſcience,
A cruel ſtinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one: But what news of the Soldier?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too ſullen.
Bur. That they keep ſtill, and I fear a worſe Clap;
They are drawn out of the Town, and ſtand in Counſels,
Hatching unquiet Thoughts, and cruel Purpoſes:

I

I went my ſelf unto 'em, talkt with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud Murmurs,
And deſperate Curſes, ſounding theſe Words often,
Like Trumpets to their Angers. We are ruin'd,
Our Services turn'd into Diſgraces, Miſchiefs;
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt: The Colonel's Eyes, like Torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair Peace.
Gent. Yet worſe, Sir;
The News is currant now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their Allegiance; and under *Olin*'s Charge,
The Bloody Enemy, march ſtraight againſt ye.
Bur. I have heard this too, Sir.
Duke. This muſt be prevented,
And ſuddenly, and warily.
Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,
But what to miniſter, or how?
Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't: Such Blows as theſe
Equal Defences ask, elſe they diſpleaſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peteſca, *and Gentlewoman.*

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with theſe Soldiers!
They're cruel Fellows.
Wom. And yet methought we found 'em
Handſome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Peteſca*,
I lookt for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my ſelf: But where's my Lady?
Pet. In her old Dumps within: Monſtrous melancholy;
Sure ſhe was mad of this Wench.
Wom. And ſhe had been a Man,
She wou'd have been a great deal madder, I
Am glad ſhe's ſhifted. *Pet.* 'Twas a wicked thing
For me t' betray her, yet I muſt confeſs
She ſtood in all our Lights.

Enter

Enter Alinda.

What young thing's this?

Alin. Good Morrow beauteous Gentlewomen: 'pray ye
Is th' Princeſs ſtirring yet? *Wom.* He has her Face.

Pet. Her very Tongue, and Tone too: Her Youth on him.

Alin. I gueſs, ye be the Princeſs Women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.

Alin. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her Grace,
Ye call *Alinda*?

Pet. The Devil ſure in her Shape.

Wom. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that ſhe had: In Travel———

Pet. 'Maſs, I remember that: This may be he too:
I would this thing wou'd ſerve her.

Enter Olympia.

Wom. So would I Wench,
We'd love him better ſure. Sir, here's the Princeſs,
She beſt can ſatisfie ye.

Alin. How I love that Preſence!
O bleſſed Eyes, how nobly ſhine your Comforts!

Olym. What Gentleman is that?

Wom. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: And as we gueſs it,
He is *Alinda*'s Brother.

Olym. Ha! Let me mark him.
My Grief has almoſt blinded me: Her Brother?
By *Venus*, he has all her ſweetneſs on him:
Two ſilver drops of Dew were never liker.

Alin. Gracious Lady———

Olym. That pleaſant Pipe he has too.

Alin. Being my Happineſs to paſs by this way,
And having, as I underſtand by Letters,
A Siſter in your virtuous Service, Madam——

Olym. O now my Heart, my Heart akes.

Alin. All the comfort
My poor Youth has, all that my hopes have built me;
I thought it my firſt Duty, my beſt Service,

Here

Here to arrive firſt, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Siſter, humbly to thank your Nobleneſs,
That bounteous Goodneſs in ye.
Olym. 'Tis he certainly.
Alin. That ſpring of favour to her; with my Life, Madam,
If any ſuch moſt happy means might meet me,
To ſhew my Thankfulneſs.
Olym. What have I done, Fool!
Alin. She came a Stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious Breed befits your Service,
Yet one, I dare aſſure my Soul, that lov'd ye
Before ſhe ſaw ye; doted on your Virtues;
Before ſhe knew thoſe fair Eyes, long'd to read 'em,
You only had her Prayers, you her Wiſhes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preſerv'd her.
Olym. I have done wickedly.
Alin. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, ſhe brought along with her;
And yet our Country-eyes eſteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous Mind, forget, great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me ſpeak a Stranger,
Since ſhe was able to beget a Thought, 'twas honeſt.
The daily ſtudy how to fit your Services,
Truly to tread that virtuous Path you walk in,
So fir'd her honeſt Soul, we thought her Sainted;
I preſume ſhe's ſtill the ſame: I wou'd fain ſee her,
For, Madam, 'tis no little Love I owe her.
Olym. Sir, ſuch a Maid there was, I had———
Alin. There was, Madam?
Olym. O my poor Wench: Eyes, I will ever curſe ye
For your Credulity; *Alinda?*
Alin. That's her Name, Madam.
Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.
Alin. Is ſhe dead, Lady?
Olym. Dead, Sir, to my Service.
She's gone, pray ye ask no further.
Alin. I obey, Madam:
Gone? Now muſt I lament too: Said ye gone, Madam?
Olym. Gone, gone for ever.

Alin.

Alin. That's a cruel saying:
Her Honour too?

Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
And if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me:
Do something like a Brother, like a Friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her ——

Alin. Ye amaze me.

Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent Soul, I flung her; sweet *Alinda*,
Thou virtuous Maid. My Soul now calls thee Virtuous.
Why don't ye rail now at me?

Alin. For what, Lady?

Olym. Call me base treach'rous Woman.

Alin. Heav'n defend me.

Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,
Rashly, and madly I betray'd her Modesty, [Sir,
Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where: Nay, more
Stuck a black Brand upon her.

Alin. 'Twas not well, Lady.

Olym. 'Twas damnable: She loving me so dearly,
Never poor Wench lov'd so: Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous Wench, the best Companion,
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest,
The modestest sweet Nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it:
O what have I forsaken? What have I lost?

Alin. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandring,
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Olym. Will you go too, Sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those Eyes that speak her,
To read the Face again, (Modesty keep me, [*Aside.*
Alinda, in that Shape.) But why shou'd you trust me,
'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle Youth, 'tis I weep for her:
Appoint what Penance you please: But stay then,
And see me perform it: Ask what Honour this Place
Is able to heap on ye, or what Wealth:

Is

Is following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your Sister's sake, for your own Goodness ——
Alin. Not all the Honour Earth has, now she's gone, Lady,
Not all the Favour; yet if I sought Preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I'd only take it.
Peace rest upon ye: One sad Tear every Day,
For poor *Alinda*'s sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [*Exit.*
Olym. A thousand, noble Youth, and when I sleep,
Ev'n in my silver Slumbers still I'll weep.

SCENE III.

Enter Duke *and Gentlemen.*

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?
Gent. Yes, and't please your Grace,
But no Persuasion serves 'em, nor no Promise,
They're fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their March to th' Enemy.
Duke. They must be stopt.

Enter Burris.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what Leader——
Duke. How now, ha' you been with *Archas?*
Bur. Yes, and't please ye,
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd Lion,
Calls for his Arms, and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords.
Duke. Is he able to do any thing?
Bur. His Mind is well enough; and where his Charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full Army.
Duke. Who commands the Rebels?
Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old Man almost mad. He swears, Sir,
He will not spare his Son's Head for the Dukedom.
Duke. Is the Court in Arms?
Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every Man mad to go now: Inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy:

I beſeech your Grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go Sir,
And look to the old Man well; take up all fairly,
And let no Blood be ſpilt; take general Pardons,
And quench this fury with fair Peace.

Bur. I ſhall Sir,
Or ſeal it with my Service; they are Villains:
The Court is up: Good Sir, go ſtrengthen 'em,
Your Royal Sight will make 'em ſcorn all Dangers;
The General needs no Proof.

Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, *Ancient*, *Soldiers*, *Drums*, *and Colours.*

The. 'Tis known we're up, and marching; no Submiſſion,
No promiſe of baſe Peace can cure our Maladies,
We've ſuffer'd beyond all repair of Honour:
Your valiant old Man's whipt; whipt, Gentlemen,
Whipt like a Slave: That Fleſh that never trembled,
Nor ſhrunk one Sinew at a thouſand Charges,
That noble Body rib'd in Arms, the Enemy
So often ſhook at, and then ſhun'd like Thunder,
That Body's torn with laſhes.

Anc. Let's turn Head.

Putſ. Turn nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unleſs they charge.

The. Think ſtill of his Abuſes,
And keep your Angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a Top,
I never ſaw a Whore ſo lac'd: Court School-butter?
Is this their Diet? I'll dreſs 'em one running Banquet:
What Oracle can alter us? Did not we ſee him?
See him we lov'd?

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his Reverence for that time; is't fit, Gentlemen,
My noble Friends, is't fit we Men, and Soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too? *Putſ.* Forward:

They

They may call back the Sun as ſoon, ſtay Time,
Preſcribe a Law to Death, as we endure this.
The. They'll make ye all fair Promiſes.
Anc. We care not.
The. Uſe all their Arts upon ye.
Anc. Hang all their Arts.
Putf. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.
Anc. March apace then,
He's old and cannot overtake us.
Putf. Say he do.
Anc. We'll run away with him: They ſhall ne'er ſee him more:
The truth is, we'll hear nothing, ſtop at nothing,
Conſider nothing but our way; believe nothing, [thing,
Not though they ſay their Prayers: Be content with no-
But th' knocking out their Brains: And laſt, do nothing
But ban and curſe 'em, till we come to kill 'em.
The. Remove then forwards bravely: keep your Minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em, ſhall be fatal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Archas, *Duke*, Burris, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Arch. Peace to your Grace; take reſt Sir, they're before us.
Gent. They are Sir, and upon the March. [*Exit* Duke.
Arch. Lord *Burris*, [vantage,
Take you thoſe Horſe and coaſt 'em: Upon the firſt ad-
If they won't ſlack their March, Charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in.
Bur. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*
Gent. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?
Arch. Well, I thank ye;
A little weak, but Anger ſhall ſupply that;
You'll all ſtand bravely to it?
All. While we have Lives, Sir.
Arch. Ye ſpeak like Gentlemen: I'll make the Knaves know,

The proudeſt, and the ſtrongeſt hearted Rebels,
They have a Law to live in, and they ſhall have;
Beat up apace, by this time he's upon 'em, [*Drum within.*
And Sword, but hold me now, thou ſhalt play ever.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, *Ancient*, *and their Soldiers.*

The. Stand, ſtand, ſtand cloſe, and ſure;

Enter Burris, *and one or two Soldiers.*

The Horſe will charge us.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we've Provender fit for 'em.

Putſ. Here comes Lord *Burris*, Sir, I think to Parly.

The. You're welcome, noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if theſe fail me;
Fie, what Diſhonour ſeek ye! What black Infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? Draw all Shame with ye?
Are theſe fit Cares in Subjects? I command ye
Lay down your Arms again, move in that Peace,
That fair Obedience you were bred in.

Putſ. Charge us: We come not here to Argue.

The. Charge us bravely,
And hotly too, we have hot Spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the Shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, *Gentlemen and Soldiers.*

Bur. Look behind ye.
D' you ſee that old Man? do you know him, Soldiers?

Putſ. Your Father, Sir, believe me———

Bur. You know his Marches,
You've ſeen his Executions: Is it yet Peace?

The. We'll die here firſt.

Bur. Farewel: You'll hear on's preſently. *Arch.* Stay, *Burris:*
This is too poor, too beggarly a Body
To bear the Honour of a Charge from me,
A ſort of tatter'd Rebels; go, provide Gallowſes;
Ye're troubled with hot Heads, I'll cool ye preſently.:

Theſe

Theſe look like Men that were my Soldiers
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honeſt Friends: Where got they theſe fair Figures?
Where did they ſteal theſe Shapes?
Bur. They're ſtruck already.
Arch. D' you ſee that Fellow there, that goodly Rebel?
He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly:
A Fellow of a Faith indeed. *Bur.* He 'as ſham'd him.
Arch. And that that bears the Colours there, moſt certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave Fellow,
A loving and obedient, that believe me, *Burris*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: And were it not
I know the general goodneſs of my People,
The Duty, and the Truth, the ſtedfaſt Honeſty,
And am aſſur'd they would as ſoon turn Devils
As Rebels to Allegiance, for mine Honour.
Bur. Here needs no Wars. *Putſ.* I pray forgive us, Sir.
Anc. Good General forgive us, or uſe your Sword,
Your Words are double Death. *All.* Good noble General.
Bur. Pray, Sir, be merciful.
Arch. Weep out your Shames firſt,
Ye make me Fool for Company: Fie Soldiers,
My Soldiers too, and play theſe Tricks? What's he there?
Sure I have ſeen his Face too; yes, moſt certain
I have a Son, (but hope he is not here now,)
Wou'd much reſemble this Man, wondrous near him,
Juſt of his height and make too; you ſeem a Leader.
The. Good Sir, don't ſhame me more: I know your Anger,
And leſs than Death I look not for.
Arch. You ſhall be my Charge, Sir, it ſeems you want Foes,
When you would make your Friends your Enemies.
A running Blood ye have, but I ſhall cure ye.
Bur. Good Sir ——
(34) *Arch.* No more, good Lord: Beat forward, Soldiers:
And you, march in the Rear, you've loſt your Places.
[*Exeunt.*

(34) Anc. *No more, good Lord:*] The reſtoring this to *Archas* is ſo obvious, 'tis ſcarce worth a Note.

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, *and* Viola.

Duke. You ſhall not be thus ſullen ſtill with me, Siſter,
You do the moſt unnobly to be angry,
For as I have a Soul I never touch'd her,
I never yet knew one unchaſt Thought in her:
I muſt confeſs, I lov'd her; as who would not?
I muſt confeſs I doated on her ſtrangely,
I offer'd all, yet ſo ſtrong was her Honour,
(35) So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her,
And while the World beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be ſo jealous? *Olym.* Good Sir, pardon me,
I feel ſufficiently my Folly's Penance,
And am aſham'd, that Shame a thouſand Sorrows
Feed on continually; wou'd I had never ſeen her,
Or with a clearer Judgment look'd upon her:
She was too good for me, ſo Heav'nly good, Sir,
Nothing but Heav'n can love that Soul ſufficiently,
Where I ſhall ſee her once again.

Enter Burris.

Duke. No more Tears,
If ſhe be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:
Welcome Lord *Burris*, fair News I hope.
Bur. Moſt fair, Sir,
Without one drop of Blood theſe Wars are ended,
The Soldier cool'd again, indeed aſham'd, Sir,

(35) *So fortify'd as fair*, no Hope could reach her] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this Nonſenſe; and if this be allowed he has a very ingenious Conjecture to amend it.

So fortify'd, as Fear nor Hope can reach her.

But, in my Eye, the Original is ſo far from Nonſenſe, that it is much ſtronger Senſe than that propoſed. Allowing for the conciſeneſs of poetical Language, which cuts off all unneceſſary Particles, the following Meaning is contained in it. *Her Virtue is as ſtrong as it is beautiful*, (or, perhaps, as ſhe herſelf is beautiful) ſo that the warmeſt Hope dares not flatter any Man with Succeſs.

And

And all his Anger ended. *Duke.* Where's Lord *Archas?*
Bur. Not far off, Sir; with him his valiant Son,
Head of this Fire, but now a Priſoner,
And if by your ſweet Mercy not prevented,
I fear ſome fatal ſtroke. [*Drums.*

Enter Archas, Theodore, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Duke. I hear the Drums beat,
Welcome, my worthy Friend.
Arch. Stand where ye are, Sir,
Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
Nor plead for Peace till I have done a Juſtice,
A Juſtice on this Villain, none of mine now,
A Juſtice on this Rebel. *Hon.* O my Brother.
Arch. This fatal Firebrand ———
Duke. Forget not, old Man,
He is thy Son, of thine own Blood. *Arch.* In theſe Veins
No Treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no Mutiny,
I ne'er gave Life to lewd and headſtrong Rebels.
Duke. 'Tis his firſt Fault. *Arch.* Not of thouſand, Sir;
Or were it ſo, it is a Fault ſo mighty,
So ſtrong againſt the nature of all Mercy,
His Mother, were ſhe living, wou'd not weep for him,
He dare not ſay he'd live. *The.* I muſt not, Sir,
While you ſay 'tis not fit: Your Grace's Mercy,
Not to my Life apply'd, but to my Fault, Sir;
The World's forgiveneſs next; laſt, on my Knees, Sir,
I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the Name of Father,
Strike me a thouſand Blows; but let me die yours.
Arch. He moves my Heart: I muſt be ſudden with him,
I ſhall grow faint elſe in my Execution,
Come, come Sir, you have ſeen Death; now meet him bravely.
Duke. Hold, hold, I ſay, a little, hold, conſider
Thou haſt no more Sons, *Archas*, to inherit thee.
Arch. Yes, Sir, I have another, and a Nobler:
No Treaſon ſhall inherit me: Young *Archas*,
A Boy, as ſweet as young, my Brother breeds him,

My noble Brother *Briskie* breeds him nobly,
Him let your Favour find: Give him your Honour.

Enter Putskie (*alias* Briskie) *and* Alinda, (*alias* Archas.)

Putſ. Thou haſt no Child left, *Archas*, none to inherit thee,
If thou ſtrik'ſt that ſtroke now. Behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this Sacrifice as thou art. [*chas*,
Heave up thy Sword, and mine's heav'd up: Strike, *Ar-*
And I'll ſtrike too as ſuddenly, as deadly:
Have Mercy, I'll have Mercy: The Duke gives it.
Look upon all theſe, how they weep it from thee,
Chuſe quickly, and begin. *Duke.* On your Obedience,
On your Allegiance ſave him.
Arch. Take him to ye, [*Soldiers ſhout.*
And Sirrah, be an honeſt Man, ye've reaſon:
I thank ye, worthy Brother: Welcome, Child,
Mine own ſweet Child.
Duke. Why was this Boy conceal'd thus?
Putſ. Your Grace's Pardon.
Fearing the Vow you made againſt my Brother,
And that your Anger wou'd not only light
On him, but find out all his Family,
This young Boy, to preſerve from after Danger,
Like a young Wench, hither I brought; my ſelf
In th' habit of an ordinary Captain
Diſguis'd, got Entertainment, and ſerv'd here,
That I might ſtill be ready to all Fortunes:
That Boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girl, *Alinda*, Madam. *Olym.* Stand away,
And let me look upon him. *Duke.* My young Miſtreſs?
(This is a ſtrange Metamorphoſis,) *Alinda*?
Alin. Your Grace's humble Servant.
Duke. Come hither, Siſter:
I dare yet ſcarce believe mine Eyes: How they view one another?
Doſt thou not love this Boy well?
Olym. I ſhould lye elſe, truſt me, extremely lye, Sir.

Duke.

Duke. Did'ſt thou ne'er wiſh, *Olympia*,
It might be thus? *Olym.* A thouſand times.
Duke. Here, take him:
Nay, do not bluſh: I do not jeſt; kiſs ſweetly:
Boy, ye kiſs faintly, Boy; Heav'n give ye comfort;
Teach him, he'll quickly learn: There's two Hearts eas'd now.
Arch. You do me too much Honour, Sir.
Duke. No, *Archas*,
But all I can, I will. Can you love me? Speak truly.
Hon. Yes, Sir, dearly.
Duke. Come hither, *Viola*, can you love this Man?
Vio. I'll do the beſt I can, Sir. *Duke.* Seal it, *Burris*,
We'll all to Church together inſtantly:
And then a vie for Boys. Stay, bring *Boroskie*.

Enter Boroskie.

I had almoſt forgot that lump of miſchief.
There *Archas*, take the Enemy to Honour,
The Knave to Worth: Do with him what thou wilt.
Arch. Then to my Sword again, you to your Prayers;
Waſh off your Villanies, you feel the Burthen.
Bor. Forgive me e'er I die, moſt honeſt *Archas*?
'Tis too much Honour that I periſh thus;
O ſtrike my Faults to kill them, that no Memory,
No black and blaſted Infamy hereafter ——
Arch. Come, are ye ready? *Bor.* Yes.
Arch. And truly penitent, to make your way ſtraight?
Bor. Thus I waſh off my Sins.
Arch. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honeſt Man; I ſcorn Mens Ruins:
Take him again, Sir, try him: And believe
This thing will be a perfect Man. *Duke.* I take him.
Bor. And when I fail thoſe hopes, Heav'n's hopes fail me.
Duke. You're old: No more Wars, Father: *Theodore*,
Take you the charge, be General.
The. All good bleſs ye.
Duke. And my good Father, you dwell in my Boſom,
From you riſe all my good Thoughts: When I'd think and
Examine Time for one that's fairly noble,

And the ſame Man through all the ſtreights of Virtue,
Upon this Silver Book I'll look, and read him.
Now forward merrily to *Hymen*'s Rites,
To Joys, and Revels, Sports, and he that can
Moſt honour *Archas*, is the nobleſt Man. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THough ſomething well aſſur'd, few here repent
Three hours of precious Time, or Mony ſpent
On our Endeavours, yet not to rely
Too much upon our Care and Induſtry,
'Tis fit we ſhould ask, but a modeſt way,
How you approve our Action in the Play.
If you vouchſafe to crown it with Applauſe,
It is your Bounty, and you give us cauſe
Hereafter with a general Conſent
To ſtudy, as becomes us, your Content.

RULE

RULE A WIFE,

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

PROLOGUE.

PLeasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The Springs of Mirth, Fancy, Delight and Wit,
To stir you up; do not your Looks let fall,
Nor to Remembrance our late Errors call,
Because this Day w'are Spaniards *all again,*
The Story of our Play, and our Scene Spain:
The Errors too, do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their Wit, and not their State.
Nor, Ladies, be not angry, if you see
A young fresh Beauty wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross Errors in your Kingdom reign;
(1) *You're* Vestals *all, and though we blow the Fire,*
We seldom make it flame up to Desire;
Take no Example neither to begin,
For some by Precedent delight to Sin;
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your Fanns close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor, Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some Men foot'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad; We mean not you, you're free,
We tax no farther than our Comedy,
You are our Friends, sit noble then and see.

(1) *W'are* Vestals *all,*—] The Context very evidently requires the Change which Mr. *Sympson* first suggested here.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE *of* Medina.
Don Juan de Caſtro, *a Spaniſh Colonel.*
Sanchio, } *Officers in the Army.*
Alonzo, }
Michael Perez, *the Copper Captain.*
Leon, *Brother to* Altea, *and by her Contrivance marry'd to* Margarita.
Cacafogo, *a rich Uſurer.*

WOMEN.

Margarita, *a wanton Lady, marry'd to* Leon, *by whom ſhe is reclaim'd.*
Altea, *her Servant.*
Clara, *a* Spaniſh *Lady.*
Eſtifania, *a Woman of Intriegue, marry'd to* Perez.
Three Old Ladies.
An old Woman, and Maid.

SCENE *SPAIN.*

Rule

Rule a WIFE, *and Have a* WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Juan de Caſtro, *and* Michael Perez.

MICHAEL.

ARE your Companies full, Colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, Sir:
Nor will not be this Month yet, as I reckon.
How riſes your Command? *Mich.* We pick up ſtill,
And as our Monies hold out, we have Men come,
About that time I think we ſhall be full too;
Many young Gallants go. *Juan.* And unexperienc'd,
The Wars are dainty Dreams to young hot Spirits,
Time and Experience will allay thoſe Viſions,
We have ſtrange Things to fill our Numbers up;
There's one *Don Leon*, a ſtrange goodly Fellow,
Commended to me from ſome noble Friends,
For my *Alferes*, had you but ſeen his Perſon,
And what a Giants promiſe it proteſteth.
Mich. I've heard of him, and that he hath ſerv'd before too.
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, *Don Michael*,

That

That came to my Ears yet; ask him a Queſtion,
He bluſhes like a Girl, and anſwers little,
To the point leſs; he wears a Sword, a good one,
And good Cloaths too; he's whole-skin'd, has no hurt yet,
Good promiſing hopes; I never yet heard certainly
Of any Gentleman that ſaw him angry.

Mich. Preſerve him, he'll conclude a Peace if need be,
(2) Many as ſtout as he will go along with us,
That ſwear as valiantly as Heart can wiſh [ones,
Their Mouths charg'd with ſix Oaths at once, and whole
That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into Mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, ſuch we muſt look for: But, *Mich. Perez*,
When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great Heireſs?

(2) *Many as* ſtrong *as he will go along with us,*
That ſwear as valiantly as Heart can wiſh.] *Leon* is deſcribed as a Giant in Stature, but weak in Head and Heart, which Strength of Body may accompany, but does not neceſſarily imply. There ſeems therefore no juſt Antitheſis between meer Strength of Body and the Vaunting of a cowardly Bully. The Senſe required is plainly this: *That many who ſwear and ſwagger moſt magnanimouſly have really not one whit more Valour than the ſheepiſh* Don Leon. The Word *ſtout* gives this Senſe, which I have therefore ventured to ſubſtitute as thinking it the true one. *Leon* himſelf uſes the ſame Sentiment at his firſt Appearance. *Juan* asks him,

Why art thou ſent to me to be my Officer;
Ay, and commended when thou dar'ſt not fight?
Leon. *There be more Officers of my Opinion,*
Or I am cozen'd; Men that talk more too.

Perhaps, indeed, the old Reading *ſtrong* may be thought by ſome to give the very ſame Idea with *ſtout* or *valiant*; but I believe if they fully conſider the Context, where *Strength of Body* had before been mention'd as join'd with Cowardiſe, they will think with me, that *ſtout* either was or ought to have been the Original. Since I wrote this I conſulted Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, and find that he excepted againſt the Word in Queſtion, and would read *ſtrange* for *ſtrong*, and inſtead of *ſtrange*, a few Lines above, would read *a ſtrong, goodly Fellow*, ſuppoſing the Words to have chang'd Places. Perhaps Partiality makes me prefer my own Conjecture, tho' I allow his Emendation to be plauſible, as to *ſtrange for ſtrong*, but not as to the former.

Mich.

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er ſaw her,
She is the main diſcourſe: Noble *Don Juan de Caſtro*,
How happy were that Man could catch this Wench up,
And live at eaſe! ſhe's Fair and Young, and Wealthy,
Infinite Wealthy, and as Gracious too
In all her Entertainments, as Men report.

Juan. But ſhe is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes ſeldom without Wantonneſs;
He that ſhall marry her, muſt have a rare Hand.

Mich. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that Wiſdom
With a light Rein to rule my Wife. If e'er Woman
Of the moſt ſubtile Mould went beyond me,
I'd give Boys leave to whoot me out o' th' Pariſh.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir,
There be two Gentlewomen attend to ſpeak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handſome Women? [Sir.

Ser. They ſeem ſo, very handſome, but they're vail'd,

Mich. Thou put'ſt Sugar in my Mouth, how it melts with me!
I love a ſweet young Wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I ſay. [*Exit Servant.*

Mich. Don Juan.

Juan. How you Itch, *Michael!* how you Burniſh!
Will not this Soldier's Heat out of your bones yet,
Do your Eyes glow now? *Mich.* There be two. *Juan.* Say honeſt,
(3) What ſhame have you then?

Mich. I wou'd fain ſee that,
I've been in the *Indies* twice, and have ſeen ſtrange Things,
But for two honeſt Women; —— one I read of once.

(3) *What* ſhame *have you then?*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *ſhare*, and the ſame Change was ſuggeſted by an ingenious Friend. But I ſee no reaſon for it. How will you be *aſham'd* if you offer Rudeneſs to Women of Virtue? *Juan* is a good Character, and the Sentiment very proper for him.

Juan.

Juan. Prithee be Modeſt.
Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, *and* Eſtifania, *vail'd.*

Juan. You're welcome, Ladies.
Mich. Both hooded! I like 'em well though,
They come not for Advice in Law ſure hither;
May be they'd learn to raiſe the Pike, I'm for 'em:
They're very Modeſt; 'tis a fine Preludium.
Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman, wou'd you ſpeak, Lady?
Cla. With you, Sir, as I gueſs, *Juan de Caſtro.*
Mich. Her Curtain opens, ſhe is a pretty Gentlewoman.
Juan. I am the Man, and ſhall be bound to Fortune,
I may do any Service to your Beauties. [*ders,*
Cla. Captain I hear you're marching down to *Flan-*
To ſerve the Catholick King.
Juan. I am, ſweet Lady.
Cla. I have a Kinſman, and a noble Friend,
Imploy'd in thoſe Wars, may be, Sir, you know him,
Don Campuſano, Captain of *Carbines*,
To whom I wou'd requeſt your Nobleneſs,
To give this poor Remembrance. [*Gives a Letter.*
Juan. I ſhall do it,
I know the Gentleman, a moſt worthy Captain.
Cla. Something in private.
Juan. Step aſide: I'll ſerve thee. [*Ex.* Juan, *and* Clara.
Mich. Prithee let me ſee thy Face.
Eſtif. Sir, you muſt pardon me,
Women of our ſort, that maintain fair Memories,
And keep ſuſpect off from their Chaſtities,
Had need wear thicker Vails.
Mich. I am no Blaſter of a Lady's Beauty,
Nor bold Intruder on her ſpecial Favours,
I know how tender Reputation is,
And with what Guards it ought to be preſerv'd, Lady,
You may to me.
Eſtif. You muſt excuſe me, Signior, I come
Not here to ſell my ſelf.

Mich.

Mich. As I'm a Gentleman, by the honour of a Soldier.
Eſtif. I believe you,
I pray be civil, I believe you'd ſee me,
And when you've ſeen me I believe you'll like me,
But in a ſtrange Place, to a Stranger too,
As if I came on purpoſe to betray you,
Indeed I will not.
Mich. I ſhall love you dearly,
And 'tis a Sin to fling away Affection,
I have no Miſtreſs, no deſire to Honour
Any but you. (Will not this Oyſter open?)
I know not, you have ſtruck me with your Modeſty
(She will draw ſure) ſo deep and taken from me
All the Deſire I might beſtow on others—
Quickly before they come.
Eſtif. Indeed I dare not:
But ſince I ſee you're ſo deſirous, Sir,
To view a poor Face that can merit nothing
But your Repentance.
Mich. It muſt needs be excellent.
Eſtif. And with what Honeſty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your Man follow me,
And view what Houſe I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open:
And as I like your virtuous Carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, *and Servant.*

I ſhall be able to give welcome to you.
She'th done her buſineſs, I muſt take my leave, Sir.
Mich. I'll kiſs your fair white Hand, and thank you, Lady.
My Man ſhall wait, and I ſhall be your Servant;
Sirrah, come near, hark.
Ser. I ſhall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*
Juan. You will command me no more Services?
Cla. T' be careful of your noble Health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.
Juan. I thank you,

And kiſs your Hands; wait on the Ladies down there.
[*Exeunt Ladies and Servant.*

Mich. You had the honour to ſee the Face that came to you? [*chael?*

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, *Don Mi-*

Mich. Mine was i' th' clipſe, and had a Cloud drawn over it.

But I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handſome,
She had a Hand would ſtir a holy Hermite.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No. *Juan.* Then I do, Captain,
But I'll ſay nothing till I ſee the proof on't,
Sit cloſe *Don Perez*, or your Worſhip's caught.
(4) I fear a Flye.

Mich. Were thoſe ſhe brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinſman now in *Flanders*,
Yours was very modeſt methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing,
But I may live to ſee———

Juan. 'Tis worth Experience,
Let's walk abroad and view our Companies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio, *and* Alonzo.

San. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo?*

Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no, e'en as the Humour takes me.
If I find Peace among the female Creatures,
And eaſie Entertainment, I'll ſtay at home,
I'm not ſo far oblig'd yet to long Marches
And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour,
When you're all gone I have my choice before me.

San. Ay, of which Hoſpital thou'lt ſweat in; wilt thou Never leave whoring?

Alon. There is leſs Danger in't than gunning, *Sanchio*,
Though we be ſhot ſometimes, the Shot's not mortal,
Beſides, it breaks no Limbs.

(4) *I fear a Flye.*] Both Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* make a Query about this. I ſuppoſe it a Metaphor taken from fiſhing with Flies.

San.

San. But it disables 'em,
Dost see how thou pull'st thy Legs after thee,
As if they hung by Points?
Alon. Better to pull 'em thus than walk on Wooden ones,
Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.
San. Fye, fye, 'tis base.
Alon. Dost count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis th' Crown of Honour;
You think it nothing to lie twenty Days
Under a Surgeon's hands that has no Mercy.
San. As thou hast done I'm sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the Orient Heiress,
The *Margarita*, Sir.
Alon. I wou'd I had her.
San. They say she'll marry.
Alon. Yes, I think she will.
San. And marry suddenly, as Report goes too,
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo*.
Alon. I wou'd I had the sheathing on't.
San. They say too
She has a greedy Eye, that must be fed
With more than one Man's Meat.
Alon. Wou'd she were mine,
I'd Cater for her well enough; but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great Men that adore her;
Princes, and Princes Fellows, that claim Privilege.
San. Yet those stand off i' th' way of Marriage;
(5) To be tyed to a Man's pleasure is a second Labour.
Alon.

(5) *To be tyed to a Man's pleasure is a second Labour.*] Mr. *Sympson*, who, if he happens to overlook the true Sense, seldom fails to strike out a new one that is at least plausible, supposes *second Labour* to refer to the Labours of *Hercules*, and instead of *Man's Pleasure* reads *Woman's*; his Sense therefore is, *To be ty'd to a Woman's Pleasure is a second* Herculean *Labour*. But I have long observ'd, that all of us who have been engag'd in Verbal Criticism, are more frequently guilty of Mistakes as to the true Sense of the Original, than of Want of Sagacity in our Conjectures. This is certainly Mr. *Sympson*'s Case here. The Sense is, I think, as clear as the Light, without any Change or Reference to any thing but the Matter in hand. *Great Men like to enjoy* Mar-

Alon. She's bought a brave Houſe here in Town.
San. I've heard ſo.
Alon. If ſhe convert it now to pious uſes,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.
San. When comes ſhe to it? [yet,
Alon. Within theſe two days, ſhe's in the Country
And keeps the nobleſt Houſe.
San. Then there's ſome hope of her:
Wilt thou go my way? *Alon.* No, no, I muſt leave you, and
Repair to an old Gentlewoman that
Has Credit with her, that can ſpeak a good Word.
San. Send thee good Fortune, but make thy Body ſound firſt.
Alon. I am a Soldier, and too ſound a Body
Becomes me not; ſo, farewel, *Sanchio.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Ser. 'Tis this or that Houſe, or I've loſt my Aim,
They're both fair Buildings, ſhe walk'd plaguy faſt;

Enter Eſtifania.

And hereabouts I loſt her; ſtay, that's ſhe,
'Tis very ſhe,——ſhe makes me a low court'ſie,
Let m' note the Place, the Street I well remember. [*Exit.*
She's in again, certain ſome noble Lady.
How happy ſhould I be if ſhe love my Maſter:
A wondrous goodly Houſe, here are brave Lodgings,
And I ſhall ſleep now like an Emperor,
And eat abundantly: I thank my Fortune,
I'll back with ſpeed, and bring him happy Tidings. [*Exit.*

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What ſhou'd it mean, that in ſuch haſte we're ſent for?
2 *Lady.* Be like the Lady *Margaret* has ſome buſineſs

garita *as a Miſtreſs, but to be ty'd to her as a Wife would make their Pleaſure become a Drudgery.* A Sentiment but too often verifyd in Perſons who are marry'd even to Women of Virtue as well as Beauty.

She'd

She'd break to us in private. 3 *Lady.* It ſhou'd ſeem ſo.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wiſe young Lady.
2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
For a young Woman of her Years; 'tis pity
To load her tender Age with too much Virtue. [with.
3 *Lady.* 'Tis more ſometimes than we can well away

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good morrow, Ladies.
All. 'Morrow my good Madam. [*garet?*
1 *Lady.* How does the ſweet young Beauty, Lady *Mar-*
2 *Lady.* Has ſhe ſlept well after her walk laſt Night?
1 *Lady.* Are her Dreams gentle to her Mind?
Alt. All's well,
She's very well, ſhe ſent for you thus ſuddenly
To give her Counſel in a Buſineſs
That much concerns her.
2 *Lady.* She does well and wiſely,
To ask the Counſel of the Ancient'ſt, Madam,
Our Years have run through many things ſhe knows not.
Alt. She wou'd fain marry.
1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling, [with?
And well beſeems her Years: Who wou'd ſhe yoke
Alt. That's left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your Faſt, drink a good Cup or two,
T' ſtrengthen your Underſtandings, then ſhe'll tell ye.
2 *Lady.* And good Wine breeds good Counſel, we'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan de Caſtro, *and* Leon.

Juan. Have you ſeen any Service?
Leon. Yes.
Juan. Where?
Leon. Every where.
Juan. What Office bore ye?
Leon. None, I was not worthy.
Juan. What Captains know you?
Leon. None, they were above me.
Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I ſtole a Hen, and then they beat me.
Pray ask me no long Queſtions, I've an ill Memory.
Juan. This is an Aſs; did you ne'er draw your Sword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en Priſoner?
Leon. No, I ran away,
For I had ne'er no Mony to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a Drum?
Leon. It makes my Head ake.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're Drunk? *Leon.* I think not,
But I am loving, Sir.
Juan. What a Lump is this Man,
Was your Father wiſe?
Leon. Too wiſe for me, I'm ſure,
For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.
Juan. That was no fooliſh part I'll bear you witneſs.
Canſt thou lye with a Woman?
Leon. I think I cou'd make ſhift, Sir,
But I am baſhful.
Juan. In the Night?
Leon. I know not,
Darkneſs indeed may do ſome good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou ſent to me to be my Officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou darſt not fight?
Leon. There be more Officers of my Opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir, Men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou ſcape a Bullet?
Leon. Why by chance,
They aim at honourable Men, alas I'm none, Sir. [me.
Juan. This Fellow has ſome doubts in's Talk that ſtrike

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all Fool: Welcome *Alonzo*. [company?
Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your
The Spirit of Peace? We ſhall have Wars

Enter

Enter Cacafogo.

(6) By th' Ounce then.
O here's another Pumpion, let looſe
For luck ſake, the cram'd Son of a ſtarv'd Uſurer,
Cacafogo,
Both their Brains butter'd, cannot make too Spoonfuls.
Caca. My Father's dead: I am a Man of War too,
Monies, Demeſnes; I've Ships at Sea too, Captains.
Juan. Take heed o' th' *Hollanders*, your Ships may leak elſe.
Caca. I ſcorn the *Hollanders*, they are my Drunkards.
Alon. Put up your Gold, Sir, I will borrow it elſe.
Caca. I'm ſatisfied, you ſhall not.
Come out, I know thee, meet mine Anger inſtantly.
Leon. I never wrong'd ye.
Caca. Thou'ſt wrong'd mine Honour,
Thou look'dſt upon my Miſtreſs thrice laſciviouſſly,
I'll make it good.
Juan. Do not heat your ſelf, you will Surfeit.
(7) *Caca.* Thou wan'ſt my Mony too, with a pair of baſe bones,
In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerouſly.
This ſhall provoke thee. [*He ſtrikes.*
Alon. You ſtruck too low by a Foot, Sir.

(6) *By th' Ounce then. O here's another Pumpion, Let him looſe, for luck ſake, the cram'd Son Of a ſtav'd Uſurer*, Cacafogo, *both their Brains butter'd, Cannot make two Spoonfuls.*] The Meaſure of this Play, as of moſt others, has been greatly injur'd by all the Editions; but I only mention the Amendment of it, where more material Miſtakes give an Occaſion for a Note. In the ſecond Line, I take *him* to be an Interpolation, *Cacafogo* was a rich Fool, let looſe by his Father's Death for the good Luck of wiſer Men that would profit by his Prodigality. The Word *ſtav'd* is only a Corruption of the two laſt Editions, and the Correction was evident at firſt ſight both to Mr. *Sympſon* and myſelf.

(7) Caca. *Thou want'ſt my Mony, with a pair of baſe bones,*] This groſs Miſtake, of the laſt Edition only, muſt be evident likewiſe to every Reader as well as to us. Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin has both theſe Corrections.

Juan. Yo' muſt get a Ladder when you'd beat this Fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuſe but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadſt thou not ask'd my Pardon, I had kill'd thee,
I leave thee as a thing deſpis'd, (7) *baſo las manos à voſtra Seignoria.* [*Exit* Cac.

Alon. You've ſcap'd by Miracle, there is not in all *Spain*
A Spirit of more fury than this Fire-drake.

Leon. I ſee he's haſty, and I'd give him leave
To beat me ſoundly if he'd take my Bond.

Juan. What ſhall I do wi' this Fellow? *Alon.* Turn him off,
He will infect the Camp with Cowardiſe,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About ſome Week hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler Officer,
You ſhall hear from me.

Leon. I deſire no better. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eſtifania *and* Perez.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends, Lady,
For your ſtrict Carriage when you ſaw me firſt:
Theſe Beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a Wrong to hide ſo ſweet an Object,
I cou'd now chide ye, but it ſhall be thus,
No other Anger ever touch your Sweetneſs.

Eſtif. Y' appear to me ſo honeſt, and ſo civil,
Without a bluſh, Sir, I dare bid ye welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your Name. *Eſtif.* 'Tis *Eſtifania,*
The Heir of this poor Place. *Per.* Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I caſt mine Eyes upon,
But ſhews both rich and admirable, all the Rooms
Are hung as if a Princeſs were to dwell here,
The Gardens, Orchards, every thing ſo curious.

(8) *Aſſoles manus a voſtra ſiniare a Maiſtre.*] I have put Mr. *Theobald*'s Correction of this into the Text.

Is

Is all that Plate your own too?
Eſtif. 'Tis but little,
Only for preſent uſe, I've more and richer,
When need ſhall call, or Friends compel me uſe it;
The Suits you ſee of all the upper Chamber,
Are thoſe that commonly adorn the Houſe;
I think I have beſides, as fair, (9) as *Sevil*,
Or any Town in *Spain* can parallel.
Per. Now if ſhe be not married, I have ſome hopes.
Are you a Maid?
Eſtif. You make me bluſh to anſwer,
I ever was accounted ſo to this Hour,
And that's the reaſon that I live retir'd, Sir.
Per. Then wou'd I counſel you to marry preſently,
(If I can get her, I am made for ever)
For every Year you loſe, you loſe a Beauty,
A Husband now, an honeſt careful Husband,
Were ſuch a comfort: Will ye walk above Stairs?
Eſtif. This Place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir,
Above there are Day-beds, and ſuch Temptations
I dare not truſt, Sir.
Per. She's excellent wiſe withal too.
Eſtif. You nam'd a Husband, I am not ſo ſtrict, Sir,
Nor ty'd unto a Virgin's Solitarineſs,
But if an honeſt, and a noble one,
Rich, and a Soldier, for ſo I've vow'd he ſhall be,
Were offer'd me, I think I ſhou'd accept him,
But above all he muſt love.
Per. He were baſe elſe.
There's Comfort miniſtred in the word Soldier,
How ſweetly ſhould I live!

(9) ——— *as fair, as civil,*
As any Town in Spain *can parallel.*] The firſt Quarto reads,
——— ——— *as civil,*
Or *any Town in* Spain *can parallel.*
The ſubſequent Editions in attempting to correct this made tolerable Senſe by changing *Or* to *As*, tho' Mr. *Sympſon* and I agree that they miſtook the real Corruption; the Change of the Adjective *civil* to the Name of the City gives ſo much better a Reading, that we doubt not of its being the Original. Upon conſulting Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, I find the ſame Correction there.

Eſtif.

Eſtif. I'm not ſo ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make my ſelf obey'd, Sir;
I waſte but little, I have gather'd much,
My Rial not the leſs worth, when 'tis ſpent,
If ſpent by my direction; to pleaſe my Husband
I hold it as indifferent in my Duty,
To be his Maid i' th' Kitchen, or his Cook,
As in the Hall to know myſelf the Miſtreſs.
Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now Fortune ſtick to me;
I am a Soldier, and a Batchelor, Lady,
And ſuch a Wife as you I cou'd love infinitely;
They that uſe many words, ſome are deceitful;
I long to be a Husband, and a good one,
For 'tis moſt certain I ſhall make a Precedent
For all that follow me to love their Ladies;
I'm young you ſee, able I'd have you think too,
If't pleaſe you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true I ſhall not meet in equal Wealth wi' ye,
But Jewels, Chains, ſuch as the War has given me,
A thouſand Ducats too I dare preſume on
In ready Gold, now as your care may handle it;
As rich Cloaths too as any he bears Arms, Lady.
Eſtif. You're a true Gentleman, and fair, I ſee by ye,
And ſuch a Man I'd rather take———
Per. Pray do ſo,
I'll have a Prieſt o' th' ſudden. *Eſtif.* And as ſuddenly
You will repent too. *Per.* I'll be hang'd or drown'd firſt,
By this, and this, and this Kiſs.
Eſtif. You're a Flatterer,
But I muſt ſay there was ſomething when I ſaw you
Firſt, in that noble Face, that ſtir'd my Fancy.
Per. I'll ſtir it better ere you ſleep, ſweet Lady,
I'll ſend for all my Trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own diſpoſe, before I bed ye,
And then ſweet Wench.
Eſtif. You have the Art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, *two Ladies, and* Altea.

Mar. SIT down and give me your Opinions ſeriouſly.
1 *Lady.* You ſay you have a mind to marry, Lady.
Mar. 'Tis true, I have for to preſerve my Credit,
Yet not ſo much for that as for my State, Ladies,
Conceive me right, there lies the main o'th' Queſtion,
Credit I can redeem, Mony will imp it,
But when my Mony's gone, when the Law ſhall
Seize that, and for incontinency ſtrip me
Of all.
1 *Lady.* D' you find your Body ſo malicious that way?
Mar. I find it as all Bodies are that 're young
And luſty, lazy, and high fed, I deſire
My Pleaſure, and Pleaſure I muſt have. 2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you ſhou'd have,
Your Years, require it, and 'tis neceſſary,
As neceſſary as Meat to a young Lady,
Sleep cannot nouriſh more.
1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep ye ſingle?
You take away variety in Marriage,
Th' abundance of the Pleaſure you are bar'd then;
Is't not Abundance that you aim at? *Mar.* Yes,
Why was I made a Woman? 2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day
A new? *Mar.* Why fair and young, but to uſe it?
1 *Lady.* You're ſtill i' th' right, why wou'd you marry then?
Alt. Becauſe a Husband ſtops all doubts in this point,
And clears all Paſſages.
2 *Lady.* What Husband mean ye?
(10) *Alt.* A Husband of an eaſie Faith, a Fool,
Made by her Wealth, and moulded to her Pleaſure;
One

(10) Alt. *A Husband of an eaſie Faith,*——] This Part of *Altea* is given to the fourth Lady in the firſt Quarto. She is the Plotter, and Sifter to *Leon*; but the Players, probably to contract the Number of Characters,

One though he ſee himſelf become a Monſter,
Shall hold the Door, and entertain the Maker.
2 *Lady.* You grant there may be ſuch a Man.
1 *Lady.* Yes marry,
But how to bring 'em to this rare Perfection.
2 *Lady.* They muſt be choſen ſo, things of no Honour,
Nor outward Honeſty.
Mar. No, 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, ſo they be luſty.
2 *Lady.* Methinks now a rich Lawyer, ſome ſuch Fellow,
That carries Credit, and a Face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his Clients buſineſs.
Mar. No there's no truſting them, they are too ſubtil,
The Law has moulded 'em of natural miſchief.
1 *Lady.* Then ſome grave Governor,
Some Man of Honour, yet an eaſie Man.
Mar. If he have Honour I'm undone, I'll none ſuch,
I'll have a luſty Man, Honour will cloy me.
Alt. 'Tis fit ye ſhou'd, Lady;
And to that end, with Search and Wit and Labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect,
He's made as ſtrong as Braſs, is of brave Years too,
And doughty of Complexion.
Mar. Is he a Gentleman?
Alt. (11) Yes and a Soldier, but as gentle as
You'd wiſh him, a good Fellow wears good Cloaths.
Mar. Thoſe I'll allow him, they are for my credit,
Does h' underſtand but little?
Alt. Very little.
Mar. 'Tis the better,

Characters, gave her whole Part to *Altea*; and with ſo much Judgment, that I queſtion whether they had not the Author's Approbation, and therefore I ſhall not alter it.

(11) *Yes and a Soldier, as gentle as you wou'd wiſh him,*] The Meaſure of this and the three Lines following was confuſed, but requires only a proper Diſpoſition of the Lines, and a ſingle Particle to reſtore it, and which at the ſame time ſeems to me as neceſſary to the Senſe as Meaſure.

Have

(12) Have not the Warres bred him up to Anger?
Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a Dog that bites him,
Let him be drunk or ſober, he's one Silence.
Mar. H'as no capacity what Honour is?
For that's the Soldier's God.
Alt. Honour's a thing too ſubtile for his Wiſdom,
If Honour lye in eating, he's right honourable.
Mar. Is he ſo goodly a Man, do you ſay?
Alt. As you ſhall ſee, Lady,
But to all this he's but a Trunk.
Mar. I'd have him ſo,
I ſhall add Branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this Man, and let me ſee him,
If h' be that Motion that you tell me of,
And make no more Noiſe, I ſhall entertain him,
Let him be here.
Alt. He ſhall attend your Ladyſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan, Alonzo, *and* Perez.

Juan. Why thou'rt not married indeed?
Per. No, no, pray think ſo,
Alas I am a Fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a Lady's Eye.
Alon. Wou'dſt ſteal a Fortune,
And make none of thy Friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy Wedding?
Per. No indeed,
There was no Wiſdom in't, to bid an Artiſt,
An old Seducer, to a Female Banquet;
I can cut up my Pye without your Inſtructions.
Juan. Was it the Wench i' th' Veil?
Per. Baſta, 'twas ſhe,
The prettieſt Rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'ſt Thief.
Juan. And is ſhe rich withal too?

(12) *Have not the* Wars——] I have reſtored the Reading of the old Quarto here, becauſe two Syllables are neceſſary to the Verſe. And as I have before obſerved, every Reader ſhould accuſtom his Ear to the old Pronunciations of Words, whilſt he is reading our old Poets.

Per.

Per. A Mine, a Mine, there is no end of Wealth, Colonel;
I am an Aſs, a baſhful Fool, prithee Colonel,
How do thy Companies fill now?
Juan. You're merry, Sir,
Yo' intend a ſafer War at home belike now.
Per. I do not think I ſhall fight much this Year, Colonel,
I find my ſelf giv'n to my Eaſe a little,
I care not if I ſell my fooliſh Company,
They're things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers me,
This Fellow at firſt ſight ſhould win a Lady,
A rich young Wench, and I that have conſum'd
My Time and Art in ſearching out their Subtleties,
Like a fool'd Alchimiſt blow up my Hopes ſtill?
When ſhall we come to th' Houſe and b' freely merry?
Per. When I have manag'd her a little more,
I have an Houſe to entertain an Army.
Alon. If th' Wife be fair, thou'lt have few leſs come to thee.
Per. Where they'll get Entertainment is the point, Signior.
I beat no Drum.
Alon. (13) You need none but her Taber.
Per. May be I'll march, after a Month or two,
To get me a freſh Stomach. I find, Colonel,
A wantonneſs in Wealth, methinks I agree not with,
'Tis ſuch a trouble to be married too,
And have a thouſand things of great importance,
Jewels, and Plates, and Fooleries moleſt me,
To have a Man's Brains whimſied with his Wealth:
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Miſtreſs, Sir, is ſick, becauſe you're abſent,
She mourns and will not eat.

(13) Alon. *You need none but her Taber;*
May be I'll march, &c.] This whole Speech, all but the firſt Line of which ſo evidently belongs to *Perez*, was given to *Alonzo* in all the former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald* agreed with me in the Emendation.

Per.

Per. Alas, my Jewel,
Come I'll go with thee; Gentlemen your fair leaves,
You ſee I'm ty'd a little to my Yoke,
Pray pardon me, wou'd ye had both ſuch loving Wives.
Juan. I thank ye [*Exeunt* Per. *and Servant.*
For your old Boots; never be blank, *Alonzo*,
Becauſe this Fellow has outſtript thy Fortune;
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious ſtate of Matrimony ſtands with him;
Come, let's to Dinner, when *Margarita* comes
We'll viſit both, it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Margarita, Altea, *and Ladies.*

Mar. Is he come?
Alt. Yes, Madam, h'as been here this half hour,
I've queſtion'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the Man;
He'll make the goodlieſt Shadow for Iniquity.
Mar. Ha' ye ſearcht him, Ladies?
Omnes. He's a Man at all points, a likely Man.
Mar. Call him in, *Altea.* [*Exit* Altea.

Enter Leon, *and* Altea.

A Man of a good Preſence, pray ye come this way,
Of a luſty Body, is his Mind ſo tame?
Alt. Pray queſtion him, and if you find him not
Fit for your Purpoſe, ſhake him off, there's no harm done.
Mar. Can ye love a young Lady? How he bluſhes!
Alt. Leave twirling of your Hat, and hold your Head up,
And ſpeak to th' Lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can,
I muſt be taught, I know not what it means, Madam.
Mar. You ſhall be taught; and can you when ſhe pleaſes
Go ride abroad, and ſtay a Week or two?
You ſhall have Men and Horſes to attend ye,
And Mony in your Purſe.
Leon. Yes, I love riding,
And when I am from home I am ſo merry.
Mar. B' as merry as you will. Can you as handſomly,
When you are ſent for back, come with Obedience,

And

And do your Duty to the Lady loves you?
Leon. Yes ſure, I ſhall.
Mar. And when you ſee her Friends here,
Or noble Kinſmen, can you entertain
Their Servants in the Cellar, and be buſied,
And hold your Peace, what e'er you ſee or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd elſe.
Mar. Let me try your Kiſſes;
How the Fool ſhakes! I will not eat ye, Sir.
Beſhrew my Heart he kiſſes wondrous manly?
Can ye do any thing elſe?
Leon. Indeed I know not;
But if your Ladyſhip will pleaſe to inſtruct me,
Sure I ſhall learn.
Mar. You ſhall then be inſtructed.
If I ſhould be this Lady that affects ye,
Nay ſay I marry ye?
Alt. Hark to the Lady.
Mar. What Mony have ye?
Leon. None, Madam, nor no Friends,
I wou'd do any thing to ſerve your Ladyſhip.
Mar. You muſt not look to be my Maſter, Sir,
Nor talk i'th' Houſe as though you wore the Breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not,
Alas, I am not able, I've no Wit, Madam.
Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill ſpoil your Head, I take ye upon Charity,
And like a Servant ye muſt be unto me,
As I behold your Duty I ſhall love ye,
And as yo' obſerve me, I may chance lye with ye,
Can you mark theſe?
Leon. Yes indeed, forſooth.
Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you muſt not be ſawcy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.
Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew my ſelf ſufficiently.
Mar. Nor muſt not now.

Leon.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to pleaſe ye.
Mar. Indeed you muſt fetch and carry as I appoint ye.
Leon. I were to blame elſe.
Mar. Kiſs me again; a ſtrong Fellow,
There is a vigour in his Lips: If you ſee me
Kiſs any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,
You muſt not ſtart, not be offended. *Leon.* No,
If you kiſs a thouſand I ſhall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to pleaſe ye.
Alt. I told ye, Madam.
Mar. 'Tis the Man I wiſht for;
The leſs you ſpeak——— *Leon.* I'll never ſpeak again, Madam,
But when you charge me, then I'll ſpeak ſoftly too.
Mar. Get me a Prieſt, I'll wed him inſtantly.
But when you're married, Sir, you muſt wait on me,
And ſee y' obſerve my Laws.
Leon. Elſe you ſhall hang me.
Mar. I'll give ye better Cloaths when you deſerve 'em;
Come in, and ſerve for witneſs.
Omnes. We ſhall, Madam.
Mar. And then away to th' City preſently,
I'll to my new Houſe and new Company.
Leon. A thouſand Crowns are thine; I'm a made Man.
Alt. Do not break out too ſoon.
Leon. I know my time, Wench. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clara, *and* Eſtifania *with a Paper.*

Cla. What, have you caught him?
Eſtif. Yes.
Cla. And do you find him
A Man of thoſe hopes that you aim'd at?
Eſtif. Yes too,
And the moſt kind Man, and the ableſt alſo
To give a Wife content, he's ſound as old Wine,
And to his Soundneſs riſes on the Pallat,
And there's the Man; I find him rich too, *Clara.*
Cla. Haſt thou married him?
Eſtif. What doſt thou think I fiſh without a bait, Wench?

I bob for Fools: He is mine own, I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a Trout,
And as I caſt it ſo I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've 'ſtow'd at my Devotion.

Cla. Does th' Lady know this? She's coming now to Town,
Now to live here in this Houſe.

Eſtif. Let her come,
She ſhall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad ſure if ſhe b' angry at my Fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Cla. Doſt thou not love him?

Eſtif. Yes, intirely well,
As long as there he ſtays and looks no farther
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
(14) And that wiſe Hate will teach me how to coz'n him.
A Lady-tamer He, and reads Men warnings
How to decline their Wives, and curb their Manners,
To put a ſtern and ſtrong Rein to their Natures,
And holds he is an Aſs not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a Devil to Obedience,
I owe him a good turn for theſe Opinions,
And as I find his Temper I may pay him.

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you ſhall ſee a kind Man.

Per. My *Eſtifania*, ſhall we to Dinner, Lamb?
I know thou ſtay'ſt for me.

(14) *And that wiſe Hate will teach me how to cozen him,*
How to decline their Wives, &c.] Mr. *Sympſon* agrees with me that there is certainly a Line or more loſt between theſe two. The Senſe neceſſary is very clear from what *Perez* ſays of himſelf,

Have I ſo long ſtudied the Art of this Sex,
And read the Warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profeſt to tame the Pride of Ladies?

From the Senſe of theſe Lines, therefore, I have ventured to form one, which I doubt not to be the Senſe of that which is loſt, and I ſhall keep as cloſe to his Words here as I can. And for this reaſon, in the Line, I have inſerted, I have us'd *Lady-tamer* inſtead of *Woman-tamer*, and *Warnings* inſtead of *Lectures*.

Eſtif.

Eſtif. I cannot eat elſe.
Per. I never enter but methinks a Paradiſe
Appears about me.
Eſtif. You're welcome to it, Sir.
Per. I think I have the ſweeteſt Seat in *Spain*, Wench,
Methinks the richeſt too, we'll eat i' th' Garden
In one o' th' Arbours, there 'tis cool and pleaſant,
And have our Wine cool'd in the running Fountain.
Who's that?
Eſtif. A Friend of mine, Sir.
Per. Of what breeding?
Eſtif. A Gentlewoman, Sir.
Per. What buſineſs has ſhe?
Is ſhe a learned Woman i' th' Mathematicks?
Can ſhe tell Fortunes?
Eſtif. More than I know, Sir.
Per. Or has ſhe e'er a Letter from a Kinſwoman,
That muſt be delivered in my abſence, Wife,
Or comes ſhe from the Doctor to ſalute ye,
And learn your Health? She looks not like a Confeſſor.
Eſtif. What need all this, why are you troubled, Sir?
What d' you ſuſpect, ſhe cannot Cuckold ye,
She is a Woman, Sir, a very Woman.
Per. Your very Woman may do very well Sir,
Toward the matter, for though ſhe can't perform it
In her own Perſon, ſhe may do't by Proxy,
Your rareſt Juglers work ſtill by Conſpiracy.
Eſtif. Cry ye mercy, Husband, you are jealous then,
And happily ſuſpect me.
Per. No indeed Wife.
Eſtif. Methinks you ſhou'd not till you have more Cauſe,
And clearer too: I'm ſure you've heard ſay, Husband,
A Woman forc'd will-free herſelf through Iron,
A happy, calm, and good Wife diſcontented
May be taught Tricks.
Per. No, no, I do but jeſt with ye.
Eſtif. To morrow, Friend, I'll ſee you.
Cla. I ſhall leave ye
Till then, and pray all may go ſweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

Eſtif. Why where's this Girle? who's at the Door? [*Knock.*

Per. Who knocks there?
Is't for the King ye come, ye knock ſo Boiſterouſly?
Look to the Door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live Miſtreſs, my Lady's come,
She's at the Door, I peept through, and I ſaw her,
And a ſtately Company of Ladies with her. [her,

Eſtrif. This was a Week too ſoon, but I muſt meet with
And ſet a new Wheel going, and a ſubtile one,
Muſt blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at Door?

Eſtif. Such, my *Michael*,
As you may bleſs the Day they enter'd here,
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Eſtif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but diſpoſe the buſineſs,
And be a Stranger to't, and not diſturb me,
What have I now to do but to advance your Fortune?

Per. Do, I dare truſt thee, I'm aſham'd I was angry,
I find thee a wiſe young Wife.

Eſtif. I'll wiſe your Worſhip
Before I leave ye;— pray ye walk by and ſay nothing,
Only ſalute them, and leave the reſt to me Sir,
I was born to make ye a Man.

Per. The Rogue ſpeaks heartily,
Her good-will colours in her Cheeks, I'm born to love her.
I muſt be gentler to theſe tender Natures,
A Soldier's rude harſh words befit not Ladies,
Nor muſt we talk to them as we talk to
Our Officers; I'll give her way, for 'tis
For me ſhe works now, I am Husband, Heir,
And all ſhe has.

Enter

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, *and Ladies.*

(15) Who're theſe, what flanting Things?
A Woman of rare Preſence! Excellent Fair;
This is too big ſure for a Bawdy Houſe,
Too open ſeated too. *Eſtif.* My Husband Lady.
Mar. You've gain'd a proper Man. *Per.* What e'er I am, [now,
I am your Servant, Lady. [*Kiſſes.*] *Eſtif.* Sir, be rul'd
And I ſhall make ye rich; this is my Couſin,
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to Death,
See how h' obſerves her. *Per.* She's a goodly Woman.
Eſtif. She is a Mirrour,
But ſhe is poor, ſhe were for a Prince's ſide elſe,
This Houſe ſhe has brought him to as to her own,
Preſuming upon me, and on my Courteſie;
Conceive me ſhort, he knows not but ſhe's wealthy,
Or if he did know otherwiſe, 'twere all one,
He's ſo far gone.
Per. Forward, ſhe's a rare Face.
Eſtif. This we muſt carry with diſcretion, Husband,
And yield unto her for four Days.
Per. Yield our Houſe up, [ing,
Our Goods and Wealth? *Eſtif.* All this is but in ſeem-
To milk the Lover on; d' you ſee this Writing,
Two hundred Pound a Year, when they are married,
Has ſhe ſeal'd to for our good; the time's unfit now,
I'll ſhew it you to Morrow.
Per. All the Houſe?
Eſtif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him;
They'll into the Country ſuddenly again

(15) *Who are theſe,* that *flanting things, a Woman*
Of rare Preſence!] I have reſtor'd the Reading of the old Quarto, adjuſting only the Meaſure and the Points, which were neglected in all the Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* and I, at firſt Reading, concurr'd in the ſame Conjecture,

Who're theſe? that flanting thing's a Woman
Of rare Preſence! ———

He ſtill prefers this, but I think the former full as good Senſe, and that, in ſuch Caſes, Conjecture ſhould not contend with Authority.

After they're matcht, and then she'll open to him.
Per. The whole Possession, Wife? Look what you do;
A part o' th' House.
Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their Pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four Days? Had you a Sister, Sir,
A Neice or Mistress, that requir'd this Courtesie,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?
Per. If easily it would come back.
Estif. I swear Sir,
As easily as it came on; is it not Pity
T' let such a Gentlewoman for a little help——
You give away no House.
Per. Clear but that question.
Estif. I'll put the Writings into your Hand.
Per. Well then.
Estif. And you shall keep them safe.
Per. I'm satisfied; wou'd I'd the Wench so too.
Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his Love is linkt unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
May have Heav'n knows what.
Per. I'll remove the Goods straight,
And take some poor House by, 'tis but for four Days.
Estif. I have a poor old Friend; there we will be.
Per. 'Tis well then.
Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the House clear. *Per.* Well.
Estif. That little Stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a Boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.
Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the Rooms kept sweet, Wench?
Estif. They're sweet and neat. [*Exit* Perez.
Mar. Why where's your Husband?
Estif. Gone, Madam.
When you come to your own he must give place, Lady.
Mar. Well, send you Joy, you would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget ye.
Estif. Thank your Ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Margarita, Altea, *and* Boy.

Alt. ARE you at eaſe now, is your Heart at reſt,
Now you have got a Shadow, an *Umbrella*
To keep the ſcorching World's Opinion
From your fair Credit.
Mar. I am at peace, *Altea*,
If he continue but the ſame he ſhews,
And be a Maſter of that Ignorance
He outwardly profeſſes, I am happy,
The Pleaſure I ſhall live in, and the Freedom
Without the ſquint-eye of the Law upon me,
Or prating liberty of Tongues, that envy.
Alt. You're a made Woman.
Mar. But if he ſhou'd prove now
A crafty and diſſembling kind of Husband,
One read in Knavery, and brought up in the Art
Of Villany conceal'd.
Alt. My Life, an Innocent.
Mar. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too, then I'm ſure I rule him,
For Innocents are like obedient Children
Brought up under a hard Mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to Breakfaſts and Collations,
When they have coarſe Bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are th' Rooms
Made ready t'entertain my Friends? I long to dance now,
And to be wanton; let me have a Song, is the great Couch up
The Duke *Medina* ſent?
Alt. 'Tis up and ready.
Mar. And Day-beds in all Chambers?
Alt. In all, Lady,
Your Houſe is nothing now but various Pleaſures,
The Gallants begin to gaze too.
Mar. Let 'em gaze on,

I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
And Company is my Delight, and Courtſhip,
And handſome Servants at my Will; where's my good Husband,
Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his diſtance, Madam,
I warrant ye he is buſie in the Cellar
Amongſt his fellow Servants, or aſleep,
Till your Command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Mar. 'Tis well *Altea.*
It ſhou'd be ſo, my Ward I muſt preſerve him,
Who ſent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His Bonnet on too?

Alt. Sure he ſees you not.

Mar. How ſcornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the Chambers
Deckt and adorn'd thus for my Lady's Pleaſure?
New Hangings ev'ry Hour for Entertainment,
And new Plate bought, new Jewels to give Luſtre?

Ser. They are, and yet there muſt be more and richer,
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it ſo? 'tis excellent,
It is her Will too, to have Feaſts and Banquets,
Revels and Maſques.

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we ſhall have the braveſt Houſe kept now, Sir;
I muſt not call ye Maſter, ſhe has warn'd me,
Nor muſt not put my Hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no Faſhion,
What though I be her Husband, I'm your Fellow,
I may cut firſt.

Ser. That's as you ſhall deſerve, Sir.

Leon. And when I lye with her.

Ser. May be I'll light ye,
On the ſame point you may do me that Service.

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the Duke *Medina* with ſome Captains

Will

Will come to Dinner, and have ſent rare Wine,
And their beſt Services.
Mar. They ſhall be welcome,
See all be ready in the nobleſt Faſhion,
The Houſe perfum'd, now I ſhall take my Pleaſure,
And not my Neighbour Juſtice maunder at me.
Go, get your beſt Clothes on, but 'till I call ye,
Be ſure you be not ſeen, Dine with the Gentlewomen,
And behave yourſelf cleanly, Sir, 'tis for my Credit.

Enter a ſecond Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the Lady *Julia.*
Leon. That's a Bawd,
A three-pil'd Bawd, Bawd Major to the Army. [ſhip,
2 *Lady.* Has brought her Coach to wait upon your Lady-
And to b' inform'd if you will take the Air this Morning.
Leon. The neat Air of her Nunnery. *Mar.* Tell her no,
I' th' Afternoon I'll call on her.
2 *Lady.* I will, Madam. [*Exit.*
Mar. Why are not you gone to prepare yourſelf?
May be you ſhall be Sewer to the Firſt courſe,
A portly Preſence; *Altea*, he looks lean,
'Tis a waſh Knave, he will not keep his Fleſh well.
Alt. A willing, Madam, one that needs no ſpurring.
Leon. Faith Madam, in my little underſtanding,
You'd better entertain your honeſt Neighbours,
Your Friends about ye, that may ſpeak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your Bounty.
Mar. How now, what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to perſwade ye,
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of March-pane Men that will not laſt, Madam,
An Egg and Pepper goes farther than their Potions,
And in a well-built Body, a poor Parſnip
Will play his prize above their ſtrong Potabiles.
Mar. The Fellow's mad.
Leon. He that ſhall counſel Ladies,
That have both Liquoriſh and Ambitious Eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him ſpeak Goſpel.

Alt.

Alt. He breaks out modeſtly.
Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My Indiſcretion has made bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.
Mar. Thou dar'ſt not talk.
Leon. Not much, Madam,
You have a tie upon your Servant's Tongue,
He dares not be ſo bold as Reaſon bids him.
'Twere fit there were a ſtronger on your Temper.
Ne'er look ſo ſtern upon me, I'm your Husband,
But what are Husbands? Read the new World's wonders,
Such Husbands as this monſtrous World produces,
And you will ſcarce find ſuch Deformities,
(16) They're Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues,
Sails to your Mills, that grind with all occaſions,
Balls that lie by you, to waſh out your Stains,
(17) And Bills nail'd up with Horns before your Stories,
To rent out Luſt.
Mar. D' you hear him talk?
Leon. I've done, Madam,
An Ox once ſpoke, as learned Men deliver,
Shortly I ſhall be ſuch, then I'll ſpeak wonders,
'Till when I tie my ſelf to my Obedience. [*Exit.*
Mar. Firſt I'll untie my ſelf; did you mark the Gentleman,
How boldly and how ſawcily he talk'd,
And how unlike the Lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant Dough; he ſtood up to me
And mated my Commands; this was your Providence,
Your Wiſdom, to elect this Gentleman,
Your excellent Forecaſt in the Man, your Knowledge,
What think ye now?

(16) *They're Shadows to conceal your venial Virtues,*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *venal Virtues*, but to me it ſeems a Change without an Amendment; for *venial Virtues* or *Virtues that want Pardon*, is, I think, a very elegant Expreſſion for *Vices*, and deſerves Admiration inſtead of Correction.

(17) *And Bills nail'd up with Horns before your Stories,*
To rent out laſt.] A moſt beautiful Metaphor has been here entirely loſt in all the former Editions by the Change of a ſingle Letter, which when once hit upon appears ſelf-evident.

Alt.

Alt. I think him an Aſs ſtill,
This boldneſs ſome o' your People have blown into him,
This Wiſdom too with ſtrong Wine, 'tis a Tyrant,
And a Philoſopher alſo, and finds out Reaſons.

Mar. I'll have my Cellar lockt, no School kept there,
Nor no Diſcovery. I'll turn my Drunkards,
Such as are underſtanding in their draughts,
And diſpute learnedly the whyes and wherefores,
To Graſs immediately; I'll keep all Fools,
Sober or Drunk, ſtill Fools, that ſhall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to Mankind, but Obedience,
And ſuch a Hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Alt. He'll fall again, my Life, he cries by this time,
Keep him from Drink, he's a high Conſtitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new Sute, Madam?

Mar. No, your old Clothes,
And get you into th' Country preſently,
And ſee my Hawks well train'd, you ſhall have Victuals,
Such as are fit for ſawcy Pallates, Sir,
And Lodgings with the Hinds, it is too good too.

(18) *Leon.* Good Madam, be not ſo rough with Repentance.

Alt. You ſee now he's come round again.

Mar. I ſee not what I expect to ſee.

Leon. You ſhall ſee, Madam, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

Alt. He's humbled;
Forgive, good Lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handſome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch ye to the Bones then, my proud Lady. [*Exit.*

Mar. See you preſerve him thus upon my favour,
You know his Temper, tie him to the Grinſtone;

(18) Alt. *Good Madam, be not ſo rough, with Repentance,*
You ſee now he's come round again.] It is evident that *Leon*, in this Scene, ironically pretends Repentance, and I verily believe that the firſt of theſe Lines belongs to him, to whom I give it. As it was before pointed I could make ſcarce any Senſe of it.

The

The next Rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my Life; come in and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I
Never return to mine own House again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest Dog-hole,
A Conjurer's Circle gives content above it,
A Hawk's mew is a Princely Palace to it;
We have a Bed no bigger than a Basket,
And there we lie like Butter clapt together,
And sweat our selves to Sawce immediately;
The Fumes are infinite inhabite here too,
And t' that so thick, they cut like Marmalet,
So various too, they'll pose a Gold-finder.
Never return to mine own Paradise?
Why Wife, I say, why *Estifania.*

Estif. [*within.*] I'm going presently.

Per. Make haste, good Jewel,
I'm like the People (19) that live in the sweet Islands:
I die, I die, if I stay but one Day more here,
My Lungs are rotten with the Damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but Stinks of all sorts;
The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats,
For they're not able to maintain a Cat here,
And those appear (20) as fearful as two Devils,
They've eat a Map o' th' whole World up already,
And if we stay a Night, we're gone for company.

(19) ——*that live in the sweet Islands:*] *Sweet Islands* may at first seem an odd Comparison to the Stenches of the Dog-hole here spoke of, but *sweet* means the *Sugar-Islands, Barbadoes, St. Kits,* &c. the Heat and Unwholsomeness of which, at particular Seasons, is well known. Mr. *Theobald* not seeing this, reads,

——————SWEAT ISLANDS.

(20) ——————*as fearful as two Devils,*] *Fearful* is here the same as *frightful* or *furious*; so the Verb to *fear* is often us'd actively, *i. e.* to *frighten*. If *fearful* is understood in its usual Sense, the Passage will lose all its Humour.

There's

There's an old Woman that's now grown to Marble,
Dri'd in this Brick-kiln, and ſhe ſits i' th' Chimney,
(Which is but three Tiles rais'd like a Houſe of Cards)
The true proportion of an old ſmok'd Sibyl,
There is a young thing too, that Nature meant
For a Maid-ſervant, but 'tis now a Monſter,
She has a husk about her like a Cheſnut
With Laſineſs, and living under the Line here,
And theſe two make a hollow ſound together,
Like Frogs, or Winds between two Doors that murmur:

Enter Eſtifania.

Mercy deliver me. O are you come, Wife,
Shall we be free again?

Eſtif. I am now going,
And you ſhall preſently to your own Houſe, Sir,
Th' rememberance of this ſmall Vexation
Will be an Argument of Mirth for ever:
By that time you have ſaid your Oriſons,
And broke your Faſt, I ſhall be back and ready,
To uſher you t' your old Content, your Freedom.

Per. Break my Neck rather, is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a Race of Canibals?
A piece of butter'd Wall you think is excellent,
Let's have our Houſe again immediately,
And pray ye take heed unto the Furniture,
None be imbezel'd.

Eſtif. Not a Pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em inſtantly depart.

Eſtif. They ſhall both,
There's reaſon in all Courteſies, they muſt both,
For by this time I know ſhe has acquainted him,
And has provided too, ſhe ſent me word Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I'll walk i' th' Church-yard,
The Dead cannot offend more than theſe Living,
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Eſtif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handſome Dinner,
And ſee all things be decent as they have been,

And

And let me have a ſtrong Bath to reſtore me,
* I ſtink like a ſtale-fiſh Shambles, or an Oil-ſhop.
Eſtif. You ſhall have all, which ſome interpret nothing,
I'll ſend ye People for the Trunks afore-hand,
And for the Stuff.
Per. Let 'em be known and honeſt,
And do my ſervice to your Neice.
Eſtif. I ſhall, Sir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair Courteſie,
And pray y' be brave for my ſake.
Per. I obſerve ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan de Caſtro, Sancho, *and* Cacafogo.

San. Thou'rt very brave.
Cac. I've Reaſon, I have Mony.
San. Is Mony Reaſon?
Cac. Yes, and Rhime too, Captain,
If ye've no Mony you're an Aſs.
San. I thank ye.
Cac. Ye've Manners, ever thank him that has Mony.
San. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a Farthing, Captain,
Captains are caſual things.
San. Why ſo are all Men,
Thou ſha't have my Bond. *Cac.* Nor Bonds nor Fetters, Captain,
My Mony is mine own, I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What doſt thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uſes,
Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are thoſe Hoſpitals?
Cac. I firſt provide to fill my Hoſpitals
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: Thoſe are more bound to pray for me:
Beſides, I keep th' Inheritance in my Name ſtill.

* *I ſtink like a* ſtall-fiſh Shambles,] A *Stall for Fiſh* and a *Fiſh-Shambles* ſeems to differ but as a part from the whole; I therefore read, *a ſtale Fiſh-Shambles.*

Juan.

Juan. A provident Charity; are you for the Wars, Sir?
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Soldier,
Nor have I Faith enough to ward a Bullet;
This is no lining for a Trench, I take it.
Juan. Ye have ſaid wiſely.
Cac. Had you but my Mony,
You'd ſwear it Colonel; I had rather drill at home
A hundred thouſand Crowns, and with more Honour,
Than exerciſe ten thouſand Fools with nothing;
A wiſe Man ſafely feeds, Fools cut their Fingers.
San. A right State Uſurer; why doſt not marry,
And live a reverend Juſtice?
Cac. Is it not nobler
T' command a reverend Juſtice, than to be one?
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous Fool that owes me Mony,
Owes me his Wife too, to appeaſe my Fury?
Juan. Wilt go to Dinner with us? *Cac.* I will go,
And view the Pearl of *Spain*, the Orient fair One
The rich One too, and I will be reſpected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captainſhips ſhall ſtand aloof,
And pick your Noſes, I will pick the Purſe
Of her Affection. *Juan.* The Duke dines there to Day too,
The Duke *Medina.*
Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me Mony, and ſo far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain.
San. Thou wilt eat monſtrouſly.
Cac. Like a true born *Spaniard*,
Eat as I were in *England* where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
To ſtir the Intellectuals of the Ladies;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.
Juan. If we ſhou'd play now, you muſt ſupply me.
Cac. You muſt pawn a Horſe Troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San.

San. Come, let's go:
This Rascal will make rare sport; how the Ladies
Will laugh at him? *Juan.* If I light on him
I'll make his Purse sweat too. *Cac.* Will ye lead, Gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez, *an old Woman, and Maid.*

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your Pipe a little higher, Lady;
I'll hold ye fast: Rub, how came my Trunks open?
And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit?
Old Wom. Ha; what would ye have?
Per. My Goods again, how came my Trunks all open?
Old Wom. Are your Trunks open?
Per. Yes, and Cloaths gone,
And Chains and Jewels: How she smells like hung Beef,
(21) The Palsy and pick locks? fye, how she belches.
The Spirit of Garlick.
Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman?
The young fair Woman?
Per. What's that to my Question?
She is my Wife, and gone about my business.
Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir?
Per. Yes, Sir; is that wonder?
Is th' name of Wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife?
Per. I think so, for I married her;
It was no Vision sure!
Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.
Per. I know she has, but who has all my Goods, Spirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched Man, she has twenty Husbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And she's cozen'd all, Sir.
Per. The Devil she has! I had a fair House with her,
That stands hard by, and furnisht royally.

(21) *The Palsey and* Picklocks, *fye, how she belches.*] The Emendation which Mr. *Sympson*, Mr. *Theobald* and I, have all made here, will seem obvious and necessary to every Reader.

Old

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, (22) 'tis none of hers, good Gentlewoman.
(23) It is a Lady's, what's the Lady's Name, Wench?
Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, ſhe was her Servant,
And kept the Houſe, but going from her, Sir,
For ſome lewd Tricks ſhe plaid.
Per. Plague o' the Devil,
Am I, i' th' full Meridian of my Wiſdom,
Cheated by a ſtale Quean! What kind of Lady
Is that (24) that owes the Houſe?
Old Wom. A young ſweet Lady.
Per. Of a low Stature? *Old Wom.* She's indeed but little,
But ſhe is wondrous fair. *Per.* I feel I'm cozen'd:
Now I am ſenſible I am undone,
This is the very Woman ſure, that Couſin
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the Houſe hers; I'm entreated ſweetly.
Maid. When ſhe went out this Morning, that I ſaw, Sir,
She had two Women at the Door attending,
And there ſhe gave 'em things, and loaded em;
But what they were —— I heard your Trunks too open,
If they be yours?
Per. They were mine while they were laden,

(22) ——— *'tis none of hers, good Gentleman.*] The old Woman a little after applies the Phraſe, *Good Gentlewoman*, with great Humour to *Eſtifania*,

But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her
She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

And I think the ſame Expreſſion was probably in this Line; the uſe of it as a Cant Term in ſpeaking of *Eſtifania*'s Roguery and Poverty, adds great Humour to the whole Scene.

(23) *It is a Lady's, what's the Lady's Name, Wench?*] This Line is retriev'd from the old Quarto by Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald.*

(24) —— *that* owes *the Houſe?*] I was much ſurpriz'd to find Mr. *Theobald* making a Query, whether this ſhould not be *owns*; when *owes* in almoſt all old *Engliſh* Authors, as well as *Fletcher*, in the old Editions of the Bible in the old Folios and Quartos of *Shakeſpear*, &c. almoſt always is wrote for *owns*.

But now they've cast their Calves, they're not worth owning.

Was she her Mistress, say you? *Old Wom.* Her own Mistress,

Her very Mistress, Sir, and all you saw
About and in that House was hers. *Per.* No Plate,
No Jewel, nor no Hangings? *Maid.* Not a farthing,
She's poor, Sir, a poor shifting thing. *Per.* No Mony?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her unless she steal it;
But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her,
She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now,
(25) I think I am as poor as she, I'm wide else,
One civil Sute I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that she must flay me for it;
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon,
Alas, a thousand conceal'd Corners, Sir,
She lurks in.
And here she gets a Fleece, and there another,
And lives in Mists and Smoaks where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too? *Old Wom.* Little better, Gentleman,
I dare not say she is so, Sir, because
She is yours, Sir; these five Years she has firkt
A pretty Living, 'till she came to serve:
(26) I fear he'll knock my Brains out.

Per. She's serv'd me faithfully,
A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral Learnings

(25) *I think I am as poor as she, I am* wild *else,*] I a little hesitated upon this Expression, the only Sense that *wild* seem'd capable of was, *I think, I am as poor as she, else, I am mad or out of my Senses*; but this not satisfying I suspected it might be —— *I am wide else*, i. e. *mistaken*. I should have still been diffident, had not I consulted the old Quarto which confirm'd it.

(26) *I fear he'll knock my Brains out* for lying.] Most of the things spoke of *Eustifania* are true with only a little Exaggeration, and as the Words *for lying*, totally destroy all Appearance of Measure, I have ventur'd to discard them.

In

In one ſhe-Saint, I hope to ſee her Legend.
Have I been fear'd for my Diſcoveries,
And courted by all Women to conceal 'em?
Have I ſo long ſtudied the Art of this Sex,
And read the warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profeſt to tame the Pride of Ladies,
And make 'em bear all Teſts, and am I trickt now?
Caught in mine own nooze? Here's a Ryal left yet,
There's for your Lodging and your Meat for this Week.
A Silk-Worm lives at a more plentiful Ordinary,
And ſleeps in a ſweeter Box: Farewel great Grandmother,
If I do find you were an Acceſſary,
'Tis but the cutting off two ſmoaky Minutes;
I'll hang ye preſently.

Old Wom. And I deſerve it; I tell but truth.

(27) *Per.* Nor I, I am an Aſs, Mother. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Caſtro, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, *and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly Houſe.

Juan. And richly furniſht too, Sir.

Along. Hung wantonly, I like that Preparation,
It ſtirs the Blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
And intimates the Miſtreſs free and jovial,
I love a Houſe where Pleaſure prepares Welcome.

Duke. Now *Cacafogo*, how like you this Manſion?
'Twere a brave Pawn.

Caca. I ſhall be Maſter of it,
'Twas built for my Bulk, th' Rooms are wide and ſpacious,
Airy and full of eaſe, and that I love well,
I'll tell you when I taſte the Wine, my Lord,
And take the height of her Table with my Stomach,
How my Affections ſtand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, *Ladies, and Servants.*

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to theſe Soldiers,
You honour my poor Houſe with your fair Preſence,

(27) Per. *Not I, am an Aſs, Mother.*] The old Quarto reads, *Nor I*, meaning, that he ſpoke but truth too in owning himſelf an Aſs. The Change of *nor* to *not* in the late Editions made Nonſenſe of it.

Thoſe few ſlight Pleaſures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beſeech your Grace command, they're yours,
Your Servant but preſerves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye Lady, I am bold to viſit ye,
Once more to bleſs mine Eyes with your ſweet Beauty,
'T has been a long Night ſince you left the Court,
For 'till I ſaw you now, no Day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's Meat.

San. She's moſt excellent.

Juan. Moſt admirable fair as e'er I look'd on,
I rather would command her than my Regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thouſand Duckats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten Days,
And ſome few Jewels to juſtifie my Knavery,
Say, I ſhou'd marry her, ſhe'll get more Mony
Than all my Uſury, put my Knavery to it,
Sh' appears the moſt infallible way of Purchaſe,
I cou'd wiſh her a ſize or two ſtronger for the Encounter,
For I am like a Lion where I lay hold,
But theſe Lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither, that Sir, time has taught us,
I am ſo virtuous now, I cannot ſpeak to her,
The arrant'ſt ſhamefac'd Aſs, I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this Dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
Nor ſhall not be until I know the Gueſts too,
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes?* he looks another thing;
Are Miracles afoot again?

Mar. Why, Sirrah, why Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, ſaucy Woman,
And as you are my Wife, command your Abſence,
And know your Duty, 'tis the Crown of Modeſty.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes, good my Lord, I am her Husband,
And pray take notice that I claim that Honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca.

Caca. If thou beeſt her Husband,
I am determin'd thou ſhalt be my Cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful Friend.
Leon. Peace, Dirt and Dunghil,
I will not loſe my Anger on a Raſcal,
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up Body
'Till thou rebound'ſt again like a Tennis-Ball.
Alon. This is miraculous.
San. Is this the Fellow
That had the Patience to become a Fool,
A flurted Fool, and on a ſudden break,
(As if he'd ſhew a Wonder to the World)
Both into Bravery, and Fortune too?
I much admire the Man, I am aſtoniſht.
Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately.
Leon. You ſhall not,
You ſhall not have ſo much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your Honour, Lady,
And of your Age; you took me for a Shadow,
You took me to gloſs over your Diſcredit,
To be your Fool, you thought you'd found a Coxcomb;
I'm innocent of any foul Diſhonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your Lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor Fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.
Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool? 'tis not ſo,
I will not be commanded: I'm above ye:
You may divorce me from your Favour, Lady,
But from your State you never ſhall, I'll hold that,
(28) And hold it to my uſe, the Law allows it.
And then maintain your Wantonneſs, I'll wink at it.
Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own Houſe?
Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,
You are deceiv'd, I'm Lord of it, I rule it
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, Madam;

(28) *And hold it to my uſe,* &c.] This whole Line is retriev'd by Mr. *Theobald* from the old Quarto.

But as a Servant to ſweep clean the Lodgings,
And at my farther Will to do me Service,
And ſo I'll keep it.

(29) *Mar.* As you love me, give way, it ſhall be better———

Leon. I will give none, Madam,
I ſtand upon the ground of mine own Honour,
And will maintain it; you ſhall know me now
To be an underſtanding feeling Man,
And ſenſible of what a Woman aims at,
A young proud Woman that has Will to ſail with,
An itching Woman, that her Blood provokes too.
I caſt my Cloud off, and appear my ſelf,
The Maſter of this little piece of Miſchief,
And I will put a Spell about your Feet, Lady,
They ſhall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at,
For the meer ſign of Man, the walking Image?
H' ſpeaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
In his own Houſe, and it becomes me well too;
I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to it
To have a Wife or Servant of your own,
(For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,)
Under your own Roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave,
A ſtrange Converſion, thou ſhalt lead in chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, Lord, my Fortune makes me ev'n,
And as I am an honeſt Man, I'm nobler.

(29) Mar. *As you love me, give way.*
Leon. It ſhall be better,
I will give none, Madam,] Thus all the Editions, but I can affix but a very faint Meaning to the firſt Part of what *Leon* ſays, *It ſhall be better that I do not give way.* I think it much more probable that the Words are a Part of *Margarita*'s Speech, who finding her *Menaces* vain, endeavours to *coax* her Husband into Obedience, by conjuring him by Love, and promiſing that it ſhould be better for him. I therefore have reſtored it to her.

Mar.

Mar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me ſee who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach
And eat your Coach too (which will be hard Diet)
That executes your Will; or take your Coach, Lady,
I give you Liberty; and take your People
Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with ye,
Take all theſe freely, but take me no more,
And ſo farewel.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you ſhall not carry it
So bravely off, you ſhall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing Strain, and think to bear it,
We ſtand not by as Bawds to your brave Fury,
To ſee a Lady weep.

Leon. They're Tears of Anger,
I do beſeech ye note 'em, not worth Pity,
Wrung from her Rage, becauſe her Will prevails not,
(She would e'en ſwoon now if ſhe could not cry.)
Elſe they were excellent, and I ſhou'd grieve too,
But falling thus, thy ſhow nor Sweet, nor Orient.
Put up my Lord, this is Oppreſſion,
And calls the Sword of Juſtice to relieve me.
The Law to lend her Hand, the King to right me,
All which ſhall underſtand how you provoke me,
In mine own Houſe to brave me, is this Princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I ſpare your Grace,
And do not make this Place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for ſuch a rude Behaviour,
Mercy forſake me. (30) I have a Cauſe will kill
A thouſand of ye. *Juan.* Hold, fair Sir, I beſeech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own Right nobly. [dom,

Leon. He that dares ſtrike againſt the Husband's free-
The Husband's Curſe ſtick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but moſt diſhoneſt,
Moſt impudent, and h' have no feeling of it,

(30) *I have a Cauſe will kill a thouſand of ye,* Mercy forſake me.] The laſt Words are evidently miſplaced, and the Meaſure is by that Means confuſed,

No Conſcience to reclaim her from a Monſter;
Let her lye by him like a flattering Ruin,
And at one inſtant kill both Name and Honour,
Let him be loſt, no Eye to weep his end,
Nor find no Earth that's baſe enough to bury him.
Now Sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppoſe ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray Sir uſe your Wife well.

Leon. Mine own Humanity will teach me that, Sir,
And now you're welcome all, and we'll to Dinner,
This is my Wedding-day.

Duke. I'll croſs your Joy yet.

Juan. I've ſeen a miracle, hold thine own, Soldier,
Sure they dare fight in Fire that conquer Women.

San. Ha's beaten all my looſe Thoughts out of me,
As if he had threſht 'em out o' th' Husk.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye,
Which is the Lady of the Houſe? *Leon.* That's ſhe, Sir,
That pretty Lady, if you'd ſpeak with her.

Juan. Don Michael Leon, another darer come.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of buſineſs,
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the Woman. Good Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a Maid call'd *Eſtifania?*

Mar. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was ſhe a Maid d' you think?

Mar. I dare not ſwear for her,———
For ſhe had but a ſcant Fame.

Per. Was ſhe your Kinſwoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew; now I look better
I think you married her, give you much joy, Sir,
You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a Halter: Is not this Houſe mine, Madam?
Was not ſhe owner of it? pray ſpeak truly.

Mar. No, certainly, I'm ſure my Mony paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too?

Mar.

Mar. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you ſee about the building,
She only kept my Houſe when I was abſent,
And ſo ill kept it, I was weary of her.
San. What a Devil ails he?
Juan. He's poſſeſt, I aſſure you.
Per. Where is your Maid?
Mar. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now, why ſhou'd I look after her?
Since that firſt hour I came I never ſaw her.
Per. I ſaw her later, wou'd the Devil had had her,
It is all true I find, a Wild-fire take her. [lent Wife.
Juan. Is th' Wife with Child, *Don Michael?* Thy excel-
Art thou a Man yet?
Alon. When ſhall we come and viſit thee? *San.* And eat
Some rare Fruit? Thou haſt admirable Orchards,
You are ſo jealous now, pox o' your Jealouſie,
How ſcurvily you look!
Per. Prithee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle;
Did ſhe ne'er play the wag with you?
Mar. Yes many times,
So often that I was aſham'd to keep her,
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope ſhe'd mend ſtill,
And had not you o'th' inſtant married her,
I'd put her off.
Per. I thank ye, I am bleſt ſtill,
Which way ſoe'er I turn I'm a made Man,
Miſerably gull'd beyond recovery.
Juan. You'll ſtay and dine?
Per. Certain I cannot, Captain:
Hark in thine Ear, I am the arrant'ſt Puppy,
The miſerableſt Aſs! but I muſt leave ye,
I am in haſte, in haſte, bleſs you, good Madam, [you
And may you prove as good as my Wife. [*Exit.*] *Leon.* Will
Come near, Sir, will your Grace but honour me,
And taſte our Dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All Anger's paſt I hope, and I ſhall ſerve ye.
Juan. Thou art the ſtock of Men, and I admire thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'LL go to a Conjurer but I'll find this Pol-cat,
This pilfering Whore: A plague of Vails, I cry,
And Covers for the Impudence of Women,
Their Sanctity in show will deceive Devils;
It is my evil Angel, let me bless me.

Enter Estifania *with a Casket.*

Estif. 'Tis he, I'm caught, I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no shake of Fear, I see he's angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your Modesty
All the Town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I'm glad I have found ye, for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I've been in Bawdy-Houses. *Estif.* I believe you,
And very lately too. *Per.* 'Pray y' pardon me;
To seek your Ladiship, I have been in Cellars,
In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
Hear your Confessions; I have been at Plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful Actors,
At Puppet Shews, you're Mistress of the motions,
At Gossipings I hearken'd after you,
But amongst those Confusions of lewd Tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a *Babel.*
I was amongst the Nuns (31) because you sing well,
But they say yours are Bawdy Songs, they mourn for ye;

(31) ——*because* they *sing well*]. This can be no reason for his seeking *Estifania* among the Nuns, and is only a Corruption of the two last Editions; the old Quarto confirm'd my Suspicion of *they* being a Corruption. Mr. *Theobald* too had quoted it from thence.

And

And laſt I went to Church to ſeek you out,
'Tis ſo long ſince yo' were there, they have forgot you.
Eſtif. You've had a pretty Progreſs, I'll tell mine now:
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns.
Per. And are you ſober?
Eſtif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
Where I ſaw twenty Drunk, moſt of 'em Soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you diſguis'd too,
From hence to the Dicing-houſe, there I found Quarrels
Needleſs and ſenſeleſs, Swords, and Pots, and Candleſticks,
Tables and Stools, and all in one Confuſion,
And no Man knew his Friend. I left this *Chaos*,
And to the Surgeon's went, he will'd me ſtay,
For ſays he learnedly, if he be tipled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I ſought ye where no ſafe thing wou'd have ventur'd,
Amongſt Diſeaſes, baſe and vile, vile Women,
For I remember'd your old *Roman* Axiom,
The more the Danger, ſtill the more the Honour.
Laſt, to your Confeſſor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.
Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
But I ſhall daſh it inſtantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton Languages,
And now conclude we in a ſharper Tongue.
Eſtif. Why am I cozen'd?——
Why am I abuſed?
Per. Thou moſt vile, baſe, abominable——
Eſtif. Captain.
Per. Thou ſtinking, overſtew'd, poor pocky——
Eſtif. Captain.
Per. Do you Echo me?
Eſtif. Yes Sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do you rail at me
For that that was your own Sin, your own Knavery?
Per. And brave me too?
Eſtif. You'd beſt now draw your Sword, Captain?
Draw it upon a Woman, do brave Captain,

Upon

Upon your Wife, Oh moſt renowned Captain.
Per. A Plague upon thee, anſwer me directly;
Why didſt thou marry me?
Eſtif. To be my Husbsnd;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.
Per. Why didſt thou flatter me, and ſhew me wonders?
A Houſe and Riches, when they are but Shadows,
Shadows to me?
Eſtif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)
With your ſtrong Soldier's Wit, and ſwore you'd bring me
So much in Chains, ſo much in Jewels, Husband,
So much in right rich Cloaths?
Per. Thou haſt 'em, Raſcal;
I gave 'em to thy Hands, my Trunks and all,
And thou haſt open'd 'em, and ſold my Treaſure.
Eſtif. Sir, there's your Treaſure, ſell it to a Tinker
To mend old Kettles; is this noble Uſage?
Let all the World view here the Captain's Treaſure,
A Man wou'd think now, theſe were worthy matters;
Here's a Shoeing-horn Chain gilt over, how it ſcenteth?
Worſe than the mouldy dirty Heel it ſerv'd for:
And here's another of a leſſer value,
So little I would ſhame to tie my Dog in't,
Theſe are my Jointure; bluſh and ſave a labour,
Or theſe elſe will bluſh for ye.
Per. A Fire ſubtle ye, are ye ſo craſty?
Eſtif. Here's a goodly Jewel,
Did not you win this at *Goletta*, Captain,
Or took it in the Field from ſome brave *Baſhaw*.
See how it ſparkles——Like an old Lady's Eyes;
And fills each Room with Light—like a cloſe Lanthorn!
This wou'd do rarely in an Abby Window,
To cozen Pilgrims with.
Per. Prithee leave prating.
Eſtif. And here's a Chain of Whitings Eyes for Pearls,
A Muſcle-Monger would have made a better.
Per. Nay, prithee Wife, my Cloaths, my Cloaths.

Eſtif.

Eſtif. I'll tell ye,
Your Cloaths are Parallels to theſe, all Counterfeit.
Put theſe and them on, you're a Man of Copper,
A kind of Candleſtick; theſe you thought, my Husband,
To've cozen'd me withal, (32) but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no Houſe then, nor no Grounds about it?
No Plate nor Hangings?

Eſtif. There are none, ſweet Husband,
Shadow for Shadow is as equal Juſtice.
Can you rail now? (33) Pray put your Fury up, Sir,
And ſpeak great words, you are a Soldier, Thunder.

Per. I will ſpeak little, I have plaid the Fool,
And ſo I am rewarded.

Eſtif. You have ſpoke well, Sir;
And now I ſee you're ſo conformable
I'll heighten you again; go to your Houſe,
They're packing to be gone, you muſt ſup there,
I'll meet ye, and bring Cloaths, and clean Shirts after,
And all things ſhall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring Copper. [*Aſide.*

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beſeech thee tell me, tell me truth, Wife;
However I forgive thee; Art thou honeſt?
The Beldam ſwore.

Eſtif. I bid her tell you ſo, Sir,
It was my Plot; alas, my credulous Husband,
The Lady told you too.

Per. Moſt ſtrange things of thee.

Eſtif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your ſuff'rance,
And ſhe denied the Houſe.

(32) ——— *but I am* quick *with you.*] I don't reject this as Nonſenſe, but read *quit*, as the more natural Word, which I found confirm'd by the old Quarto. Mr. *Sympſon.*

(33) ——— *Pray put* up *your Fury, Sir,*] *To put up your Fury,* generally means to quell or quiet a Man's Fury, from the Metaphor of a Sword *put up* or ſheath'd: But here it evidently muſt ſignify the Reverſe. I thought it therefore corrupt, and that *put forth* might be the true Reading; but conſulting the old Quarto I found the Words plac'd differently, and as they are not then ſo liable to be miſtook, I have retain'd that Reading.

Per.

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no Title that I had.
Eſtif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and ſtraight.
Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my Heart is; will ye follow me?
Eſtif. I'll be there ſtraight.
Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit* Perez.
Eſtif. Go, ſilly Fool; thou may'ſt be a good Soldier
In open Field, but for our private Service
Thou art an Aſs, I'll make thee ſo, or miſs elſe.

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another Trout that I muſt tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've loſt my end elſe.
Ma' I crave your leave, Sir?
Caca. Prithee be anſwer'd, thou ſhalt crave no leave,
I'm in my Meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a moſt bruis'd thing,
That People had compaſſion on, it look'd ſo,
The next Sir *Palmerin*, here's fine proportion,
An Aſs, and then an Elephant, ſweet Juſtice,
There's no way left t' come at her now, no craving,
If Mony cou'd come near, yet I wou'd pay him;
I have a mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
And Mony may do much; a thouſand Ducats?
'Tis but the letting Blood of a rank Heir.
Eſtif. 'Pray you hear me.
Caca. I know thou'ſt ſome Wedding Ring to pawn now,
Of Silver gilt, with a blind Poſie in't,
Love and a Mill-horſe ſhou'd go round together,
Or thy Child's Wiſtle, or thy Squirril's Chain,
I'll none of 'em; I wou'd ſhe did but know me,
Or wou'd this Fellow had but uſe of Mony,
That I might come in any way.
Eſtif. I'm gone, Sir,
And I ſhall tell the Beauty ſent me to ye,
The Lady *Margarita*.

Caca.

Caca. Stay, I prithee,
What is thy Will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy Tongue ake, I will hear ye.
Eſtif. She would intreat you, Sir,
Caca. She ſhall command, Sir,
Let it be ſo, I beſeech thee, my ſweet Gentlewoman,
Do not forget thy ſelf.
Eſtif. She does command then
This Courteſie, becauſe ſhe knows you're noble.
Caca. Your Miſtreſs by the way?
Eſtif. My natural Miſtreſs,
Upon theſe Jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em, right.
Caca. To doubt 'em is an Hereſie.
Eſtif. A thouſand Duckats, 'tis upon neceſſity
Of preſent uſe, her Husband, Sir, is ſtubborn.
Caca. Long may he be ſo. *Eſtif.* She deſires withal
A better knowledge of your Parts and Perſon,
And when you pleaſe to do her ſo much Honour.
Caca. Come, let's diſpatch.
Eſtif. In troth I've heard her ſay, Sir,
Of a fat Man ſhe has not ſeen a ſweeter.
But in this buſineſs, Sir.
Caca. Let's do it firſt
And then diſpute, the Ladies uſe may long for't.
Eſtif. All ſecrecy ſhe wou'd deſire, ſhe told me
How wiſe you are.
Caca. We are not wiſe to talk thus,
Carry her th' Gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall ſparkle like her Eyes, and thee another;
Come prithee come, I long to ſerve thy Lady,
Long monſtrouſly; now Valour I ſhall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.
Eſtif. Green Gooſe you're now in Sippets. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, *and* Alonzo.

Duke. He ſhall not have his Will, I ſhall prevent him,
I have a Toy here that will turn the Tide,
And ſuddenly, and ſtrangely, hear *Don Juan,*

Do

Do you preſent it to him.

Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Duke. A Fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his Maker,
Curb'd the free Hand that fram'd him? 'T muſt not be.

San. That ſuch an Oyſter-ſhell ſhould hold a Pearl,
And of ſo rare a price in Priſon! (34) Was ſhe
Made to be th' matter of her own undoing,
To let a ſlov'nly unweildy Fellow,
Unruly and ſelf-will'd, diſpoſe her Beauties?
We ſuffer all, Sir, in this ſad Eclipſe;
She ſhould ſhine where ſhe might ſhow like her ſelf,
An abſolute Sweetneſs, t' comfort thoſe admire her,
And ſhed her Beams upon her Friends. We're gull'd all,
And all the World will grumble at your Patience,
If ſhe be raviſht thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, *Sanchio*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear Orb. But one ſweet handſomneſs
To bleſs this part of *Spain*, and have that ſlubber'd?

Alon. 'Tis every good Man's Cauſe, and we muſt ſtir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant ye he ſhall be glad to pleaſe us,
And glad to ſhare too, we ſhall hear anon
A new Song from him, let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, *and* Juan *with a Commiſſion.*

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleneſs,
I ſhould have been your Officer, 'tis true, Sir,
And a proud Man I ſhou'd have been to've ſerv'd you;

(34) *Was ſhe made to be the* matter *of her own undoing,*] Thus the former Editions. The Confuſion of the Meaſure is eaſily adjuſted; but I ſuſpect a more material Corruption; for unleſs *Matter* may be allow'd to ſignify *Cauſe*, I can make no Senſe of the Paſſage. *Materia*, in *Latin*, is ſometimes uſed in this Senſe: I therefore let it ſtand, tho' I doubt whether the Original might not have run,

——————— *Was ſhe*
Made to be th' Maker *of her own undoing.*

i. e. The *Maker of* Leon, as the Duke had before call'd her.

'T has

'T has pleas'd the King, out of his boundleſs Favours,
To make me your Companion, this Commiſſion
Gives me a Troop of Horſe.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad Man we ſhall gain your Company,
I'm ſure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that reſpect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, ſo he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time grows ſhorter ſtill; are your Goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear ho, go carry this unto your Miſtreſs, Sir,
And let her ſee how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be luſty, ſhe muſt make a Soldier. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Lorenzo.

(35) *Lorenzo.* *Lor.* Sir,
Go take down all the Hangings,
And pack up all my Cloaths, my Plate and Jewels,
And all the Furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in Garriſon, 'tis neceſſary
We keep a handſom Port, for the King's Honour.
And do you hear, let all your Lady's Wardrobe
Be ſafely plac'd in Trunks, they muſt along too.

Lor. Whe'er muſt they go, Sir?

Leon. To the Wars, *Lorenzo*,
And you and all, I will not leave a Turn-ſpit,
That has one Dram of Spleen againſt a *Dutchman*.

Lor. Why then St. *Jaques* hey, you've made us all, Sir,
And if we leave ye——does my Lady go too?

Leon. The Stuff muſt go to morrow tow'rds the Sea, Sir,
All, all muſt go.

(35) Lorenzo, *Sir,*] Former Editions, corrected by Mr. *Sympſon*. The Reaſon muſt be evident to every Reader.

Lor. Why *Pedro*, *Vaſco*, *Dego*,
Come help me, come come Boys, Soldadoes, Comrades,
We'll fley theſe Beer-bellied Rogues, come away quickly.
[*Exit.*

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to ſave his Honour,
And croſs the Duke, now I ſhall love him dearly,
By th' life of Credit thou'rt a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, *led by two Ladies.*

Leon. Why how now, Wife, what, ſick at my Preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No ſooner love ye,
Love ye intirely, Sir, brought to conſider
The Goodneſs of your Mind and mine own Duty,
But loſe you inſtantly, be divorc'd from ye?
This is a Cruelty; I'll to the King
And tell him 'tis unjuſt to part two Souls,
Two minds ſo nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, Sweet-heart.

Mar. If he were married but four Days, as I am.——

Leon. He'd hang himſelf the fifth, or fly his Country.
[*Aſide.*

Mar. He'd make it Treaſon for that Tongue that durſt
But talk of War, or any thing to vex him;
You ſhall not go.

Leon. Indeed I muſt, ſweet Wife;
What, ſhall I loſe the King for a few Kiſſes?
We'll have enough. *Mar.* I'll to the Duke my Couſin,
He ſhall to th' King. *Leon.* He did me this great Office,
I thank his Grace for't, ſhould I pray him now
T' undo't again? Fie, 'twere a baſe diſcredit.

Mar. Would I were able, Sir, to bear you Company,
How willing ſhould I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you ſhall not. [*Knock within.*

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh Heav'n my Head, why Raſcals.
I think the War's begun i'th' Houſe already.

Leon.

Leon. The Preparation is, they're taking down,
And packing up the Hangings, Plate and Jewels,
And all thoſe Furn'tures that ſhall befit me, when
I lye in Garriſon.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Muſt the Coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady paſs to th' Sea elſe eaſily?
We ſhall find Shipping for't there to tranſport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye,
I know ye're ſickly, he ſhall drive the eaſier,
And all Accommodations ſhall attend ye.

Mar. Wou'd I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, Sweet? Are her Cloaths packt up,
And all her Linnen? Give your Maids Direction,
You know my time's but ſhort, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a Nurſe,
And all ſuch neceſſary People with me,
An eaſie Bark.

Leon. It ſhall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may ſometimes.

Mar. I am with Child, Sir.

Leon. At four days warning? This is ſomething ſpeedy.
Do you conceive as our Jennets do, with a Weſt Wind?
My Heir will be an arrant fleet one, Lady,
I'll ſwear you were a Maid when I firſt lay with ye.

Mar. Pray do not ſwear, I thought I was a Maid too,
But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

Leon. In ſuch a ſtrait point ſure I cou'd not err, Madam.

Juan. This is another tenderneſs to try him,
Fetch her up now. *Mar.* You muſt provide a Cradle,
And what a trouble's that? *Leon.* The Sea ſhall rock it,
'Tis the beſt Nurſe; 'twill roar and rock together,
A ſwinging Storm will ſing you ſuch a lullaby.

Mar. Faith let me ſtay, I ſhall but ſhame ye, Sir.

Leon. And you wer' a thouſand Shames you ſhall along with me,

At home I'm ſure you'll prove a Million:
Every Man carries th' bundle of his ſins
Upon his own Back, you are mine, I'll ſweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, *and* Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble Journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.
I ſaw your Mind was wedded to the War,
And knew you'd prove ſome good Man for your Country,
Thereofre fair Couſin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place: What, mourn at his Advancement?
You are to blame, he'll come again, ſweet Couſin,
Mean time, like ſad *Penelope* and Sage,
Among your Maids at home, and Huſwifely.

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that Solitarineſs,
She's young, and Grief or ill News from thoſe Quarters
May daily croſs her; ſhe ſhall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means, Captain.

Leon. By all means, an't pleaſe ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender-body'd Lady,
And expoſe her t' thoſe dangers, and thoſe tumults,
A ſickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir,
There's no ſuch Friend to Health as wholſome Travel.

San. Away, it muſt not be.

Alon. It ought not, Sir,
Go hurry her? It is not humane, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her Tears, fright her with Tempeſts,
With Thunder of the War.
I dare ſwear if ſh' were able. *Leon.* She's moſt able.
And pray ye ſwear not, ſhe muſt go, there's no remedy;
Nor Greatneſs, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I ſmell out too rank, too open, evident,
(And I muſt tell you, Sir, 'tis moſt unnoble)
Shall hinder me: Had ſhe but ten hours life,
Nay leſs, but two hours, I wou'd have her with me,
I wou'd not leave her Fame to ſo much ruin,
To ſuch a deſolation and diſcredit as
Her Weakneſs 'nd your hot Will wou'd work her to.

Enter

Enter Perez.

What Maſque is this now?
More Tropes and Figures to abuſe my ſuff'rance,
What Couſin's this?
Juan. Michael van Owle, how doſt thou?
In what dark Barn or Tod of aged Ivy
Haſt thou lyen hid?
Per. Things muſt both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And People muſt conceal, and ſhine again.
You're welcome hither as your Friend may ſay, Gentlemen,
A pretty Houſe ye ſee handſomly ſeated,
Sweet and convenient Walks, the Waters cryſtal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a *French* Taylor, that
Has nothing in his Head but ends of Fuſtians.
Per. I ſee you're packing now, my gentle Couſin,
And my Wife told me I ſhould find it ſo,
'Tis true I do; you were merry when I was laſt here,
But 'twas your Will to try my Patience, Madam.
I'm ſorry that my ſwift occaſions
Can let you take your Pleaſure here no longer,
Yet I wou'd have you think, my honour'd Couſin,
This Houſe and all I have are all your Servants.
Leon. What Houſe, what Pleaſure, Sir, what do you mean?
Per. You hold the Jeſt ſo ſtiff, 'twill prove diſcourteous;
This Houſe I mean, the Pleaſures of this Place.
Leon. And what of them?
Per. They're mine, Sir, and you know it,
My Wife's I mean, and ſo confer'd upon me.
The Hangings, Sir, I muſt entreat your Servants,
That are ſo buſie in their Offices,
Again to miniſter to their right uſes,
I ſhall take view o'th' Plate anon, and Furnitures
That are of under place; you're merry ſtill, Couſin,
And of a pleaſant Conſtitution,
Men of great Fortunes make their Mirths *ad placitum.*

Leon. Prithee good ſtubborn Wife, tell me directly,
Good evil Wife leave fooling 'nd tell me honeſtly,
Is this my Kinſman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many Kinſmen, but ſo mad a one,
And ſo phantaſtick——all the Houſe?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate y' an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble Courteſie,
And quietly and handſomely as y' ought, Coz,
But you muſt ride o'th' top on't?

Leon. Can'ſt thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye preſently, I cou'd have done, Sir.

Leon. For you muſt law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no Quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in Love, for that's a Lunacy,
No great State left ye that you never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank Diſtemper;
That you were Chriſten'd, and who anſwer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Per. H'as half perſwaded me I was bred i'th' Moon,
I have ne'er a Buſh at my Breech; are not we both mad,
And is not this a fantaſtick Houſe we're in,
And all a Dream we do? Will ye walk out, Sir?
And if I do not beat thee preſently
Into a ſound belief, as Senſe can give thee,
Brick me into that Wall there for a Chimney Piece,
And ſay I was one o'th' *Cæſars*, done by a Seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the Houſe is his, and all that's in it;
I'll give away my Skin but I'll undo ye;
I gave it to his Wife, you muſt reſtore, Sir,
And make a new Proviſion.

Per. Am I mad now
Or am I chriſten'd, you my Pagan Couſin,
My mighty Mahound Kinſman, what quirk now?
You ſhall be welcome all, I hope to ſee, Sir,
Your Grace here, and my Coz, we are all Soldiers,

And

And muſt do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are y' blank at this? Then I muſt tell ye, Sir,
Ye've no Command, now ye may go at pleaſure
And ride your Aſs Troop, 'twas a trick I us'd
To try your Jealouſie, upon entreaty
And ſaving of your Wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor ſtirs my Gall, nor alters my Affections:
You have more Furniture, more Houſes, Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with thoſe,
And you have Land i'th' *Indies* as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view a while thoſe Climates,
Viſit your Factors there, that may betray ye,
'Tis done, we muſt go.

Mar. Now thou'rt a brave Gentleman,
And by this ſacred Light I love thee dearly.
The Houſe is none of yours, I did but jeſt, Sir,
You are no Coz of mine, I beſeech ye vaniſh,
(36) I tell you plain, you've no more right than has
That ſenſeleſs thing. Your Wife has once more fool'd ye:
Go, and conſider. *Leon.* Good morrow my ſweet Couſin,
I ſhou'd be glad, Sir.

Per. By this Hand ſhe dies for't,
Or any Man that ſpeaks for her. [*Exit* Perez.

Juan. Theſe are fine Toys.

Mar. Let me requeſt you ſtay but one poor Month,
You ſhall have a Commiſſion, and I'll go too,
Give me but Will ſo far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye;
Good morrow to your Grace, we've private buſineſs.

Duke. If I miſs thee again, I am an arrant Bungler.

(36) *I tell you plain, you have no more right than he*
Has, that ſenſeleſs thing, your Wife has once more fool'd ye:] Who can be the Perſon meant here by *He that ſenſeleſs thing? Cacafogo* is abſent, and no other will anſwer the Character. The Meaſure is evidenty confuſed, and the Omiſſion of the Pronoun will reſtore both that and the Senſe. I read therefore,

——— ——— *than has*
That ſenſeleſs thing.———

pointing to a Chair, Table, or any thing near her.

Juan. Thou ſhalt have my Command, and I'll march under thee,
Nay be thy Boy before thou ſhalt be baffled,
Thou art ſo brave a Fellow.
Alon. I have ſeen Viſions. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leon *with a Letter, and* Margarita.

Leon. COme hither Wife, d' you know this Hand?
Mar. I do, Sir.
'Tis *Eſtifania*'s, that was once my Woman.
Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*,
An uſuring Jeweller's Son (I know the Raſcal)
Is mortally faln in Love with ye.
Mar. He's a Monſter,
Deliver me from Mountains.
Leon. D' you go a birding for all ſorts of People?
This Evening he'll come to y' and ſhew ye Jewels,
And offers any thing to get Acceſs to ye;
If I can make or ſport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) ſhe bids me uſe him,
And ſo I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will. *Mar.* I ſhall not fail, Sir.
Leon. Will the Duke come again, d' you think?
Mar. No ſure, Sir,
H'as now no Policy to bring him hither.
Leon. Nor bring you t' him, if my Wit hold, fair Wife:
Let's in to Dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Had I but Lungs enough to bawl ſufficiently,
That all the Queans in Chriſtendom might hear me,
That Men might run away from the Contagion,
I had my wiſh; wou'd it were moſt High Treaſon,
Moſt infinite high, for any Man to marry,
I mean for any Man that wou'd live handſomely,

And

And like a Gentleman, in's Wits and Credit.
What torments ſhall I put her to? *Phalaris* Bull now?
Pox, they love Bulling too well, tho' they ſmoke for't.
Cut her apieces? ev'ry Piece will live ſtill,
And ev'ry morſel of her will do Miſchief;
They have ſo many Lives, there's no Hanging of 'em,
They are too light to drown, they're Cork and Feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders;
Under huge heaps of Stones to bury her,
And ſo depreſs her as they did the Giants?
She will move under more than built old *Babel.*
I muſt deſtroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, *with a Casket.*

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of Clouts, a ſhe Moth,
That ev'ry Silk-man's Shop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thouſand Duckats, by a whim-wham?
Per. Who's that is cheated, ſpeak again thou Viſion,
But art thou cheated? Miniſter ſome comfort:
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, prithee come, art thou ſo pure a Coxcomb
To be undone? Do not diſſemble with me,
Tell me I conjure thee.
Caca. Then keep thy Circle,
For I'm a Spirit wild that flies about thee,
And whoſoe'er thou art, if thou be'ſt Human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.
Per. Ha, ha, ha.
Caca. Doſt thou laugh? damnably, I ſay, moſt damnably.
Per. By whom, good Spirit, ſpeak, ſpeak, ha, ha, ha.
Caca. I'll utter, laugh 'till thy Lungs crack, by a raſcal Woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain Woman.
Doſt thou laugh ſtill?
Per. I muſt laugh, prithee pardon me,
I ſhall laugh terribly.
Caca. I ſhall be angry,
Terrible angry, I have cauſe. *Per.* That's it,
And 'tis no reaſon but thou ſhou'dſt be angry,
Angry at Heart, yet I muſt laugh ſtill at thee.

By

By 'a Woman cheated? art ſure it was a Woman?
Caca. I ſhall break th' Head, my Valour itches at thee.
Per. It is no matter, by a Woman cozen'd,
A real Woman?
Caca. By a real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her Copper Chains,
How rank they ſmell.
Per. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let's ſee them,
I have been cheated too, I wou'd have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a Woman alſo,
A ſcurvy Woman, I am undone, ſweet Sir,
Therefore I muſt have leave to laugh.
Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merrieſt undone Man in *Europe*.
What need we Fiddles, Bawdy Songs, and Sack,
When our own Miſeries can make us merry?
Per. Ha, ha, ha.
I've ſeen theſe Jewels, what a notable Pennyworth
Have you had next your Heart? you will not take, Sir,
Some twenty Duckats?
Caca. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I will take.
Per. To clear your Bargain now. *Caca.* I'll take ſome ten,
Some any thing, ſome half ten, half a Duckat.
Per. An excellent Lapidary ſet theſe Stones ſure,
D' you mark their Waters?
Caca. Quick-ſand choak their Waters,
(37) And hers that brought 'em too, but I ſhall find her.
Per. And ſo ſhall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For ſuch groſs Natures will deſire it often,
'Tis ſometimes too a fine variety,)
A Woman that can cozen ye ſo neatly,
She's taken half mine Anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*

(37) *And hers that* bought *'em*——] This Corruption muſt have been evident to every Reader as well as to Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympſon*, and myſelf; 'tis only a Miſtake of the late Editions.

Caca.

Caca. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this Fellow,
I've Mony enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals Lives that vex me.
I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

Enter Leon *and* Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your Country House,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly,
This Place is full of Charge and full of Hurry,
No part of Sweetness dwells about these Cities.
Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your Pleasure;
Live in a hollow Tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a Harmony, a true one,
When your Obedience waits upon your Husband,
(38) And your sick Will aims at the Cure of Honour;
Why, now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough Nature falls like roaring Streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your Embraces.
O what a Jewel is a Woman excellent,
A Wife, a Virtuous, and a Noble Woman!
When we meet such, we bear our Stamps on both sides,
And through the World we hold our currant Virtues,
Alone we're single Medals, only Faces,
And wear our Fortunes out in useless Shadows,
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a Servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble Friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit Acquaintance,
Go at your Pleasure, now Experience
Has link't you fast unto the Chain of Goodness.
[*Clashing Swords. A cry within, Down with their Swords.*
What Noise is this, what dismal Cry?
Mar. 'Tis loud too.
Sure there's some Mischief done i'th' Street, look out there.

(38) *And your sick Will aims at the* Care *of Honour*;] I have often observ'd that Corruptions that leave tolerable Sense are less discoverable than those that destroy the Sense utterly; I make no doubt but Cure here is the true Word, as it directly answers in Metaphor to the Sickness of *Estifania*'s Will and Honour.

Leon.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir, the Duke *Medina.*
Leon. What of the Duke *Medina?*
Ser. Oh ſweet Gentleman,
Is almoſt ſlain. *Mar.* Away, away, and help him,
All the Houſe help. [*Exit Servant.*] *Leon.* How! ſlain? why *Margarita*,
Wife, ſure ſome new Device they have a foot again,
Some Trick upon my Credit, I ſhall meet it,
I'd rather guide a Ship Imperial
Alone, and in a Storm, than rule one Woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, *and Servant.*

Mar. How came ye hurt, Sir?
Duke. I fell out with my Friend, the noble Colonel,
My Cauſe was naught, for 'twas about your Honour:
And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'er proſpers,
(39) And he has left me thus; for Charity.
Lend me a Bed to eaſe my tortur'd Body,
That e'er I periſh I may ſhow my Penitence,
I fear I'm ſlain.
Leon. Help Gentlemen, to carry him,
There ſhall be nothing in this Houſe, my Lord,
But as your own.
Duke. I thank ye, noble Sir.
Leon. To Bed with him, and Wife give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgeons.
Duke. Do not diſquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.
[*Exeunt Duke*, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. *Servant.*

(39) *And he has left me thus for Charity;*
Lend me a Bed to eaſe my tortur'd Body.] The falſe Pointing here had made the Colonel ſtab the Duke for Charity. The Quarto began the Corruption by putting a Comma after *Charity*; and the ſubſequent Editions inſtead of amending made it worſe.

Leon.

Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited.
Juan. True, it is ſo, Sir,
And take you heed this laſt Blow do not ſpoil ye,
He is not hurt, only we made a ſcuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd Anger; that ſame ſcratch
On's Hand he took, to colour all, and draw Compaſſion,
That he might get into your Houſe more cunningly.
I muſt not ſtay; ſtand now, and you're a brave Fellow.
Leon. I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet? [*Exit* Juan.

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's moſt deſperate ill, Sir,
I do not think theſe ten Months will recover him.
Leon. Does he hire my Houſe to play the Fool in,
Or does it ſtand on Fairy Ground? we're haunted:
Are all Men and their Wives troubled with Dreams thus?
Mar. What ail you, Sir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, ſweet Wife,
To put theſe daily Paſtimes on my Patience?
What doſt thou ſee in me, that I ſhou'd ſuffer this?
Have not I done my part like a true Husband,
And paid ſome deſperate Debts you never look'd for?
Mar. You have done handſomely, I muſt confeſs, Sir.
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a Hawk?
And watcht thee with Delights to ſatisfie thee,
The very Tithes of which had won a Widow?
Mar. Alas, I pity ye.
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry,
Thou never ſaw'ſt me mad yet.
Mar. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam ſtill about ye.
Leon. If thou purſu'ſt me further, I run ſtark mad,
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lie here on your Cure, I ſhall be deſperate;
I know the trick, and you ſhall feel I know it.
Are ye ſo hot that no Hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let Blood in all the Veins about thee,

I'll

I'll have thy Thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy Spirits purg'd for thoſe are they that fire ye;
Th' Maid ſhall be thy Miſtreſs, thou the Maid,
(40) And all her ſervile Labours thou ſhalt reach at,
And go through cheerfully, or elſe ſleep empty;
That Maid ſhall lye by me to teach you Duty,
You in a Pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you loſe.

Mar. I've loſt my ſelf, Sir,
And all that was my baſe ſelf, Diſobedience, [*Kneels.*
My Wantonneſs, my Stubbornneſs I've loſt too, [with,
And now by that pure Faith good Wives are crown'd
By your own Nobleneſs. — *Leon.* I take ye up,

Enter Altea.

And wear ye next my Heart, ſee you be worth it.
Now what with you? *Alt.* I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulſome Fellow wou'd fain ſpeak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Cacafogo*, go and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Mar. I ſhall obſerve ye.

Leon. I have a rare deſign upon that Gentleman,
And you muſt work too.

Alt. I ſhall, Sir, moſt willingly. [place

Leon. Away then both, and keep him cloſe in ſome
From the Duke's ſight, and keep the Duke in too,
Make 'em believe both; I'll find time to cure 'em. [*Ex.*

Enter Perez, *and* Eſtifania.

Per. Why how dar'ſt thou meet me again, thou Rebel,
And knowſt how thou haſt us'd me thrice, thou Raſcal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my Vengeance,
No Holes nor Vaults to hide thee from my Fury,
But thou muſt meet me Face to Face to kill thee?
I wou'd not ſeek thee to deſtroy thee willingly,

(40) —*and all thoſe ſervile Labours* that ſhe *reach at*,] This not being Grammar, Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in reading *thou ſhalt* for *that ſhe*. But he has ſome Exception to the Verb *reach*, or at leaſt thinks *ſweat* might better expreſs the Idea requir'd; but *reach* is us'd in another Play exactly in the ſame ſenſe, and is therefore undoubtedly the true Word.

But

But now thou com'ſt t'invite me, com'ſt upon me,
How like a Sheep-biting Rogue (41) taken i' th' manner,
And ready for the Halter doſt thou look now?
Thou haſt a hanging Look, thou ſcurvy thing,
Haſt ne'er a Knife,
Nor ever a String to lead thee to *Elyſium?*
Be there no pitiful 'Pothecaries in this Town,
That have Compaſſion upon wretched Women,
And dare adminiſter a Dram of Rats-bane,
But thou muſt fall to me?

Eſtif. I know you've Mercy.

Per. If I had tuns of Mercy thou deſerv'ſt none,
What new Trick 's now afoot, and what new Houſes
Have you i' th' Air, what Orchards in Apparition,
What canſt thou ſay for thy Life?

Eſtif. Little or nothing,
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis uſeleſs
To beg for Mercy, pray let me draw my Book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little,
For I have farther buſineſs than thy Killing,
I have Money yet to borrow, ſpeak when you're ready.

Eſtif. Now, now, Sir, now [*Shews a Piſtol.*] Come on; do you ſtart off from me,
D' you ſweat, great Captain, have you ſeen a Spirit?

Per. Do you wear Guns?

Eſtif. I am a Soldier's Wife, Sir,
And by that Privilege I may be arm'd.
Now what's the News, and let's diſcourſe more friendly,
And talk of our Affairs in Peace.

Per. Let me ſee,
Prithee let me ſee thy Gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Eſtif. No, no, Sir, you ſhall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye Villain;
What, thine own Husband?

Eſtif. Let mine own Husband then
B' in's own Wits; there, there's a thouſand Duckats,

(41) ——*taken i'th'* manner,] This being intelligible may remain in the Text, but it will admit a Doubt whether *matter* be not the true Word. i. e. *taken in the very Fact.*

Who

Who muſt provide for you? and yet you'll kill me.
Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thouſand Millions.
Eſtif. When 'll you redeem your Jewels, I have pawn'd 'em
You ſee for what, we muſt keep touch.
Per. I'll kiſs thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,
Had we the Houſe now!
Eſtif. Come along with me,
If that be vaniſh'd there be more to hire, Sir.
Per. I ſee I am an Aſs when thou art near me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, *and* Altea, *with a Taper.*

Leon. Is the Fool come?
Alt. Yes, and i' th' Cellar faſt,
And there he ſtays his good hour till I call him,
He will make dainty Muſick 'mong the Sack-buts,
I've put him juſt, Sir, under the Duke's Chamber.
Leon. It is the better.
Alt. H'as giv'n me royally,
And to my Lady a whole load of Portigues.
Leon. Better and better ſtill; go *Margarita*,
Now play your Prize, you ſay you dare be honeſt,
(42) I'll put ye to your teſt.
Mar. Secure your ſelf, Sir,
Give me the Candle, paſs away in ſilence.
[*Ex.* Leon *and* Altea.] [Marg. *knocks.*
Duke. Who's there, oh, oh.
Mar. My Lord.
Duke. [*within.*] Have y' brought me Comfort?
Mar. I have, my Lord;
Come forth, 'tis I; come gently out, I'll help ye,

Enter Duke, *in a Gown.*

Come ſoftly too, how do you?

(42) *I'll put you to your* beſt.] Mr. *Theobald* and I concurred in changing this to *Teſt*, and we both had quoted the ſame Expreſſion,

I'll put you to the Teſt,

from the ſecond Scene of the *Falſe One*.

Duke.

Duke. Are there none here?
Let me look round; we cannot be too wary, [*Noise below.*
Oh let me bless this hour; are you alone,
Sweet Friend?
Mar. Alone to comfort you.
[Cacafogo *makes a Noise below.*
Duke. (43) What's that Rumble?
I have heard a noise this half hour under me,
A fearful noise.
Mar. The fat thing's mad i' th' Cellar,
And stumbles from one Hogs-head to another,
Two Cups more, and he ne'er shall find the way out.
[*Aside.*
What do you fear? come sit down by me chearfully,
My Husband's safe, how do your Wounds?
Duke. I've none, Lady,
My Wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [*Noise below.*
And feign'd the Quarrel too, t' enjoy you Sweet,
Let's lose no time. Hark, the same noise again.
Mar. What noise, why look ye pale? I hear no stirring,
(This Goblin in the Vault will be so tipled)
You are not well I know b' your flying Fancy,
Your Body's ill at ease, your Wounds. *Duke.* I've none,
I am as lusty and as full of Health,
High in my Blood.
Mar. Weak in your Blood you wou'd say;
How wretched is my Case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disable?
Duke. B'lieve me Lady.
Mar. I know, you'll venture all you have to satisfie me,
Your Life I know, but is it fit I spoil ye,
Is it my Love, d' you think?
Caca. [*below.*] Here's to the Duke.
Duke. It nam'd me certainly,

(43) *What's that you tumble?*] I have inserted a Conjecture of Mr. *Sympson*'s here, as more proper to the Context than the old Reading.

I heard it plainly ſound.

Mar. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your Prayers, Sir, than Pleaſure.
What Starts you make? I wou'd not kiſs you wantonly,
For the World's Wealth; Have I ſecur'd my Husband,
And put all Doubts aſide, to be deluded?

Caca. [*below.*] I come, I come.

Duke. Heav'n bleſs me.

Mar. And bleſs us both, for ſure this is the Devil,
I plainly heard it now, he'll come to fetch ye.
A very Spirit, for he ſpoke under Ground,
And ſpoke to you juſt as you wou'd have ſnatcht me.
You are a wicked Man, and ſure this haunts ye;
Wou'd you were out o' th' Houſe.

Duke. I wou'd I were,
O' that Condition I had leapt a Window.

Mar. And that's the leaſt leap if you mean to ſcape, Sir.
Why, what a frantick Man were you to come here,
What a weak Man to counterfeit deep Wounds,
To wound another deeper?

Duke. Are you honeſt then?

Mar. Yes, then, and now, and ever, excellent honeſt,
And exerciſe this Paſtime but to ſhew ye;
Great Men are Fools ſometimes as well as Wretches.
Wou'd you were well hurt, with any hope of Life,
Cut to the Brains, or run clean through the Body,
To get out quietly as you got in, Sir;
I wiſh it like a Friend that loves ye dearly,
(44) For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus
A counterfeit, one that wou'd clip his Credit;
Out of his Honour he muſt kill ye preſently,
There is no Mercy nor an hour of Pity,
And for me to intreat in ſuch an Agony,

(44) *For if my Husband take you, and take you thus a Counterfeit,*
One that would clip his Credit out of his Honour,
He muſt kill you preſently.] Thus has this Paſſage ſtood corrupted both in Senſe and Meaſure, every Reader muſt ſee the Abſurdity of *clipping a Man's Credit out of his Honour.* Mr. *Sympſon* concurred with me in correcting both the Metre and Points.

Wou'd

Wou'd ſhew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any Mind to a Lady now?
Duke. Wou'd I were off fair:
If ever Lady caught me in a Trap more——
Mar. If you be well and luſty, fy, fy, ſhake not,
You ſay you love me, come, come bravely now,
Deſpiſe all Danger, I am ready for ye.
Duke. She mocks my Miſery; thou cruel Lady.
Mar. Thou cruel Lord, wou'dſt thou betray my Honeſty,
Betray it in mine own Houſe, wrong my Husband,
Like a night Thief, thou dar'ſt not name by Day-light?
Duke. I am moſt miſerable.
Mar. You are indeed,
And like a fooliſh thing you've made your ſelf ſo:
Cou'd not your own Diſcretion tell ye, Sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now ſtand in a Circle and ſecure,
Your Spells nor Pow'r can never reach my Body;
Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be moſt miſerable,
'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock,
You rob two Temples, make yourſelf twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and ſpot her noble Husband's.
Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt ye.
Mar. You cannot go, 'tis not in me to ſave ye:
Dare ye do ill, and poorly then ſhrink under it?
Were I the Duke *Medina*, I wou'd fight now,
For you muſt fight and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong if you ſneak off, Sir,
And all the World wou'd ſay I lov'd a Coward;
And you muſt die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your Youth, your Honour and your State,
And all thoſe dear Delights you worſhip'd here.
[*Noiſe below.*
Duke. The Noiſe again!
Cac. below. Some ſmall Beer if you love me.
Mar. The Devil haunts you ſure, your Sins are mighty.
A drunken Devil too, to plague your Villany.

Duke. Preſerve me but this once.
Mar. There's a deep Well
In the next Yard, if you dare venture drowning,
It is but Death.
Duke. I wou'd not die ſo wretchedly.
Mar. Out of a Garret Window I'll let you down then,
But ſay the Rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no Mercy?
Mar. Now you're frighted throughly,
(45) And find what 'tis to play the Fool in folly,
And ſee with clear Eyes your deteſted Folly,
I'll be your Guard.
Duke. And I'll be your true Servant,
Ever from this hour virtuouſly to love ye,
Chaſtly and modeſtly to look upon ye,
And here I ſeal it.
Mar. I may kiſs a Stranger,
For you muſt now be ſo.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, *and* Altea.

Leon. How d' you, my Lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my Wife wounded ye? you were well before;
Pray Sir, be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiv'n too. Wife, you're a right one,
And now with unknown Nations I dare truſt ye.

(45) *And find what 'tis to play the Fool in Folly,*
And ſee with clear Eyes your deteſted Folly,] I have often had Occaſion to obſerve, that by a ſlight Caſt of the Printer's Eye Words that belong only to one Line are repeated in the preceeding or following one, and in that Caſe they frequently exclude Words that may be totally different in all their Letters. This, I believe, has happened in the Lines referr'd to, where the ſame Word ends both; and, as it does not make abſolute Nonſenſe in either Conjecture, cannot eaſily determine to which it belongs. If the Reader thinks *playing the Fool in folly* not a juſtifiable Expreſſion, he will chuſe to diſcard it from the firſt, and then *Sin* or *Vice* may ſupply the Vacancy; but as I think the Expreſſion not unjuſtifiable, the following ſeems to me to bid faireſt for having been the Original.

And find what 'tis to play the Fool in folly,
And ſee with clear Eyes your deteſted Crime.

Juan.

Juan. No more feign'd fights my Lord, they never proſper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the Vault? *Alt.* 'Tis he, Sir,
As lovingly drunk, as though he had ſtudied it.

Caca. Give me a Cup of Sack, and kiſs me Lady,
Kiſs my ſweet Face, and make thy Husband Cuckold,
An Ocean of ſweet Sack, ſhall we ſpeak Treaſon?

Leon. He's Deviliſh drunk.

Duke. I thought he'd been a Devil,
He made as many Noiſes, and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true Lover, Sir, will lament loudly:
Which of the Butts 's your Miſtreſs?

Caca. Butt in thy Belly.

Leon. There's two in thine I'm ſure, 'tis grown ſo monſtrous.

Caca. Butt in thy Face.

Leon. Go carry him to ſleep,
A Fool's Love ſhou'd be drunk, he's paid well for't too.
When he is ſober let him out to rail,
Or hang himſelf, there will be no loſs of him.

[*Exeunt* Caca. *and Servant.*

Enter Perez, *and* Eſtifania,

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound Couſin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, wou'd I'd a Houſe too,
For there's no talking in the open Air,
My Termagant Coz, I wou'd be bold to tell ye,
I durſt be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty Seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty Lady too, I have miſs'd both,
My Carpenter built in a Miſt I thank him,
Do me the Courteſie to let me ſee it,
See it but once more. But I ſhall cry for Anger.
I'll hire a Chandler's Shop cloſe under ye,
And for my Foolery, ſell Sope and Whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a Fool, Coz. *Leon.* I muſt laugh a little,
And now I've done; Coz, thou ſhalt live with me,

My

My merry Coz, the World ſhall not divorce us,
Thou art a valiant Man, and thou ſhalt never want:
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honeſt to ye.
I'd live a Swallow here I muſt confeſs;
Wife I forgive thee all if thou be honeſt,
(46) And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Eſtif. If I prove otherways, let me beg firſt.

Leon. Hold, this is yours, ſome recompence for Service,
Uſe it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true Commiſſion, Sir.
Now you're a Captain.

Leon. You're a noble Prince, Sir,
(47) And now a Soldier. *Gentl.* We all Rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I ſhall wait upon you through all Fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I muſt needs attend my Miſtreſs.

Leon. Will you go, Siſter? *Alt.* Yes indeed, good Brother,
I have two Ties, mine own Blood, and my Miſtreſs.

(46) *At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.*
Eſtif. *If I prove otherways, let me beg firſt.*
Hold, this is yours, ſome recompence for Service,] The latter end of *Perez*'s Speech and *Eſtifania*'s Anſwer have ſome Difficulties in them. I ſuppoſe the Poets meant to make *Perez* ſay, That he believ'd his Wife honeſt at her Peril, becauſe if he found her otherways he would ſeverely puniſh her. She anſwers; Let me firſt beg my Bread before I prove otherways. The latter Part of the Speech, I think, evidently belongs to *Leon*, who gives *Eſtifania* Part of the Money which, by her Aſſiſtance, he had got from *Cacafogo*. If the Reader thinks the Expreſſion *Let me beg firſt* not juſtifiable, the following Emendation will cure it.

Eſtif. *If I prove otherways let me beg.* Leon. *Firſt*
Hold, this is yours, &c.

(47) *And now a Soldier, Gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.*] I at firſt corrected this Line thus,

And now a Soldier, Gentlemen. Omn. *We all rejoice in't.*

But this, as well as the old corrupt Text, makes three redundant Syllables to the Verſe. The Obſervation of this immediately diſcovered a more probable Corruption, *viz.* that the Word, *Gentlemen*, only denotes the Speakers, and is not a Part of *Leon*'s Speech.

Mar.

Mar. Is ſhe your Siſter?
Leon. Yes indeed, good Wife,
And my beſt Siſter, for ſhe prov'd ſo, Wench,
When ſhe deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.
Alt. I wou'd not deal ſo truly for a Stranger.
Mar. Well I cou'd chide ye, but it muſt be lovingly,
And like a Siſter:
I'll bring you on your way, and feaſt ye nobly,
For now I have an honeſt Heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue *Neptune.*
Juan. Your Colours you muſt wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the Bullet, and in Blood too.
And all the World ſhall know we're Virtue's Servants.
Duke. *And all the World ſhall know, a noble Mind*
Makes Women Beautiful, and Envy Blind. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

GOod Night our worthy Friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a Heart
As you came hither; to thoſe noble Eyes,
That deign to ſmile on our poor Faculties,
And give a Bleſſing to our labouring Ends,
As we hope many, to ſuch Fortune ſends
Their own Deſires, Wives fair as Light, as chaſte;
To thoſe that live by Spight, Wives made in haſte.

The End of the Third Volume.

POSTSCRIPT

To the THIRD VOLUME.

By *T. SEWARD.*

Page 117, Note 13.

WIT or Art of Man] I objected rightly againſt the Tautology here, but miſt the true Reading till the laſt Reviſal of my Notes. For *Art* we undoubtedly ſhould read *Act*, two Words that are the oftenest miſtaken at Preſs of almoſt any I know. See one Inſtance at Page 94, Note 55. of Vol. II. and two more at Page 88, Note 6. Vol. V.

Page 192, Note 71.

Or the next neighbouring give Remedy
To greedy Thirſt, and travel not the Tree
That hangs with wanton Cluſters] Thus ſhould the Quotation, in the Note from the former Editions, have been printed. Without which the Reader will not ſee the Merit of a very juſt Emendation of Mr. *Sympſon*'s.

Page 228, Note 22.

And oftentimes the Death.] I miſtook Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture here. He reads,

And often tines *the Death.*

i. e. cauſes, as *accendere bellum* is *to cauſe* or *make War.* Tho' I mention this in Juſtice to him (as I have in the Note aſcrib'd an Error to him which is not his) yet I by no means admit it; for tho' *accendere bellum* is metaphorically *to make War*, yet *accendere* can never literally ſignify *to make or cauſe*; and *accendere mortem* would, I believe, be very bad *Latin* for a Woman dying in Childbirth, however it might ſtand for the Death of a *Phœnix.*

Page 257, Note 44.

My Boat is Deſtiny.] I admitted a Change here of Mr. *Sympſon*'s, but I now rather think the old Reading more poetical.

Prologue to the *Loyal Subject*, Line 13.

To his beſt Memory] *To his* bleſt *Memory* ſeems the true Reading, tho' the former is not Nonſenſe.

ERRATA.

Page 167, Line the laſt in Note 54, for *wrote* read *wrought*
338, 10, for *Gold-porof* read *Gold-proof*
383, 1, for *I* read *If*

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